

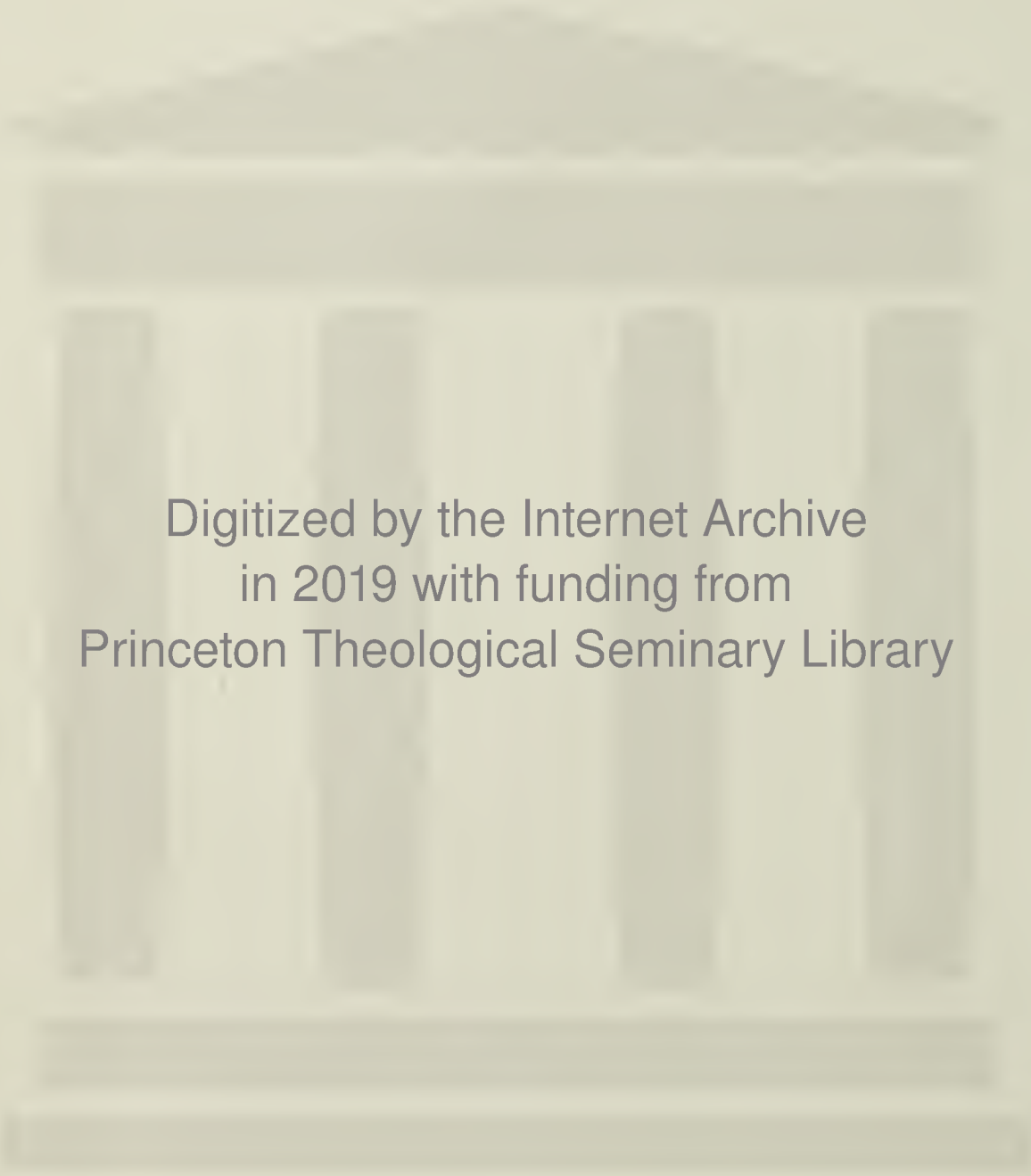
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December 18th,
1923

Rev. Louis F. Benson, D. D.,
2014 Delancey Place,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Dr. Benson:

At the request of Dr. Coffin,
it gives us pleasure to send you a copy of the
new edition of his "Hymns of the Kingdom of God"
which please accept with our compliments.

We will be very glad to have your
opinion of the book, if you would care to favor us.

With kindest regards, we remain

Faithfully yours,

John Barnes
A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY.

Hymns of the Kingdom of God

EDITED BY
HENRY SLOANE COFFIN
AND
AMBROSE WHITE VERNON

ASSISTED BY
SETH BINGHAM

NEW YORK
A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY

1923

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Each generation of Christians emphasizes a particular aspect of the everlasting Gospel. Our own lays the stress upon the Kingdom of God. We have been led to believe that, as the Kingdom was the burden of our Lord's message, it should be the burden of His Church's prayer and praise. This book is an attempt to furnish the Church with a hymnal in which Christian communion with God is viewed as fellowship with the Father and the Son in the establishment of the Kingdom.

The editors have sought to make a small collection of large hymns. We have carefully examined several thousand hymns which have found a place in the worship of English-speaking churches during the last two hundred years. We have respected the sacred canon of Christian experience. We have felt that the older and the more widely used a hymn is, the more suited is it to common worship, and the better adapted to manifest and to promote the unity of the Church of Christ. We have striven, however, to include only hymns which are poetically beautiful, which express a normal and healthy spiritual experience, contain no divisive theology, and are specifically Christian in religion.

The text of each hymn has been traced back, as far as we were able, to its first edition. All changes have been carefully noted. If the author has sanctioned a change, the fact is indicated by the presence of two dates following his name. We have introduced no changes into familiar hymns save in a few instances where we have restored the author's original text and substituted it for the altered form which editors have published. We have also attempted to give the correct authorship or source, and the date of the tunes.

A small selection of children's hymns has been included because, while the editors believe that children should be taught the great hymns in the Sunday School, and so trained to join in the public worship of the Church, they also believe that in the Church service a hymn should occasionally be sung, which is especially adapted to their religious experience, in order that

they may feel at home in the house of God. Such hymns often help older people to turn and become as little children.

This hymnal is sent forth in the hope that it will assist the Church of to-day to praise God heartily, intelligently and sincerely, to sing with the Spirit and with the understanding hymns which utter living convictions and which consecrate those who sing them to the purpose of Jesus Christ.

HENRY S. COFFIN.

AMBROSE W. VERNON.

Easter, 1910.

After using this hymnal for nearly fourteen years, and availing ourselves of the experience of other congregations where it is employed, Mr. Seth Bingham, choir-master of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church and Assistant Professor of Music in Columbia University, and I have made a careful revision, omitting hymns and tunes which have not proved very serviceable, and adding a number, both old and new, congruous with the ideal of this collection and adapted to meet wants felt in the earlier edition.

We wish to acknowledge our gratitude to Rev. John Brownlie, D. D. and his publishers, Morgan and Scott, Ltd., for permission to use several of his admirable renderings of ancient Greek hymns, to W. Gwenlyn Evans, Esq., for the use of the tune Ton-Y-Botel, to Rev. Wm. P. Merrill, D.D., for a hymn and two tunes, to Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., Rev. Louis F. Benson, D.D., Rev. Wm. G. Tarrant, and Miss Katherine Lee Bates for the use of hymns inserted in this edition.—H. S. C.

October, 1923.

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Both congregation and choir will find that certain hymns, from the nature of their text or by reason of their vocal range, are much more effective if sung *in unison*. A list of such hymns is here given:

Entire Hymn in Unison.

No.	TITLE.	No.	TITLE.
18	Now thank we all.	204	I bow my forehead.
22	Our God, our help.	206	I look to Thee.
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43	Thou didst leave Thy throne.	233	Leave God to order all.
51	Ride on in majesty.	314	At Thy feet, O Christ.
99	Majestic sweetness.	325	All praise to Thee.
106	O quickly come.	333	The duteous day.
123	O where are kings.	362	Ye holy angels bright.
129	A mighty fortress.	413	Across the sky.
133	We come unto our fathers' God.	417	The year is swiftly waning.
157	Fling out the banner.	418	In our day of thanksgiving.
158	The Lord will come.	419	Eternal Father, strong to save.
201	Come let us to the Lord.		

Last verse only in unison.

No.	TITLE.	No.	TITLE.
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57	My Lord, my Master.	244	The King of love.
63	Thy life was given.	250	Lead on, O King.
64	When I survey.	279	Much in sorrow.
78	Lift up your voices.	284	Lord, speak to me.
91	Immortal love.	286	Forth in Thy name.
110	Holy Spirit, truth divine.	334	The day Thou gavest.
125	I love Thy kingdom.	359	Pleasant are Thy courts.
151	Light of the world.	365	God Himself is with us.
190	I am trusting Thee.	371	O God, Thou art my God.
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The Lord of the Kingdom

1 God, Our Father

HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11.

Supplement to the New Version, 1708

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The lyrics are: 'O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly sing His power and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise. A - men.'

- 1 O WORSHIP the King all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love:
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise!
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end.
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

2 The Lord of the Kingdom

DIX Six 7s.

Arr. fr. Conrad Kocher, 1838

For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our sac - ri - fice of praise. A - men.

- 1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and brain's delight,
For the mystic harmony

- Linking sense to sound and sight:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

STELLA Six 8s.

Old English melody, in *Easy Hymn Tunes* 1851

Thou art, O God, the Life and Light Of all this won - drous

world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,

Are but re - flec - tions caught from Thee: Wher - e'er we turn, Thy

glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine. A - men.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the Life and Light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

MIRIAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

O God, the Rock of Ages, Who ever - more hast been,

What time the tem - pest rag - es, Our dwell - ing place se - rene:

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - men.

1 **O** GOD, the Rock of Ages,
 Who evermore hast been,
 What time the tempest rages,
 Our dwelling-place serene:
 Before Thy first ereations,
 O Lord, the same as now,
 To endless generations
 The everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
 On sunny hills that lie,
 Or grasses in the meadows
 That blossom but to die;

A sleep, a dream, a story
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail;
 On us Thy merey lighten,
 On us Thy goodness rest,
 And let Thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860.

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

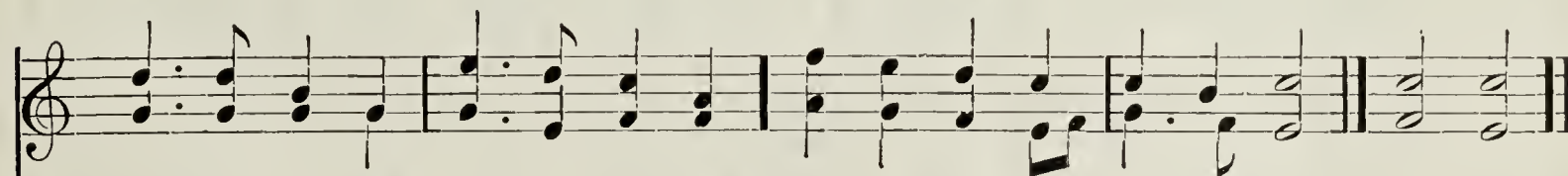
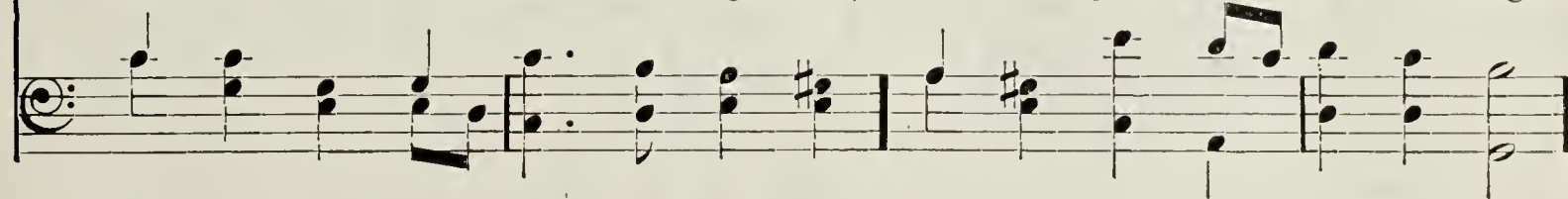
Henry Smart, 1867



God the Lord a king re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;



God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth; He hath gird-ed Him with might.



Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God is King in depth and height. A-men.



- 1 GOD the Lord a king remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious light;
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth;
He hath girded Him with might.
Alleluia!
God is King in depth and height.
- 2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more:
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar.
Alleluia!
Lord, Thou art for evermore.
- 3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean floods have lift their roar;
Now they pause where they have drifted,

Now they burst upon the shore.
Alleluia!

For the ocean's sounding store.

- 4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

- 5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

ELLACOMBE C. M.

Hartig's *Vollständige Sammlung*, Mainz c. 1829

With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high!

O - ver the heavens He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

He sends His showers of bless - ing down To cheer the plains be - low;

He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow. A - men.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud
Address the Lord on high!
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
He sends His showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3. He sends His word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord!

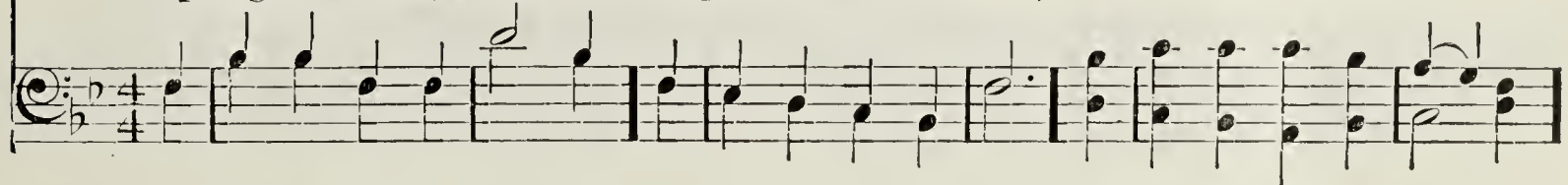
Isaac Watts, 1719

WIR PFLÜGEN 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

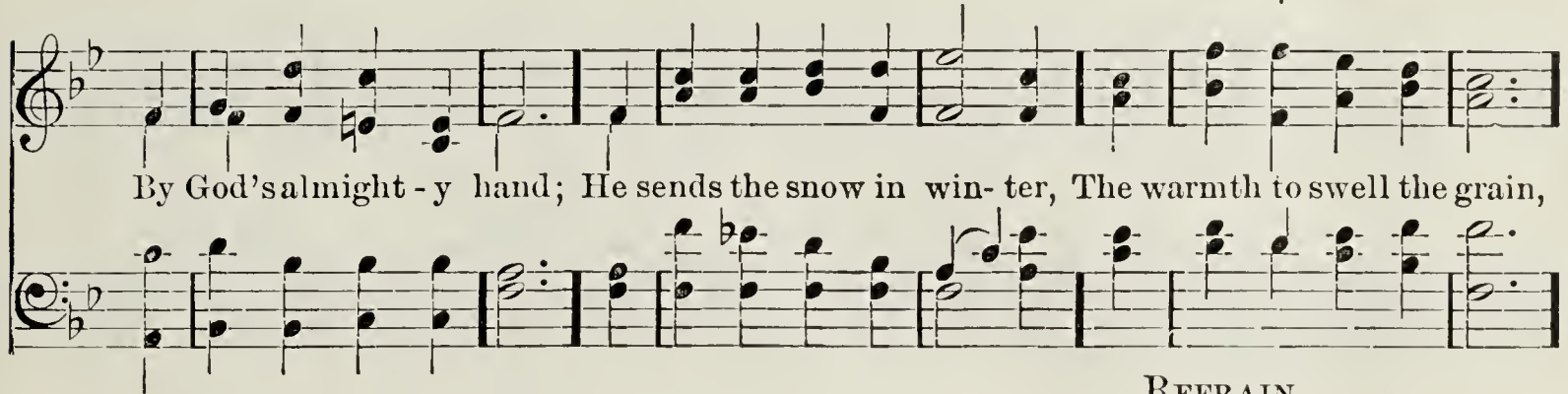
Arr. fr. Johann A. P. Schulz, 1800



We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered

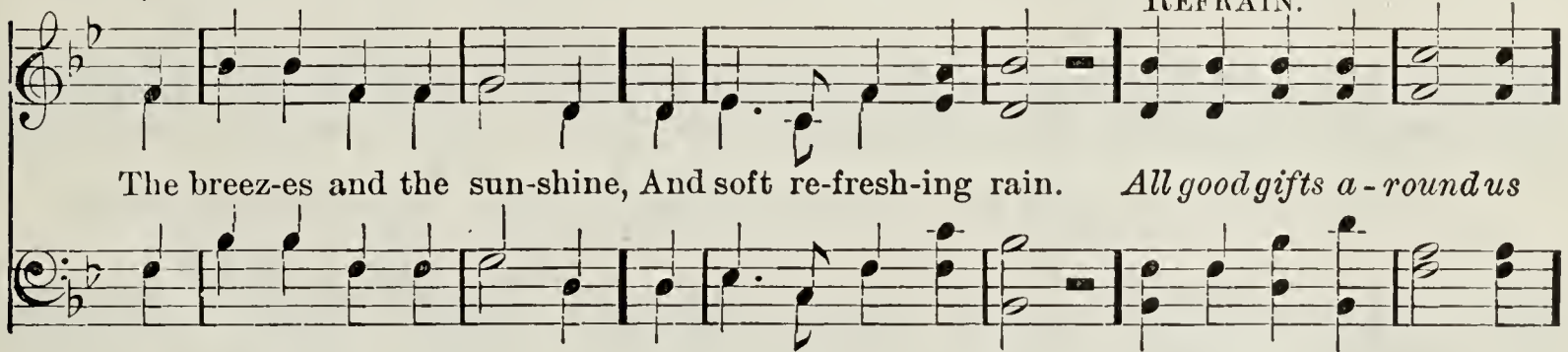


By God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the grain,



REFRAIN.

The breezes and the sunshine, And soft refreshing rain. All good gifts around us



Are sent from heav'n above; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all His love! A - men.



1 **W**E plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love!*

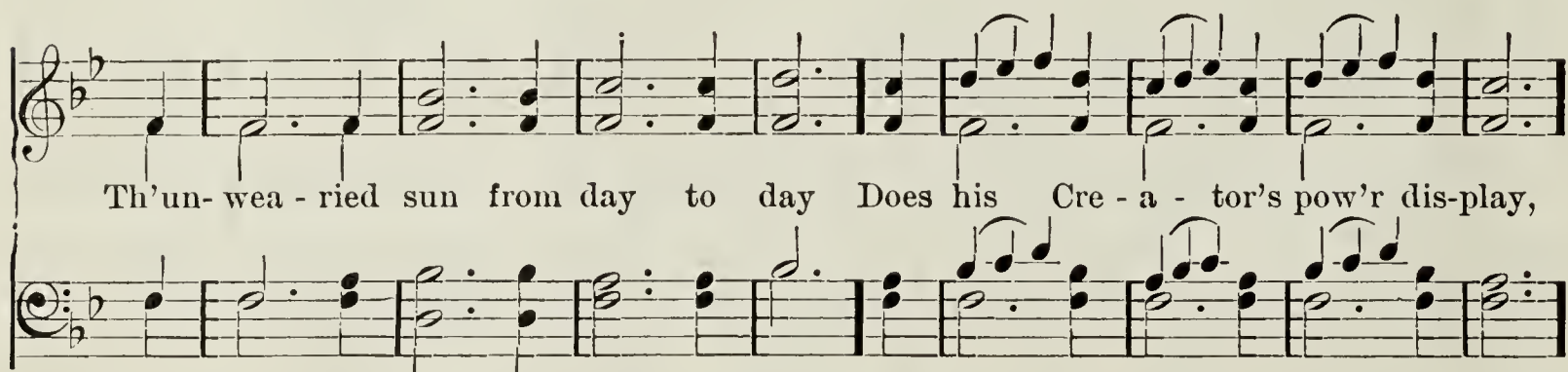
2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,

He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

CREATION L. M. D.

Arr. fr. Franz Joseph Haydn, 1798



1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though nor real voice, nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine:
 "The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712

CANTATE DOMINO L. M. D.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voic - es raise;

To us His gra - cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise:

Unison. For He is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom an - gels serve and saints a - dore,

Harmony.

Unison. The Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom be praise for ev - er - more. A - men.

Harmony.

- 1 SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise:
*For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.*
- 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name for it is fair:
- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,

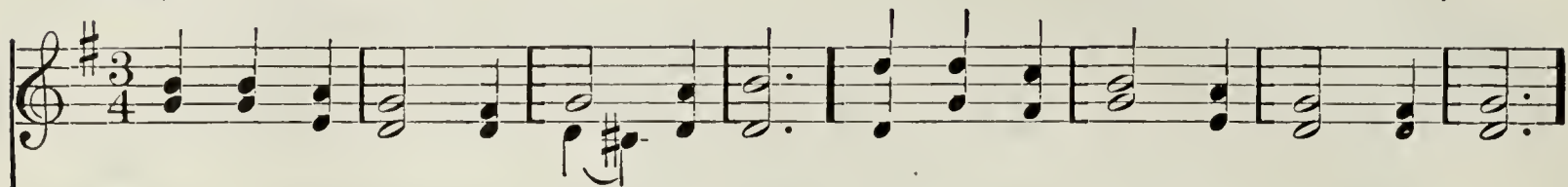
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His name, for it is true:

- 4 For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His blest employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy:
- 5 For life below with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That nobler life which after this
Shall ever shine, and never die:
*Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.*

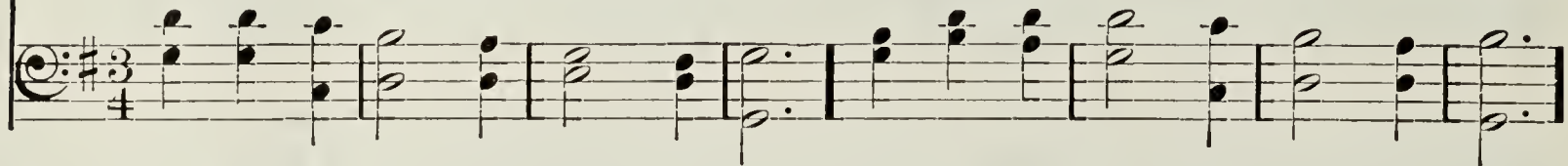
John S. B. Monsell, 1862

GRACE CHURCH L. M.

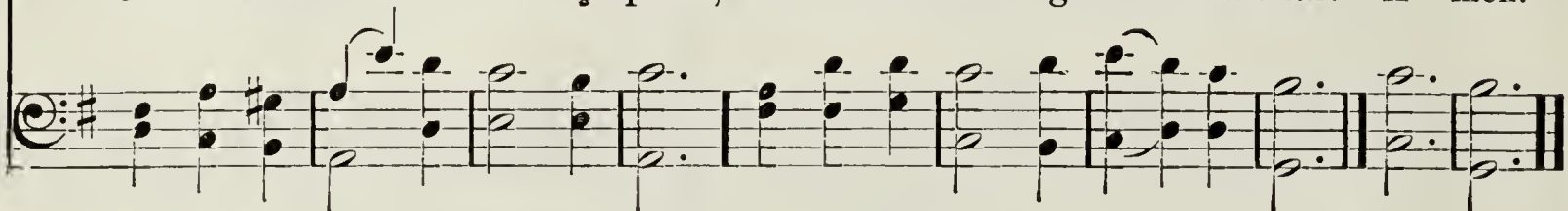
Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1815



Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;



Cen-tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.

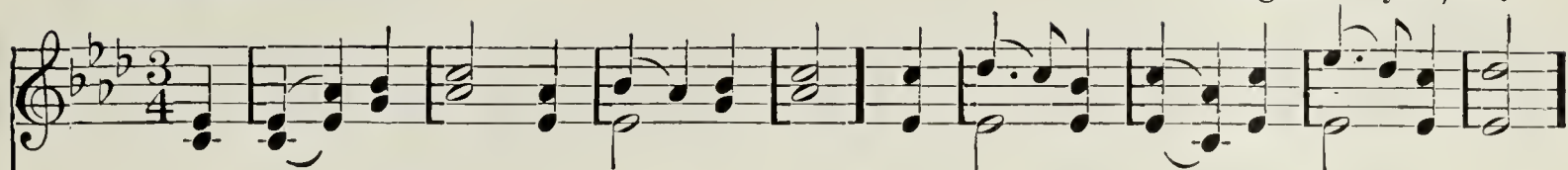


- 1 **L**ORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

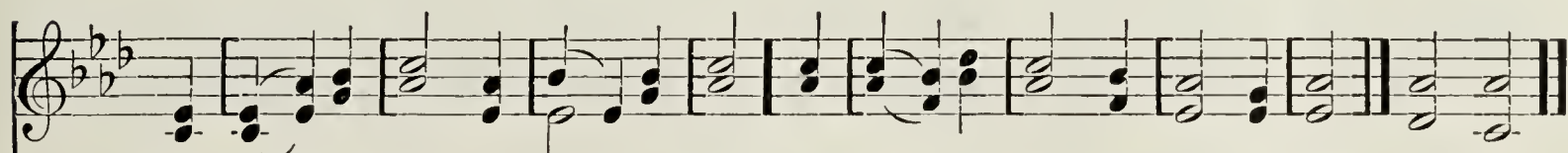
Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848

LOUVAN L. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1847



O Source di - vine and Life of all, The Fount of be - ing's wondrous sea!



Thy depth would ev'ry heart ap - pal That saw not love supreme in Thee. A - men.



1 **O** SOURCE divine and Life of all,
 The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
 Thy depth would every heart appal
 That saw not love supreme in Thee.

2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
 Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
 We know Thee truly but in this,—
 That Thou bestowest all our good.

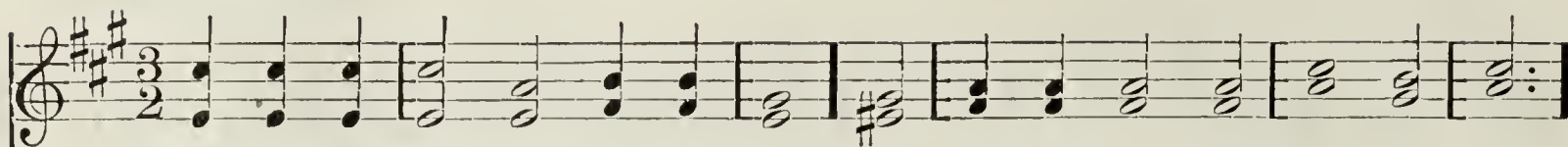
3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
 O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
 And through the ceaseless web to trace
 Thy presence working all things well.

4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
 Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
 Nor strength and gladness lead astray
 From Thee, our nature's only Guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
 Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
 Make pure Thy children's erring will,
 And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

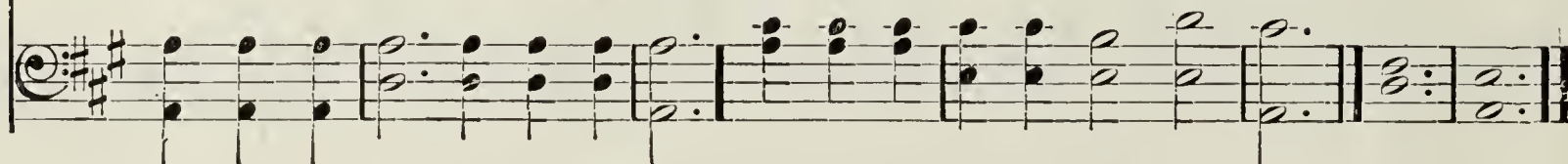
Heinrich C. Zeuner, 1832



The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth; and all ye heav'ns, re-joice!



From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord om-nip-o- tent is King!" A - men.



- 1 **T**HE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
- 5 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.
- 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

TALLIS'S CANON L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1560

O God, Thou Giv - er of all good, Thy chil - dren live by

dai - ly food; And dai - ly must the prayer be said,

"Give us this day our dai - ly bread." A - men.

- 1 **O** GOD, Thou Giver of all good,
Thy children live by daily food;
And daily must the prayer be said,
"Give us this day our daily bread."
- 2 The life of earth and seed is Thine;
Suns glow, rains fall, by power divine;
Thou art in all; not even the powers
By which we toil for bread are ours.
- 3 What large provision Thou hast made!
As large as is Thy children's need;
How wide Thy bounteous love is spread!
Wide as the want of daily bread.
- 4 Since every day by Thee we live,
May grateful hearts Thy gifts receive;
And may the hands be pure from stain
With which our daily bread we gain.

The Lord of the Kingdom

INNOCENTS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from an old French melody, xiii C., and G. F. Handel

Let us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;

For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - men.

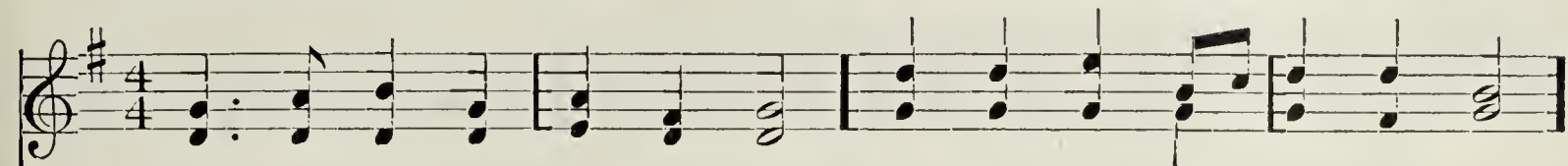
- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
Who by all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.
- 3 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run;
Th' hornèd moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.
- 4 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery.
- 5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1623; arr.

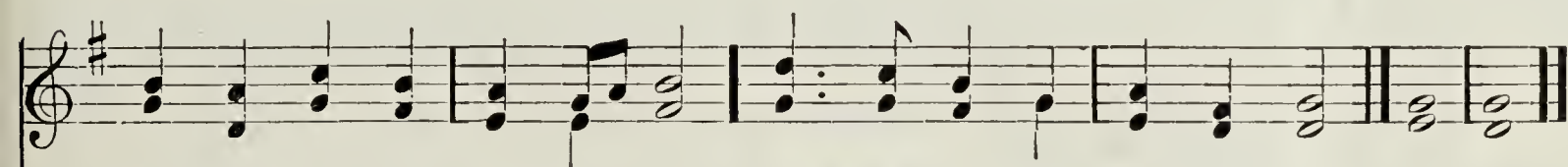
God, Our Father

REDHEAD No. 45 7. 7. 7. 7.

Old French melody, xii Century arr. by R. Redhead, 1853



Life of a - ges, rich - ly poured, Love of God, un - spent and free,

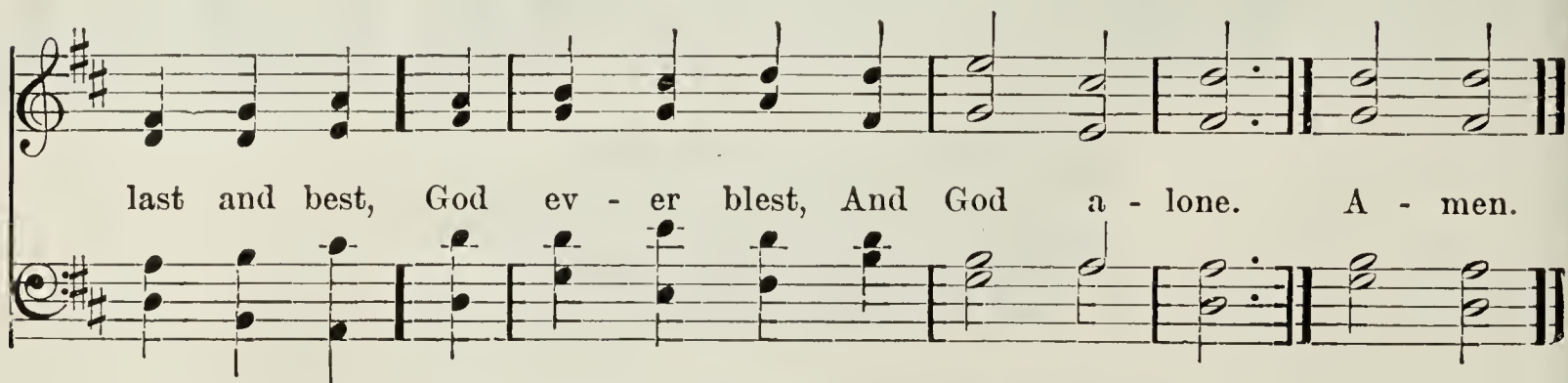
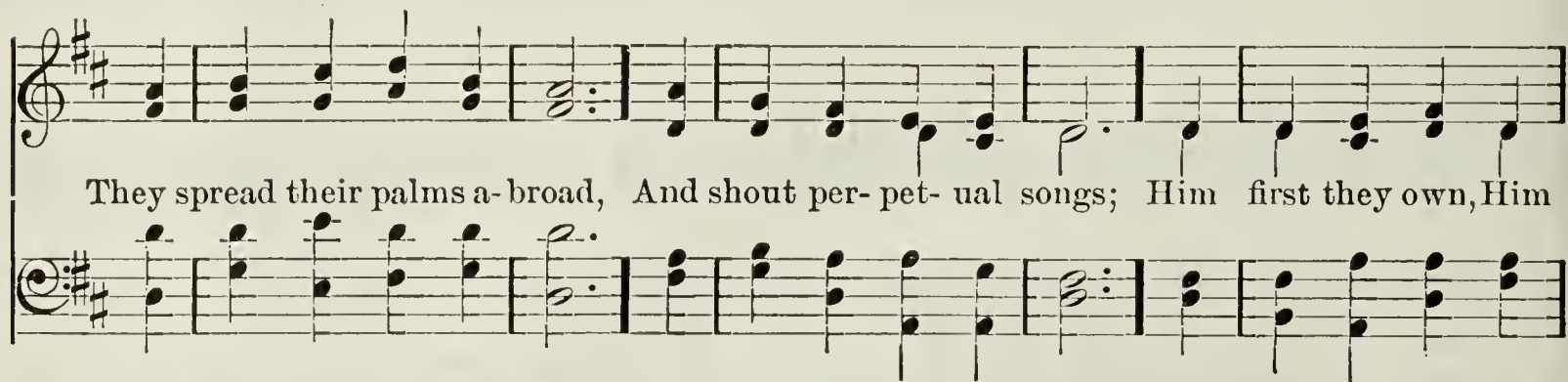


Flow - ing in the prophet's word, And the peo - ple's lib - er - ty! A - men.



- 1 **L**IFE of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!
- 2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind;—
- 3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;—
- 4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong,
From the sacred limits back.
- 5 Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

ST. JOHN 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Old English melody, *The Parish Choir* 1851

1 **A**ROUND the throne of God
The host angelic throngs;
They spread their palms abroad,
And shout perpetual songs;
Him first they own,
Him last and best,
God ever blest,
And God alone.

2 "O holy, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art,
And art to be;
Nor time shall see
Thy sway depart."

3 "Great are Thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might;
All just and true Thy ways,
Thou King of saints, in light:

Let all above,
And all below,
Conspire to show
Thy power and love."

4 "Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng
From every shore,
And all adore
In one loud song."

5 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
His glory own,
First, last, and best,
God ever blest,
And God alone.

STUTT GART 8. 7. 8. 7.

Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715

God, my King, Thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy name;

Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim. A - men.

1 GOD, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy name;

Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

The Lord of the Kingdom

NUN DANKET 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

J. Crüger's *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 1649*May be sung in unison*

Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,

Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;

Who, from our moth - er's arms, Hath blessed us on our way

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

1 **N**OW thank we all our God
 With heart and hands and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 Who, from our mother's arms,
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;

And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

3 All glory be to God
 For all He hath created,
 From us whom He so high
 Among His works enstated,
 To praise Him while we live,
 And on His will attend,
 Until we there arrive,
 Where song shall have no end.

Martin Rinkart, 1586-1649; vv. 1 and 2, tr.

Catherine Winkworth, 1858; v. 3, tr. the *Yattendon Hymnal*, 1899

HAST DU DENN LIEBSTER 14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

*Gesang-Buch, Stralsund, 1665,
arr. in Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1668.
and Speer's Choral Gesang-Buch, 1692*

Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre - a - tion! O my soul

praise Him, for He is Thy health and sal - va - tion. All ye who hear, Now to His

tem-ple draw near, Join me in glad ad - o - ra - tion! A - men.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Join me in glad adoration!
- 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires e'er have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee!
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again:
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

FABEN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John H. Willcox, 1849

Praise the Lord: ye heav'ns a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed:

Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken For their guidance hath He made. A - men.

1 **P**RAISE the Lord: ye heavens adore
 Praise Him, angels, in the height; [Him;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance hath He made.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail:
 God hath made His saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
 Lord, we offer unto Thee;
 Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
 In glad homage bend the knee.
 All the saints in heaven adore Thee;
 We would bow before Thy throne:
 As Thine angels serve before Thee,
 So on earth Thy will be done.



When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,



Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise. A - men.



1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,

Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue:
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

ST. ANNE C. M.
May be sung in unison

Ascribed to William Croft, 1708

Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

CONVERSE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Charles C. Converse, 1868

Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?

Fool - ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?

It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems;

'Tis our Fa - ther: and His fond - ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams. A - men.

1 SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

2 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss:
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate, 1855

Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through; Thine eye com -

mands with pierc - ing view My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours,

My heart and flesh, with all their powers. A - men.

1 **L**ORD Thou hast searched and seen me through;
 Thine eye commands with piercing view
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
 On every side I find Thy hand:
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
 What large extent, what lofty height!
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790

O bless - ed God, to Thee I raise My voice in thank - ful
hymns of praise; And when my voice shall si - lent be,
My si - lence shall be praise to Thee. A - men.

1 **O** BLESSED God, to Thee I raise
My voice in thankful hymns of praise;
And when my voice shall silent be,
My silence shall be praise to Thee.

2 For voice and silence both impart
The filial homage of my heart,
And both alike are understood
By Thee, Thou Parent of all good;—

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who lov'st my loudest praise to hear
And lov'st to bless my voiceless prayer.

Said to be from the Greek, tr. anon., 1858

BENEDIC ANIMA 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

John Goss, 1869

Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib - ute bring;

Ran - som'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A - men.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who, like me, His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;

Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;

Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness!

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;

In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;

Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;

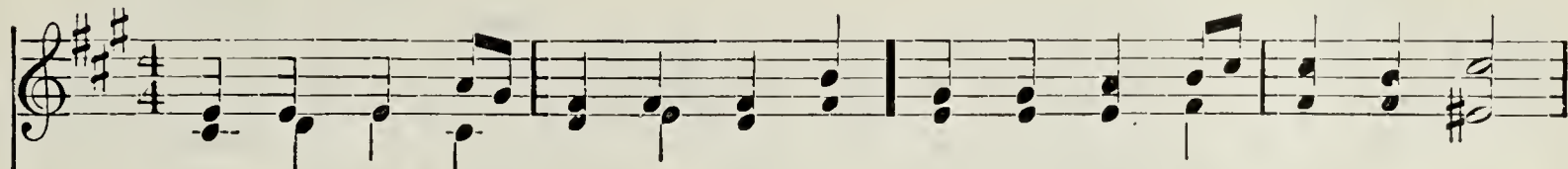
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,

Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

CARTER 8. 7. 8. 7.

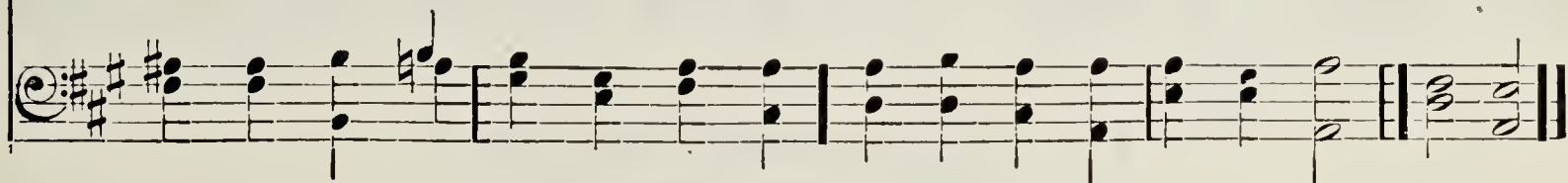
Edmund S. Carter, 1874



God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;



Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love. A-men.



1 GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

FARRANT C. M.

Arr. from Richard Farrant, 1530-1580

O God, my strength and for - ti - tude, Of force I must love Thee;

Thou art my cas - tle and de - fence In my ne - ces - si - ty. A - men.

1 O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

2 My God, my rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth;
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health!

3 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

4 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Come flying all abroad.

5 Thou teachest me Thy saving health,
Thy right hand is my tower;
Thy love and gentleness also
Do still increase my power.

SWABIA S. M.

In J. M. Spiess's *David's Harpfen-Spiel*, 1745
Arr. by William H. Havergal, 1847

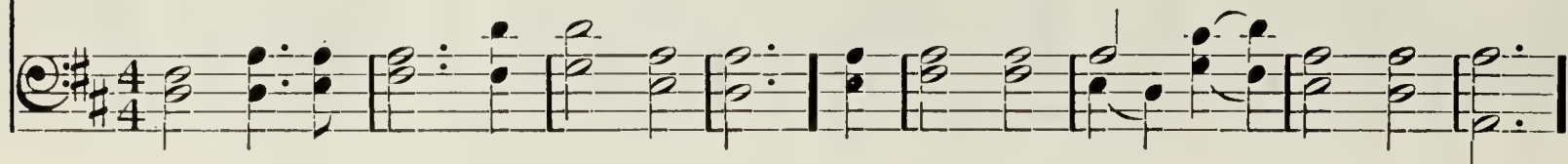
O ev - er - last - ing Light, Giv - er of dawn and day,
Dis - pell - er of the an - cient night In which ere - a - tion lay! A - men.

- 1 O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!
- 2 O everlasting Rock,
Sole refuge in distress,
My fort when foes assail and mock,
My rest in weariness!
- 3 O everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs,
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings.
- 4 O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.
- 5 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me in spite of foes at length
To joy, and light, and day.
- 6 O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above:
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

TRURO L. M.

T. Williams' *Psalmody Evangelica*, 1789

High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness in full glo - ry shines;



Thy truth shall break thro' ev'-ry cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de - signs. A-men.



- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep;
 Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;
 Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
 The whole creation is Thy charge,
 But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
 The sons of Adam in distress
 Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord,
 And in Thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in Thy word.

BEATITUDO C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875

Thou, Lord, art love, and ev - 'ry - where Thy name is bright - ly shown,

Be-neath, on earth, Thy foot-stool fair, A - bove, in heav'n, Thy throne. A - men.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, art love, and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown,
Beneath, on earth, Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven, Thy throne.
- 2 Thy word is love; in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.
- 3 Thy ways are love; though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind, through darkness, to their end
In everlasting light.
- 4 Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is
The living voice they find:
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the eternal Mind.
- 5 Thy chastisements are love; more deep
They stamp the seal divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.
- 6 Thy heaven is the abode of love;
O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's deep shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee!

James D. Burns, 1858

ST. CATHERINE Six 8s.

Henri F. Hemy, 1864,
Arr. by James G. Walton, 1874

Thou hid-den Love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,

I see from far Thy beau-teous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose;

My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in Thee. A - men.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose height, 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows, That strives with Thee my heart to share?
I see from far Thy beauteous light, Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose; The Lord of every motion there;
My heart is pained, nor can it be Then shall my heart from earth be free,
At rest till it finds rest in Thee. When it has found repose in Thee.
- 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought 4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
My mind to seek her peace in Thee; To save me from low-thoughted care;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not, Chase this self-will through all my heart,
No peace my wandering soul shall see; Through all its latent mazes there;
O when shall all my wanderings end, Make me Thy duteous child, that I,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend! Ceaseless, may "Abba, Father!" cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729;
tr. John Wesley, 1736 (text of 1730)

The Lord of the Kingdom

33

Jesus Christ

VENI IMMANUEL 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

From a French Missal, Mode I

In Unison

O come, Im - man - u - el,..... our King, Thy law of love es -

tab - lish - ing; The na - tions for Thine ad - vent pine:

In Harmony

Come, claim their feal - ty, Lord di - vine. Re - joice, re - joice,

Im - man - u - el Is born for thee, O Is - ra - el! A - men.

1 **O** COME, Immanuel, our King,
Thy law of love establishing;
The nations for Thine advent pine:
Come, claim their fealty, Lord divine.
*Rejoice, rejoice, Immanuel
Is born for thee, O Israel!*

2 O Come, Thou Wisdom from on high,
Attuning all things, far and nigh,
Beneath Thy firm and gentle sway:
Come, teach us understanding's way.

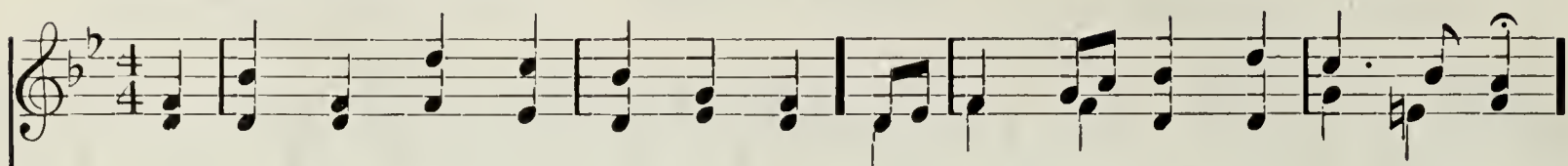
3 O come, fair Sunrise, passing bright,
And usher in the day of right;
To darkened minds bring vision clear,
And banish every deathly fear.

4 O come, Desire of nations, trust
Thyself to man, the child of dust;
Thou art the precious Corner-stone,
Whereon all souls are built in one.

Latin prose Antiphons, (ix Cent. or earlier);
Chorus from a metrical version of the
xviii Cent.; tr. H. S. C. 1923

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

James W. Elliott, 1874



Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates, Be - hold the King of glo - ry waits;



The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here. A-men.



1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

5 Redeemer, come: I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide.
Let me Thy inner presence feel;
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

ST. LOUIS 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6:

Louis H. Redner, 1868

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by:

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

1 **O** LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1868

CAROL C. M. D.

R. Storrs Willis, 1850

It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an-gels bending
near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-
gracious King!" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing. A - men.

1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world,
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er it's Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears, 1850

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1867

An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:

Come and wor-ship, come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King! A - men.

1 **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant Light:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great Desire of nations;
 Ye have seen His natal star:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new born King!

James Montgomery, 1816, 1825

ANTIOCH C. M.

T. Hawkes's *Collection of Tunes*, 1833

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King, Let ev-ry

heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing! And

And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing! And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing! A-men.

sing! And heav'n and na-ture sing!

- 1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing!
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy!
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground!
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

VOM HIMMEL HOCH L. M.

Melody attributed to Luther; *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig, 1539

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes! Who is it in yon manger lies?

Who is this child so young and fair? The blessed Christ-Child li-eth there. A-men.

1 GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?

Who is this child so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-Child lieth there.

2 Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed?

3 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

4 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

5 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more their silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song,—

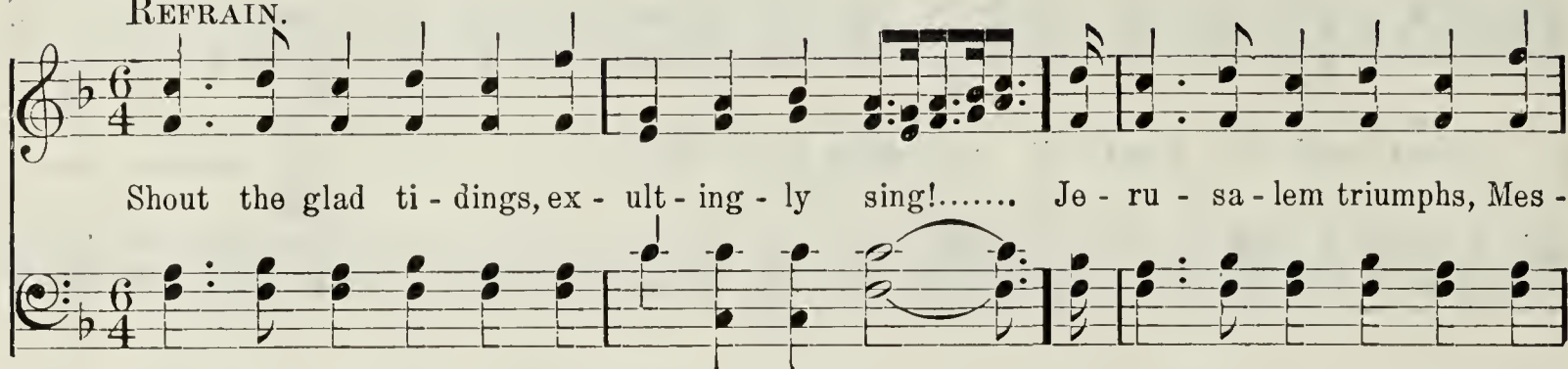
6 “Glory to God in highest heaven.
Who unto man His Son hath given!”
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

AVISON 11. 11. 12. 11. With Refrain

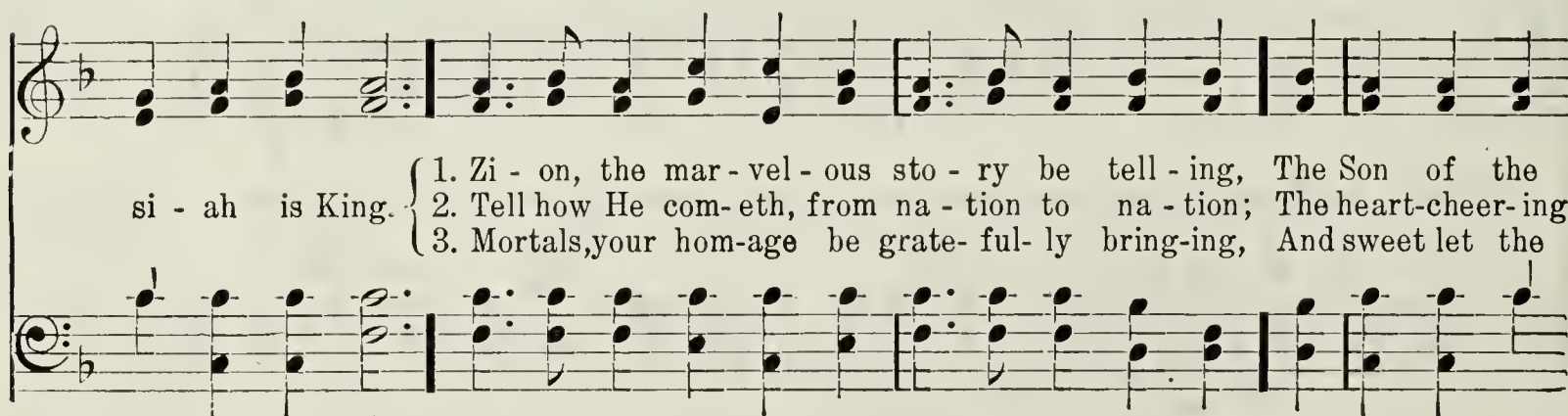
William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

Charles Avison, 1710-1770

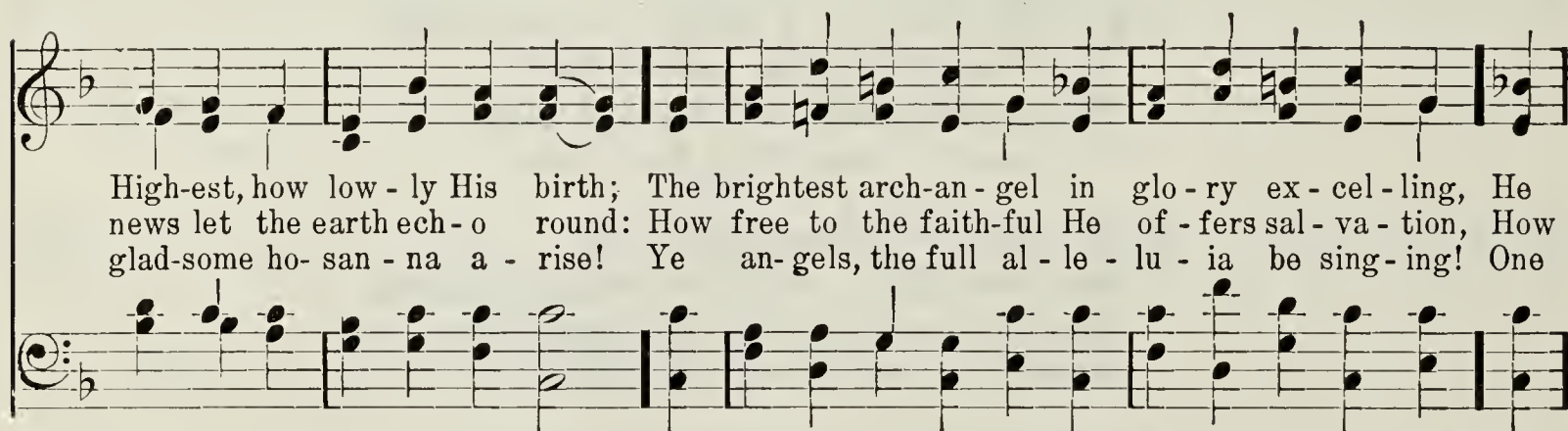
REFRAIN.



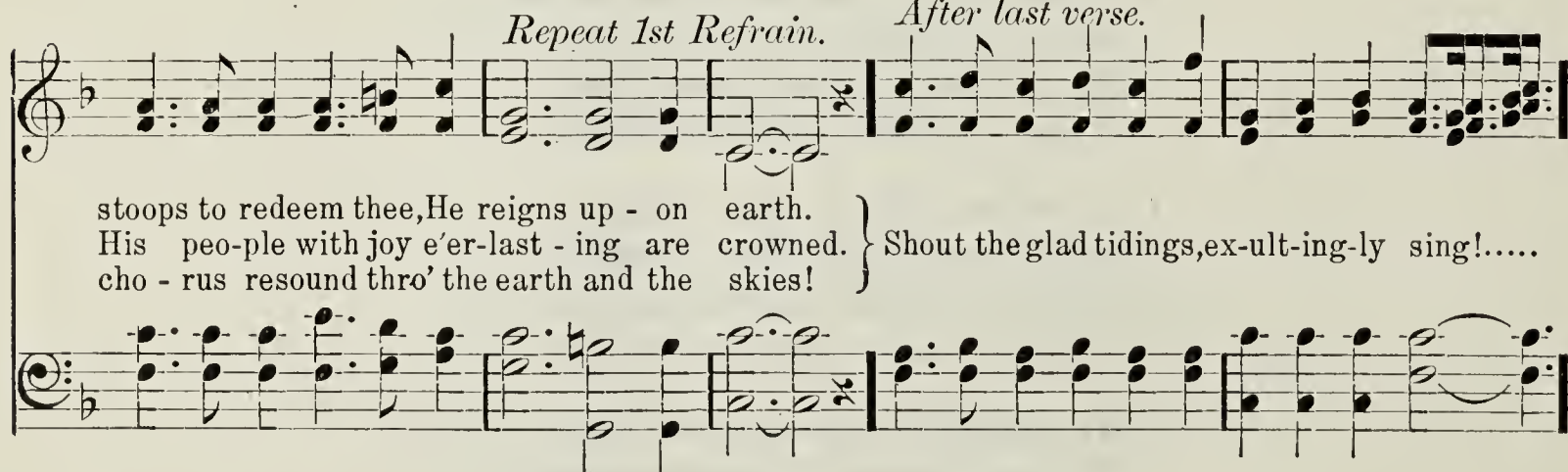
Shout the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing!..... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes -



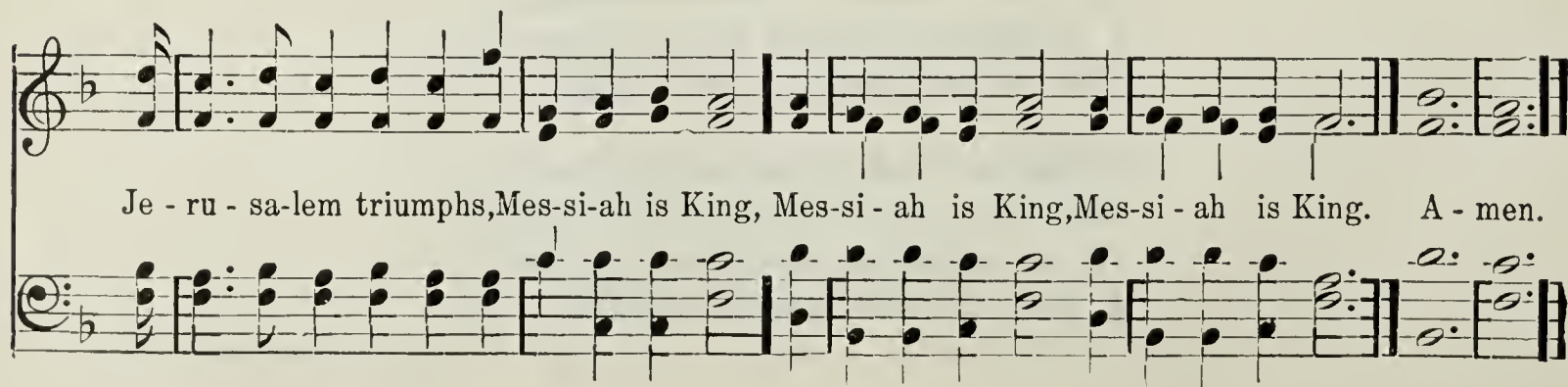
si - ah is King. { 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the
2. Tell how He com - eth, from na - tion to na - tion; The heart - cheer - ing
3. Mortals, your hom - age be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And sweet let the



High - est, how low - ly His birth; The brightest arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He
news let the earth ech - o round: How free to the faith - ful He of - fers sal - va - tion, How
glad - some ho - san - na a - rise! Ye an - gels, the full al - le - lu - ia be sing - ing! One

*Repeat 1st Refrain.**After last verse.*


stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up - on earth.
His peo - ple with joy e'er - last - ing are crowned. } Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing!.....
cho - rus resound thro' the earth and the skies!



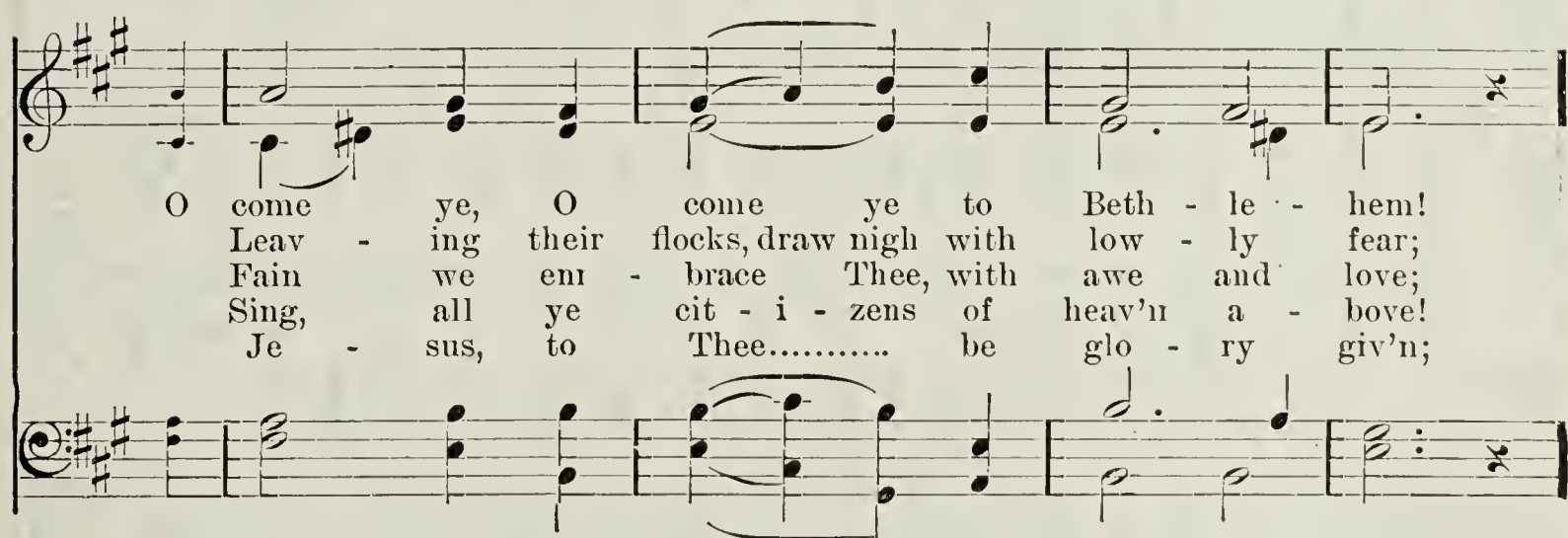
Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King. A - men.

ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

Anon. (Latin, 17th or 18th C.) tr. F. Oakeley and others

Anon J. F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

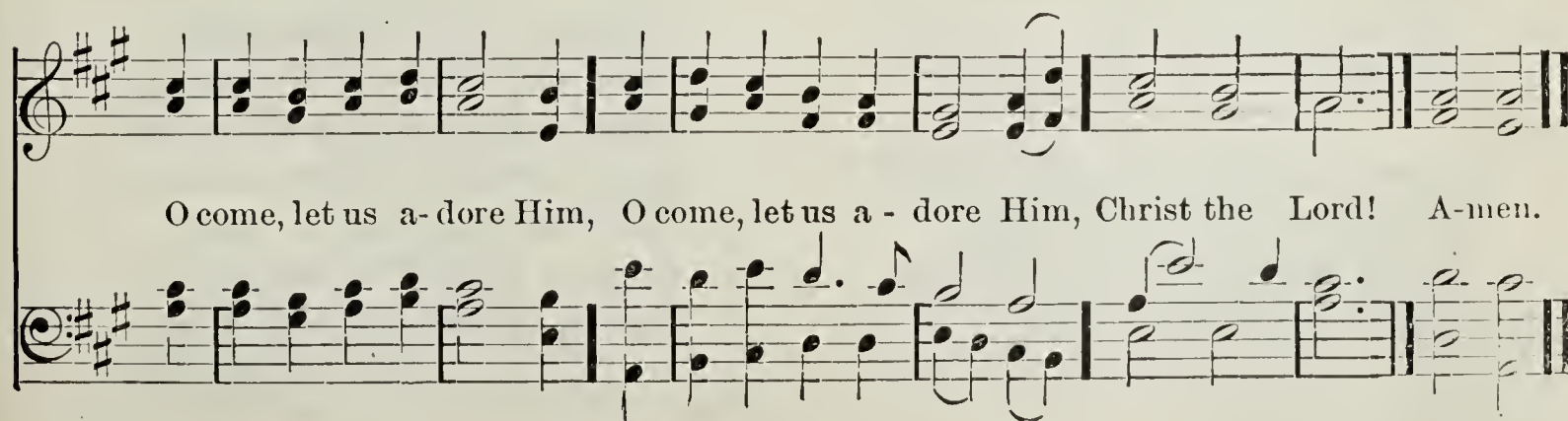

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - umph - ant,
 2. See how the shep - herds, Summoned to His cra - dle,
 3. Child, for us sin - ners Poor and in a man - ger,
 4. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
 5. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,



O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem!
 Leav - ing their flocks, draw nigh with low - ly fear;
 Fain we em - brace Thee, with awe and love;
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove!
 Je - sus, to Thee..... be glo - ry giv'n;



Come and be - hold Him Born the King of an - gels!
 We too will thith - er Bend our joy - ful foot-steps:
 Who would not love Thee, Lov - ing us so dear - ly?
 Glo - ry to God..... In the high - est!
 Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing: } O come, let us a - dore Him,



O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord! A - men.

MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840
by William H. Cummings, 1850

1. Hark, the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
Join the tri-umph of the skies; U-ni-vers-al na-ture, say, "Christ the Lord is
born to-day!" U-ni-vers-al na-ture, say, "Christ the Lord is born to -day!" A-men.

1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature, say,
"Christ the Lord is born today!"

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead, see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

3 Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
O to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart.

Charles Wesley, 1743

v. 1, lines 1 and 2 altered by George Whitfield, 1753

MARGARET Irregular

Timothy R. Matthews, 1876

Thou didst leave Thy throne, And Thy king-ly crown When Thou camest to earth for me,

But in Bethlehem's home Was there found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty:

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee. A-men.

1 **T**HOU didst leave Thy throne,
 And Thy kingly crown
 When Thou camest to earth for me,
 But in Bethlehem's home
 Was there found no room
 For Thy holy nativity:
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang
 When the angels sang,
 Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
 But of lowly birth
 Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
 And in great humility:
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest,
 And the bird its nest,
 In the shade of the cedar tree;
 But Thy couch was the sod,

O Thou Son of God,
 In the deserts of Galilee:
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord,
 With the living word
 That would set Thy children free;
 But with mocking scorn,
 And with crown of thorn,
 They bore Thee to Calvary:
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
 And her choir shall sing,
 At thy coming to victory,
 Let Thy voice call me home,
 Saying, "Yet there is room,
 There is room at My side for thee."
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
 When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

BONN 8. 3. 3. 6. 8 3. 3. 6.

Johann G. Ebeling, 1666

All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear, far and near,
Sweet - est an - gels voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

1 **A**LL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet
Doth entreat,
"Flee from want and danger;
Brethren come, from all doth grieve you
You are freed,
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.

Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Hither come, ye poor and wretched;
Know His will
Is to fill
Every hand outstretchèd;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.

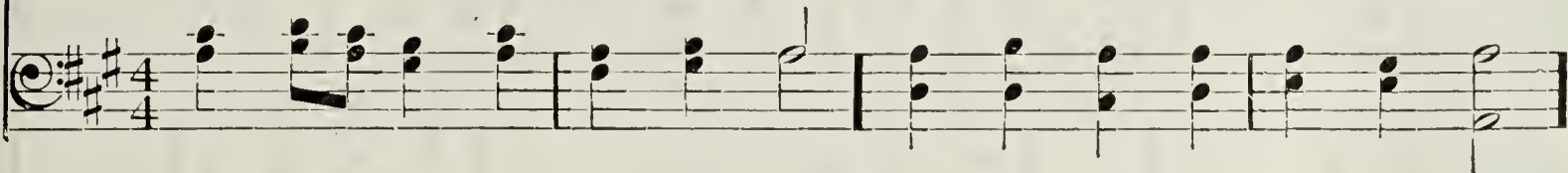
5 Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee.
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

DIX Six 7s.

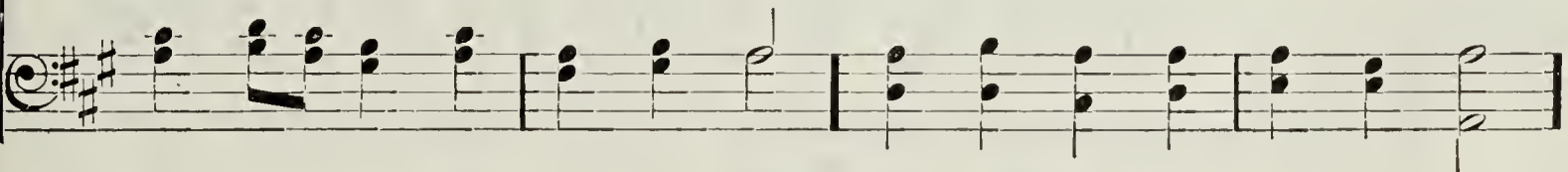
Arr. fr. Conrad Kocher, 1838



As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,



So, most gra-cious God may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.



1 **A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

DANIA 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with refrain.

Frank G. Ilsley, 1887

From the east-ern mountains, Press-ing on, they come, Wise men in their wis-dom,
To His hum-ble home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,
REFRAIN.
Ev - er journ'ying on-ward, Guid-ed by a star. *Light of life that shin - eth*
Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw Thou near, and light-en Ev-'ry heart of man. A-men.

1 FROM the eastern mountains,
Pressing on, they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.
Light of life that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

2 Thou who in a manger,
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar

Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

3 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray;
Throw Thy radiance o'er them;
Guide them on their way.
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

4 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

Godfrey Thring, 1878

MORNING STAR 11. 10. 11. 10.

John P. Harding, 1861-

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

dark-ness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -

dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid! A - men.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

ARMSTRONG 7. 7. 5. 7. 7. 5.

George W. Chadwick, 1888

When the Lord of love was here, Hap - py hearts to Him were dear,

Though His heart was sad; Worn and lone - ly for our sake,

Yet He turned a - side to make All the wea - ry glad. A - men.

1 **W**HEN the Lord of love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear,
Though His heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

2 Meek and lowly were His ways,
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

4 Fill us with Thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

Stopford A. Brooke, 1881; arr.

ST. AËLRED 8. 8. 8. 3.

John B. Dykes, 1862

Fierce raged the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine
anx - ious serv - ants keep, But Thou wast wrapped in
guile - less sleep, Calm and still..... A - men.

1 **F**IERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,—
"Peace, be still!"

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank like a little child to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still!"

Godfrey Thring, 1861

DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1874

Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-giv'n,
So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heav'n. A-men.

- 1 **L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

John H. Gurney, 1838

ST. DROSTANE L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1862

Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho -

san - na cry; Thine hum - ble beast pur - sues his road

With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed. A - men.

- 1 **R**IDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
Thine humble beast pursues his road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to **die**!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

Henry H. Milman, 1827

ST. THEODULPH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melchior Teschner, 1615

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!

Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One. A-men.

1 **A**LL glory, laud, and honor
 To Thee, Redeemer, King,
 To whom the lips of children
 Made sweet hosannas ring!
 Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's royal Son,
 Who in the Lord's name comest,—
 The King and blessed One.

2 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high,
 And mortal men and all things
 Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews,
 With palms before Thee went;
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee before Thy passion,
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.
 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the praise we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.

Theodulph of Orleans, c. 820;
 tr. J. M. Neale, 1854, 1858, v. 1 line 1 & v. 3 alt.

ST. ANSELM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph Barnby, 1869

O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How meet Thee on Thy way, Blest
Blest hope...

hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, My soul's de - light and stay?

O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by Thine own pure light,

To know what-e'er is pleas - ing And wel-come in Thy sight. A - men.

1 **O** HOW shall I receive Thee,
How meet Thee on Thy way,
Blest hope of every nation,
My soul's delight and stay?
O Jesus, Jesus, give me
Now by Thine own pure light,
To know whate'er is pleasing
And welcome in Thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart to praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare:

Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
I to Thy name the service
Of all my powers will bring.

3 Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, He comes, who sinners
Shall with the children place,
The children of His Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653; tr. Arthur T. Russell, 1851

ORCHARD. Six 7s.

Arthur H. Mann, 1895

Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the tempt - er's pow'r;

Your Re - deem- er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;

Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A - men.

1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see;
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from His griefs away;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 See Him at the judgment-hall,
 Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
 See Him meekly bearing all;
 Love to man His soul sustained.
 Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
 Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete;
 "It is finished!" hear Him cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

CRUX CRUDELIS L. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

A voice up - on the mid-night air, Where Ke-dron's moon-lit wa - ters stray,

Weeps forth in ag - o - ny of pray'r, "O Fa-ther take this cup a - way!" A-men.

1 **A** VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away!"

2 Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away!"

3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

5 O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is Thine own.

6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love.

James Martineau, 1840

CYPRUS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. fr. J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809-47

When my love to Christ grows weak, When for warm - er faith I seek,

Then in thought I go to thee, Gar - den of Geth - se - ma - ne! A-men.

1 **W**HEN my love to Christ grows weak,
 When for warmer faith I seek,
 Then in thought I go to thee,
 Garden of Gethsesame!

2 There I walk amidst the shades,
 While the lingering twilight fades,
 Meet my Saviour, friendless, lone,
 See Him weep, and hear Him groan.

3 There I watch the agony,
 That He underwent for me;
 And with pitying love confess,
 Ne'er was sorrow like to His.

4 When my love for Christ grows weak,
 When for stronger faith I seek,
 Hill of Calvary! I go
 To thy scenes of fear and woe.

5 There with trembling awe I see
 Jesus tortured on the tree,
 Hear the scoffers' savage cries,
 While for them, for me, He dies.

6 Yes, for me He toiled and bled,
 Bowed in death His gracious head;
 And to Him my soul shall give
 Love and reverence while I live.

STRENGTH AND STAY 11. 10. 11. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1875

My Lord, my Mas - ter, at Thy feet a - dor - ing, I see Thee

bowed be - neath Thy load of woe; For me, a sin - ner,

is Thy life-blood pour - ing; For Thee, my Sav - iour, scarce my tears will flow. A - men.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,
I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load of woe;
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood pouring;
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.
- 2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee;
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came:
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!
- 3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wronged how quickly I complain!
- 4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?
- 5 O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
O saving death! O wounds that I adore!
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

PASSION CHORALE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601;
Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1719

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown!
How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn! A - men.

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place,
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,

The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land,

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.

1 **B**ENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land,
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;

And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face,—
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866

Lord Je - sus, when we stand a - far And gaze up -

on Thy ho - ly cross, In love of Thee, and

scorn of self, O may we count the world as loss. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee, and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.
- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7.

Ithamer Conkey, 1851

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

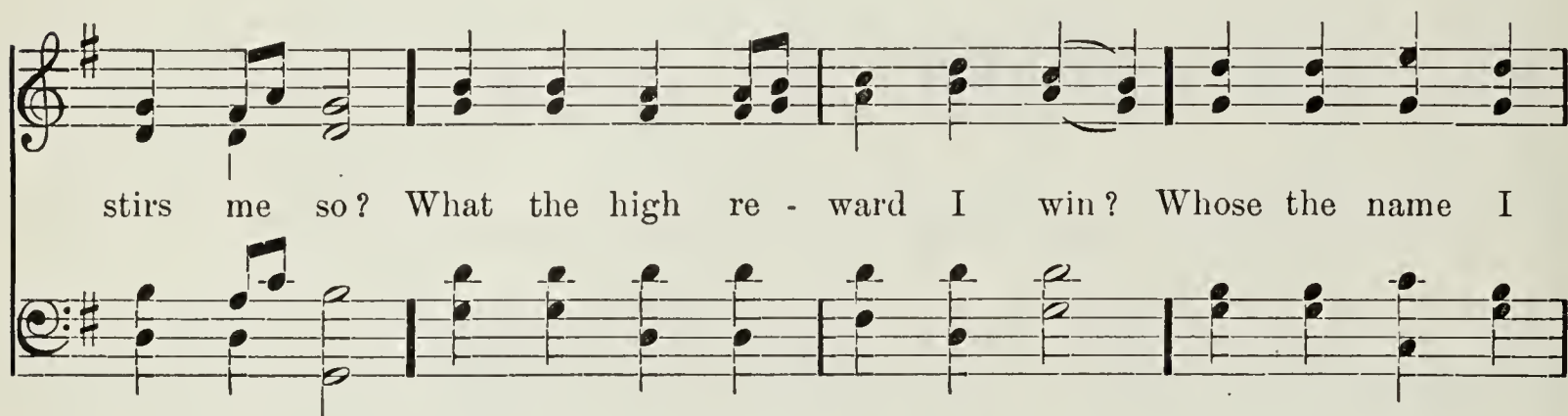
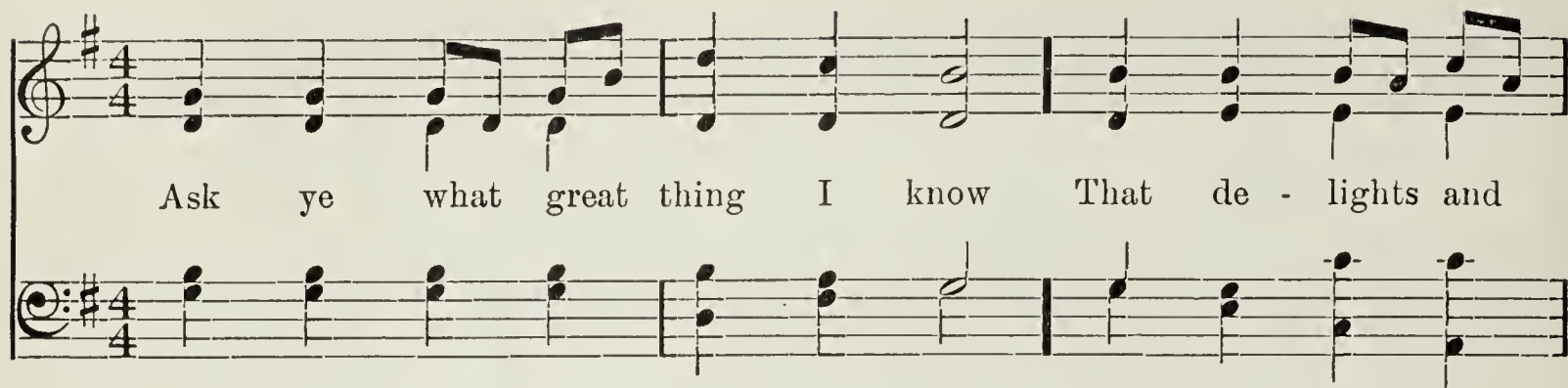
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.

- 1 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime,
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring, 1825

HENDON 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

H. A. César Malan, 1827



1 **A**SK ye what great things I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

2 Who is He that makes me wise
To discern where duty lies?
Who is He that makes me true,
Duty, when discerned, to do?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right,
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,—
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

ST. OLAVE Six 6s.

Joseph Barnby, 1890

Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed, That I might ran-som'd be,

And quicken'd from the dead: Thy life was giv'n for me; What have I giv'n for Thee? A-men.

1 **T**HY life was given for me,
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
 That I might ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead:
 Thy life was given for me;
 What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
 In weariness and woe,
 That through eternity
 Thy glory I might know:
 Long years were spent for me;
 Have I spent one for Thee?

3 And Thou hast brought to me
 Down from Thy home above
 Salvation full and free,
 Thy pardon and Thy love;
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
 What have I brought to Thee? .

4 O let my life be given,
 My years for Thee be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent!
 Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
 I give myself to Thee.

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790

When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of
glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but loss,
And pour con - tempt on all my pride. A - men.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707

ST. CROSS L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1861

O come and mourn with me a - while! See, Ma - ry calls us to her side;

O come and let us mourn with her; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied! A - men.

- 1 **O** COME and mourn with me awhile!
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 3 Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For He, our Lord, is crucified!

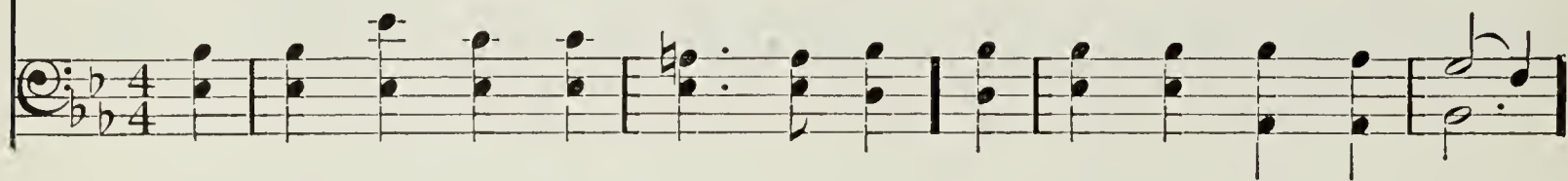
Frederick W. Faber, 1849; last line of each verse alt.

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1861



There's not a grief, how - ev - er light, Too light for sym - pa - thy;



There's not a care, how - ev - er slight, Too slight to bring to Thee. A-men.



1 **T**HERE'S not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy;

There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
For He who bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There's not a secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's woes without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

REDHEAD 47 7. 7. 7. 7.

Richard Redhead, 1853

When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Gra - cious Son of Ma - ry, hear. A - men.

1 **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
 Thou hast shed the human tear;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
 Thou the blood of life hast shed,
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

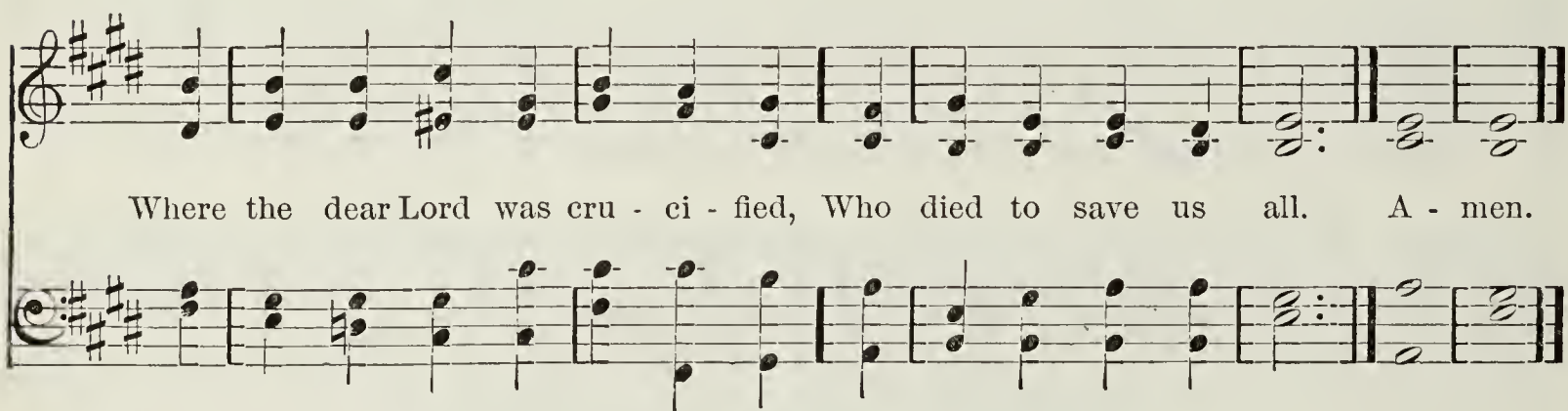
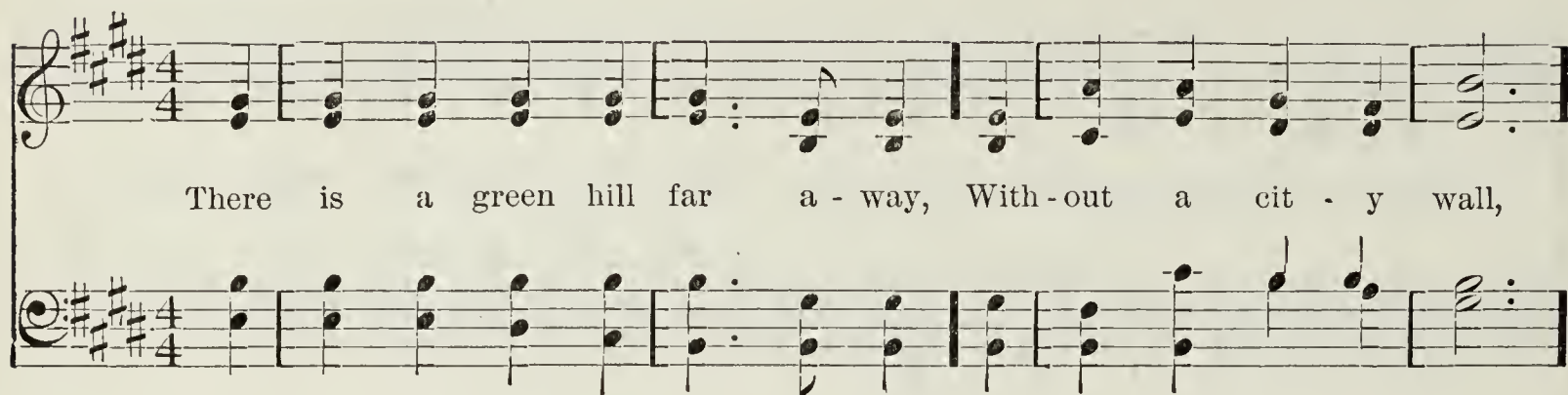
4 When the heart is sad within
 With the thought of all its sin,
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
 Though the sins were not Thine own;
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Henry H. Milman, 1827

MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1890



Copyright, by John H. Gower.

- 1 **T**HERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

GOWER'S LITANY 7. 7. 7. 6.

John H. Gower, 1890

Je - sus, whelm'd in fears un-known, With our e - vil left a - lone,

While no light from heav'n is shown: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus. A - men.

Copyright, by John H. Gower

1 **J**ESUS, whelmed in fears unknown,
 With our evil left alone,
 While no light from heaven is shown:
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
 And our hope seems far away,
 In the darkness be our stay:
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
 Though no light our spirits cheer,
 Tell our faith that God is near:
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

70 (GOWER'S LITANY)

1 **J**ESUS, loving to the end
 Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
 And Thy dearest human friend:
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
 And for Thee all peril dare,
 And enjoy Thy tender care:
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
 All one holy family,
 Loving for the love of Thee;
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

EASTER HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7. with alleluia

Arr. from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708

“Christ the Lord is ris’n to - day,” Al - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say; Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav’ns and earth re - ply. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 1 “CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,”
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens and earth reply.
- 2 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, He all doth save:
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 3 Love’s redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;

- Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.
- 4 Soar we now, where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

VICTORY 8. 8. 8. with Alleluia

Arr. fr. Giovanni P. da Palestrina, 1591

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

- 1 **T**HE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!
- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!
- 3 The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING 11. 11. 11. 11. With Refrain J. Baptiste Calkin, 1866

Wel-come, hap-py morn - ing! age to age shall say: Hell to - day is

vanquished, heav'n is won to - day! Lo! the Dead is liv - ing,

God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore.

REFRAIN. *Unison.*

Wel - come, hap-py morn - ing! age to age shall say: Hell to - day is

Jesus Christ

van-quished, heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing,

God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore. A-men.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, happy morning! age to age shall say:
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day;
 Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
 Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.

*Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say:
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!
 Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
 Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.*

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
 All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
 Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
- 4 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
 Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
 'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!

ROTTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1875

The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth tell it out a - broad;

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!

From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-men.

1 **T**HE day of resurrection!
 Earth tell it out abroad;
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God!
 From death to life eternal,
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light,

And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain!

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin,
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus viii C.; tr. John M.
 Neale, 1862: v. 1, line 1 alt.

ST. ALBINUS 7. 8. 7. 8. 4.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852

Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can, O death, no more ap - pal me; Je - sus

lives! by this I know From the grave He will re - call me. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 1 JESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me.
Alleluia!
- 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath
When I pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!
- 3 Jesus lives! for me He died;
Then must I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving.
Alleluia!
- 4 Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Nought from me His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Part me now from Christ forever.
Alleluia!
- 5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
I shall go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

ST. KEVIN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

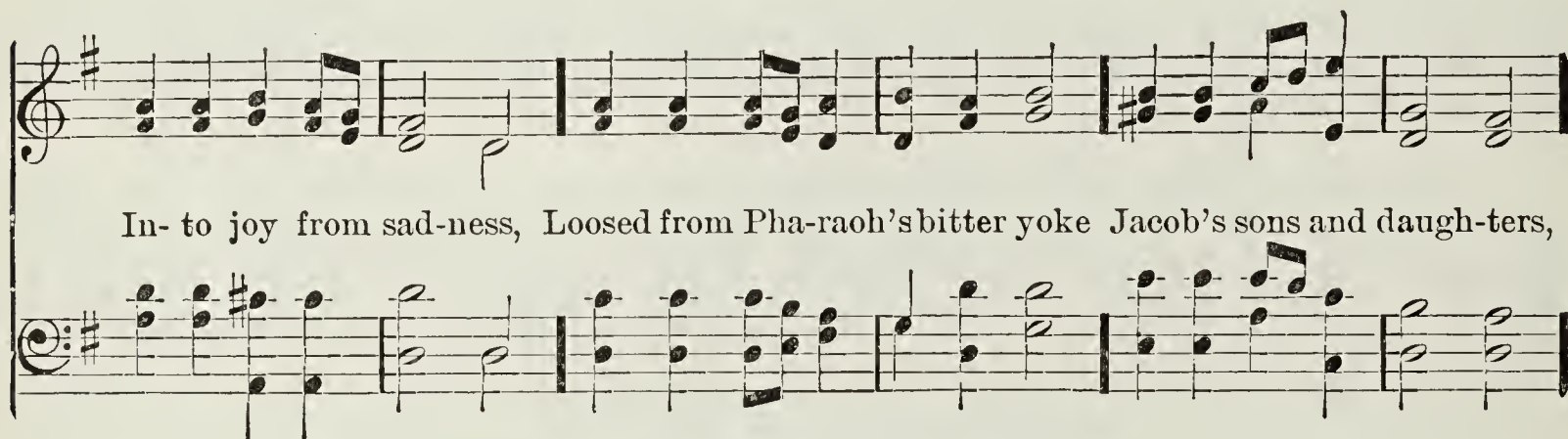
Arthur Sullivan, 1872



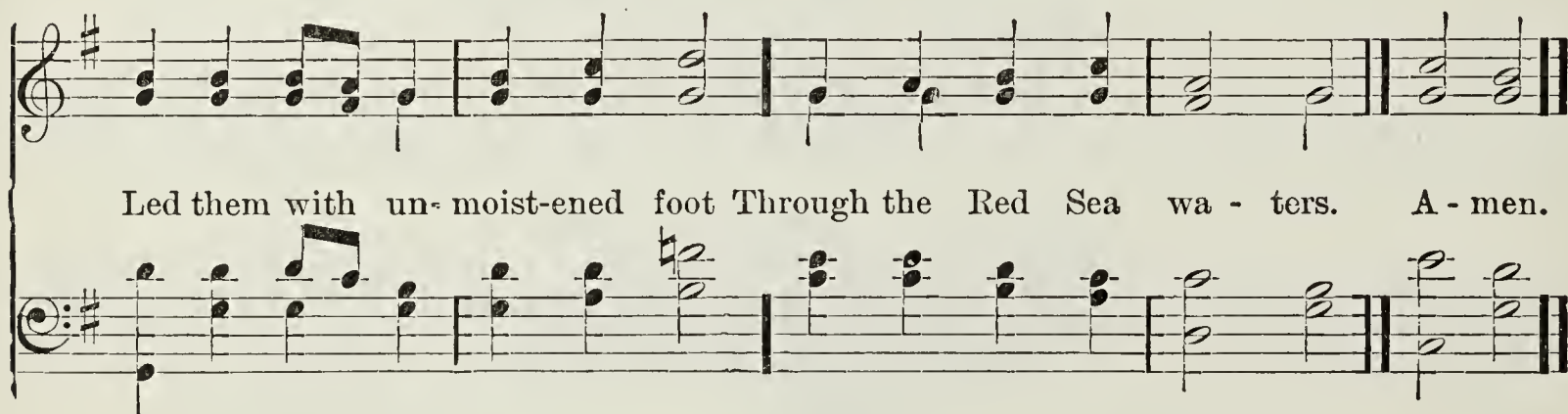
Come ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness! God hath brought His Is-ra-el



In- to joy from sad-ness, Loosed from Pha-raoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daugh-ters,



Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - men.



1 COME ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness,
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

WALTHAM L. M.

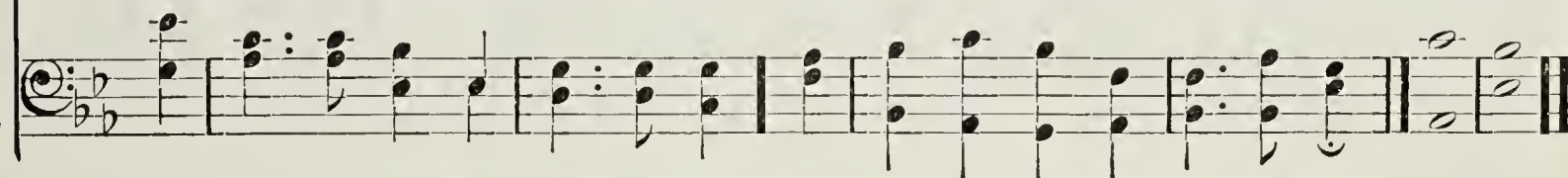
J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



Lift up, lift up your voices now! The whole wide world rejoices now:



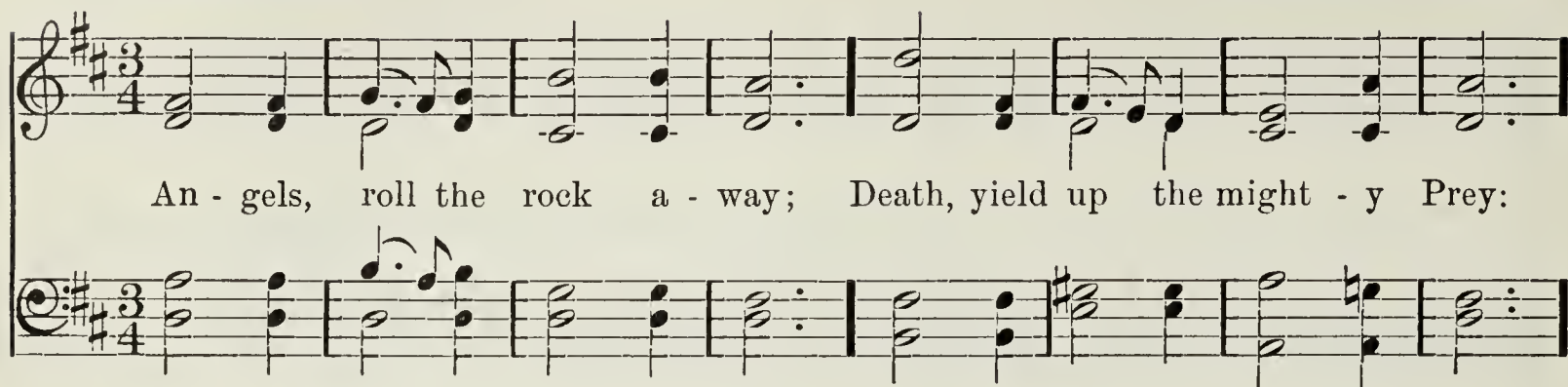
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, The Lord shall reign victoriously. A-men.



- 1 **L**IFT up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now:
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously.
- 2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.
- 3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.
- 4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.
- 5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light:
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

ARIMATHEA 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 7.

Charles F. Roper, 1872



1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away;
 Death, yield up the mighty Prey:
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres:
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
 Let the strains be sweet and strong.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

4 Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown and captived hell:
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1769

Rise, glo - rious Con - qu'ror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies!

As - sume Thy right! And where in ma - ny a fold The clouds are

back - ward rolled, Pass through the gates of gold, And reign in light! A - men.

1 **R**ISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into Thy native skies!
 Assume Thy right!
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through the gates of gold,
 And reign in light!

2 Enter, incarnate God!
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down.
 Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw!
 Saviour triumphant, go
 And take Thy crown!

3 Lion of Judah, hail!
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age;
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage.

4 And then was heard afar
 Star answering to star:
 "Lo, these have come,
 Followers of Him who gave
 His life their lives to save;
 And now their palms they wave,
 Brought safely home."

Matthew Bridges, 1848

ST. PATRICK 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

He is gone: a cloud of light Has re-ceived Him from our sight;

High in heaven where eye of men Fol-lows not, nor an-gels' ken,

Through the veils of time and space Passed in-to the ho-liest place,—

All the toil, the sor-row done, All the bat-tle fought and won. A-men.

1 **H**E is gone: a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken,
Through the veils of time and space
Passed into the holiest place,—
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone: and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do;
We can still His path pursue,
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone: we heard Him say,
"Good that I should go away."
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
No, His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

4 He is gone: toward their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast;
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change,
Whereso'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

Arthur P. Stanley, 1859, 70

ASCENSION 7. 7. 7. 7. With Alleluia

William Henry Monk, 1861

Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia!

Rav - ished from our wish - ful eyes; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heav'n, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise
 Ravished from our wishful eyes;
 Christ, awhile to mortals given
 Re-ascends His native heaven.

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still He loves the earth He leaves;
 Though returning to His throne,
 Still He calls mankind His own.

3 See, He lifts His hands above;
 See, He shows the prints of love;
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.

4 Lord, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Following Thee beyond the skies.

5 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 There Thy face unclouded see
 Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739 arr.

PRÆTORIUS C. M.

Harmoniae hymnorum scholae Gorlicensis, 1599

The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pened wide,
The King of glo - ry is gone in Un - to His Fa - ther's side. A-men.

1 **T**HE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we sojourn here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

CORONA C. M.

Elizabeth R. Barker, 1868

The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glo - ry now;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow. A-men.

1 THE head that once was crowned with
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given,—
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,—
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

3 The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,—
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

(Alternate Tune)

Jeremiah Clark, 1709

The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glo - ry now;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow. A-men.

DIADEMATA S. M. D.

George J. Elvey, 1868

Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne:

Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne:
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1851

CORONÆ 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

William H. Monk, 1871

Look, ye saints! the sight is glo - rious: See the Man of sor - rows now;

From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow:

Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious:
 See the Man of sorrows now;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow:
 Crown Him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:
 Crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Thomas Kelly, 1809

LOVE DIVINE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

George F. Le Jeune, 1872

Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery tremb - ling heart. A - men.

1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down;
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never
 Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1747

BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Zundel, 1870

Je - sus, Thou di - vine Com - pan - ion, By Thy low - ly hu - man birth

Thou hast come to join the work - ers, Bur - den - bear - ers of the earth.

Thou, the Car - pen - ter of Naz - 'reth, Toil - ing for Thy dai - ly food,

By Thy pa - tience and Thy cour - age, Thou hast taught us toil is good. A - men.

1 JESUS, Thou divine Companion,
 By Thy lowly human birth
 Thou hast come to join the workers,
 Burden-bearers of the earth.
 Thou, the Carpenter of Nazareth,
 Toiling for Thy daily food,
 By Thy patience and Thy courage,
 Thou hast taught us toil is good.

2 They who tread the path of labor
 Follow where Thy feet have trod;
 They who work without complaining
 Do the holy will of God.

Thou, the peace that passeth knowledge,
 Dwellest in the daily strife;
 Thou, the Bread of heaven, art broken
 In the sacrament of life.

3 Every task, however simple,
 Sets the soul that does it free;
 Every deed of love and kindness
 Done to man is done to Thee,
 Jesus, Thou divine Companion,
 Help us all to work our best;
 Bless us in our daily labor,
 Lead us to our Sabbath rest.

LUX PRIMA 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Charles F. Gounod, 1872

One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who once His kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They, who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

3 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

CONSTANCE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1873

I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
For I am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A - men.

1 I'VE found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are His. and His for ever.


3 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
Then reign with Him for ever.

4 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His for ever.

James G. Small, 1866. v. 3, l. 8 alt.

SERENITY C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace, 1856



Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free,
For - ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea! A - men.

- 1 IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!
- 2 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can crown.
- 3 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 4 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
- 5 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.
- 6 Our Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1866

VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

John B. Dykes, 1868

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad,
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy days be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran. 1861

O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once ap-pear'dst in

hum-blest guise be - low, Sin to re - buke, to break the cap - tive's chain,

To call Thy breth - ren forth from want and woe,— A - men.

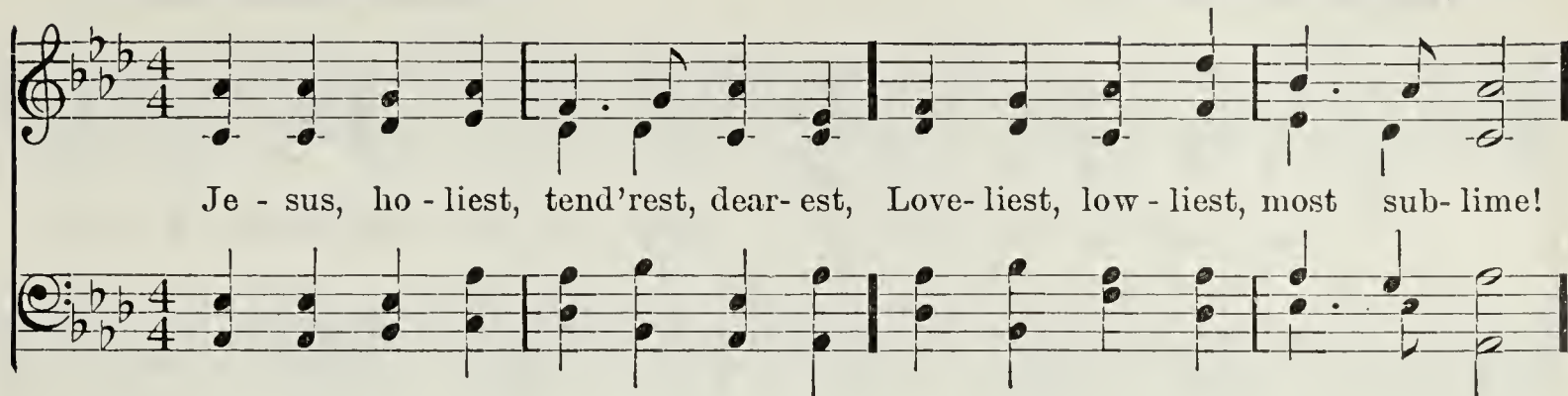
1 **O** THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
 Who once appear'dst in humblest guise below,
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
 To call Thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

2 Thee would I sing: Thy truth is still the light
 Which guides the nations groping on their way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

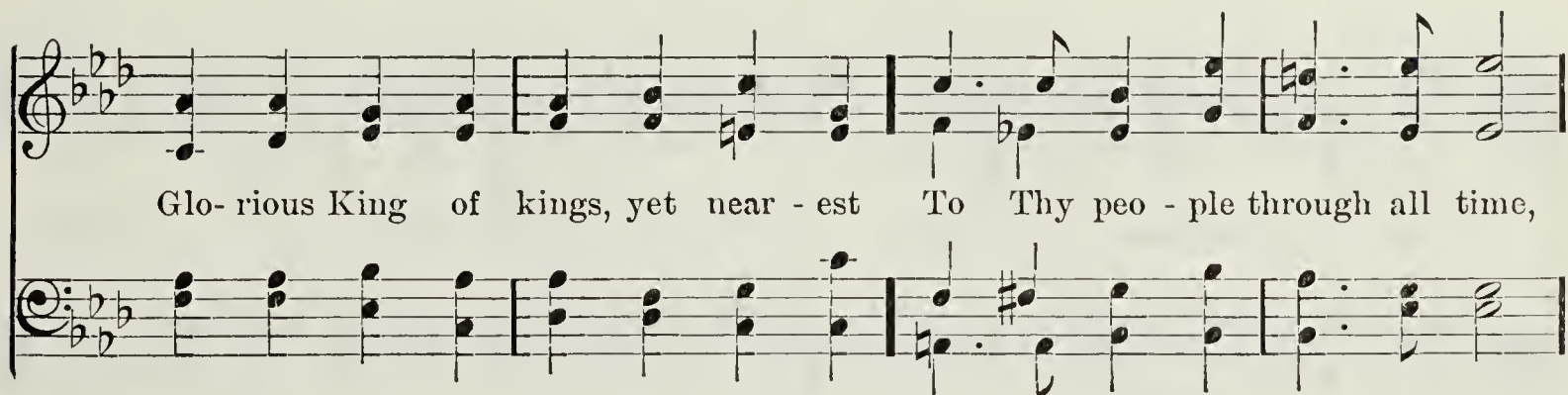
3 Yes, Thou art still the life; Thou art the way
 The holiest know,— light, life, and way of heaven;
 And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
 Toil by the truth, life, way that Thou hast given.

ST. RAPHAEL 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

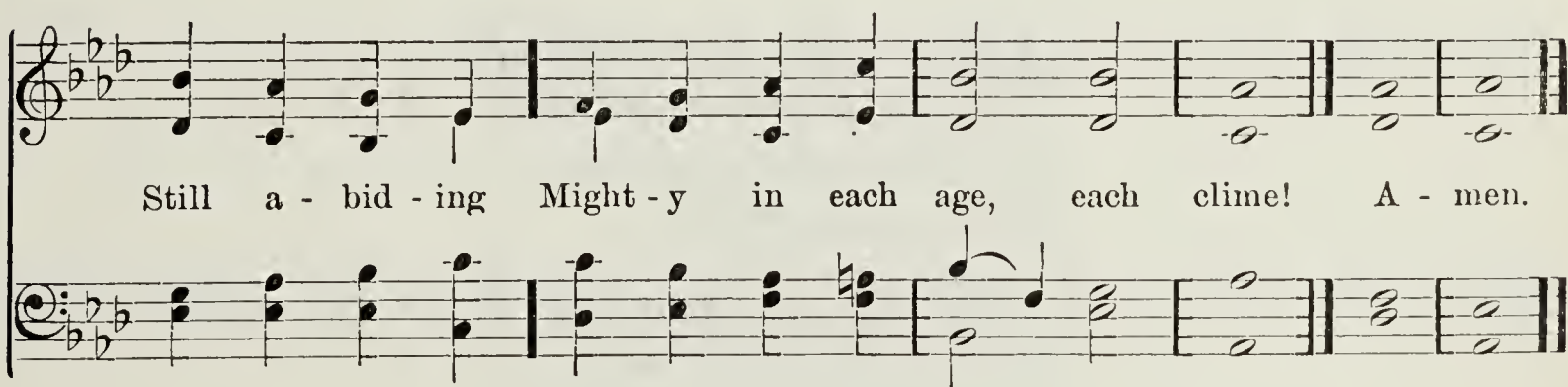
Edward J. Hopkins, 1862



Je - sus, ho - liest, tend'rest, dear-est, Love-liest, low - liest, most sub-lime!



Glo-rious King of kings, yet near - est To Thy peo - ple through all time,



Still a - bid - ing Might - y in each age, each clime! A - men.

1 JESUS, holiest, tenderest, dearest,
 Loveliest, lowliest, most sublime!
 Glorious King of kings, yet nearest
 To Thy people through all time,
 Still abiding
 Mighty in each age, each clime!

2 Change, so potent through the ages,
 Hath put forth no power on Thee;
 Sages have supplanted sages,
 Thrones have been and ceased to be;
 Still Thou teachest,
 Still abides Thy sovereignty.

3 Ages pass, but Thou maintainest
 Thy sweet sway, Lord Jesus, now;
 Freedom grows, but still Thou reignest;

Light spreads round, still shinest Thou:
 Souls most lofty
 To Thy gracious sceptre bow.

4 Never was our Helper nearer
 In the strife with sin and wrong,
 Never was our Brother dearer,
 Never was our King more strong;
 Never held'st Thou
 Fuller sway o'er life and song.

5 Still the same but more victorious,
 With a wider, deeper sway;
 Lord than yesterday more glorious,
 King more mighty than to-day;
 Thus for ever!
 More our life, our strength, our stay!

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Mediaeval French Melody xii C.

Unison.

Je - sus! name of won - drous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove,

Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

1 JESUS! name of wondrous love,
 Name all other names above,
 Unto which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth,
 For the promise that it gave—
 "Jesus shall His people save."

3 Jesus! name of mercy mild,
 Given to the holy Child,
 When the cup of human woe
 First He tasted here below.

4 Jesus! only name that's given
 Under all the mighty heaven,
 Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love,
 Human name of God above:
 Pleading only this we flee,
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

DARWALL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

John Darwall, 1770

Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore, Mor -

tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri-umph ev - er - more: Lift up your heart,

lift up your voice; Re - joice; a - gain I say, re - joice. A - men.

1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King;
 Your Lord and King adore,
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

2 His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven,
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

3 He all His foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

Charles Wesley, 1744

LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn, 1737-1806

Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His
won-der-ful name; The name all vic-to-rious, of Je-sus ex-tol;
His king-dom is glo-rious, and rules o-ver all. A-men.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have.
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son.
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley, 1744 v. 3, line 3, alt.

MILES' LANE C. M.

William Shrubsole. 1779

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,

Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord af all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1779, 80: v. 1, line 4. alt.
v. 4, recast, v. 5, added, John Rippon, 1787

CORONATION C. M.

(Alternate Tune)

Oliver Holden, 1793

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all. A - men.

NUN DANKET ALL C. M.

*Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1653**Slowly and majestically*

Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - thron'd Up - on the Sa - viour's brow;
His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow. A - men.

1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 Since from His bounty I receive,
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1787; verse 1, line 2 alt.

ORTONVILLE C. M.

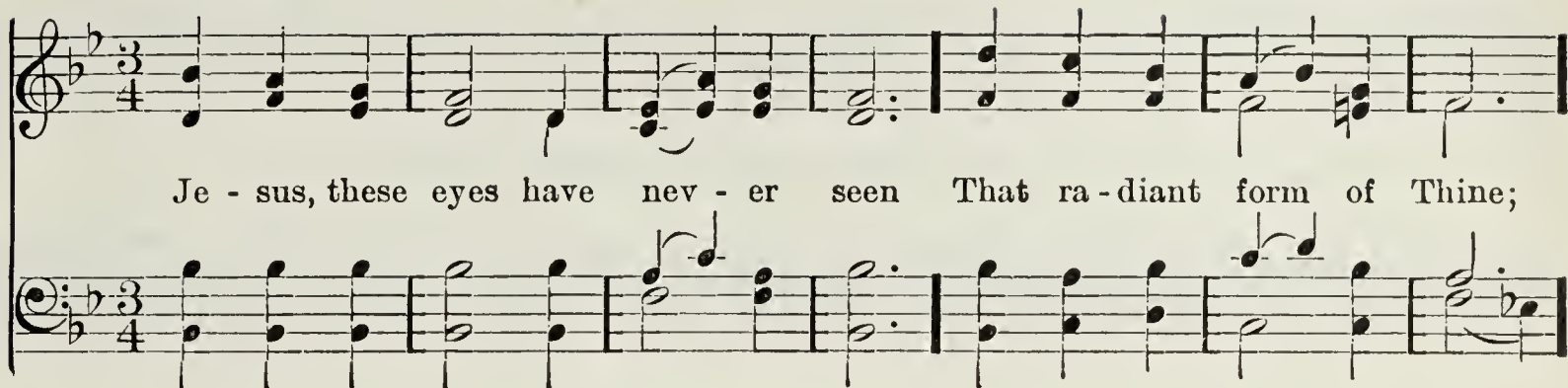
(Alternate Tune)

Thomas Hastings, 1837

Ma - jestic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow. A - men.

SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1857



1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

LAMBETH C. M.

Wilhelm Schulthes, 1871

Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;

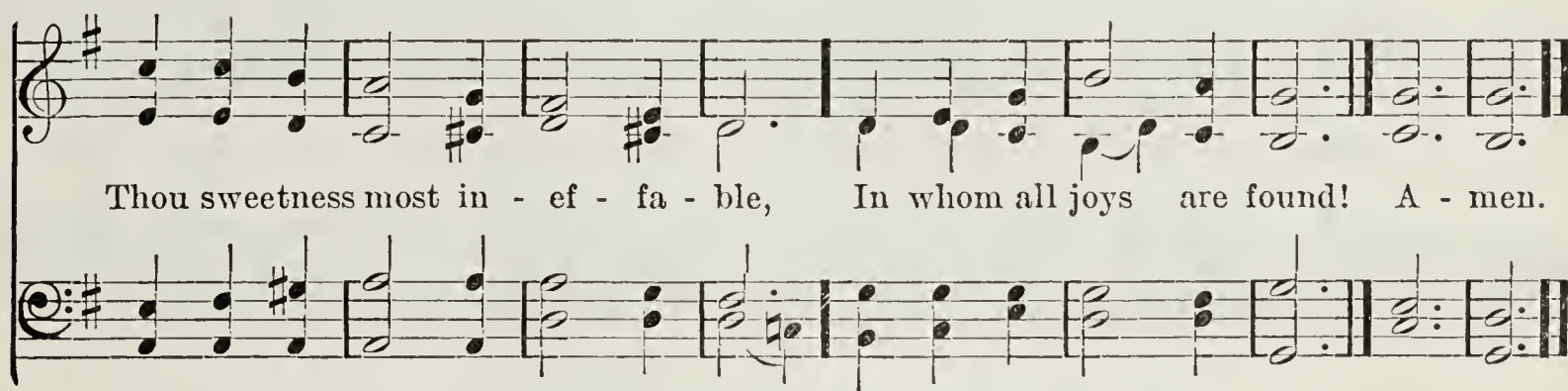
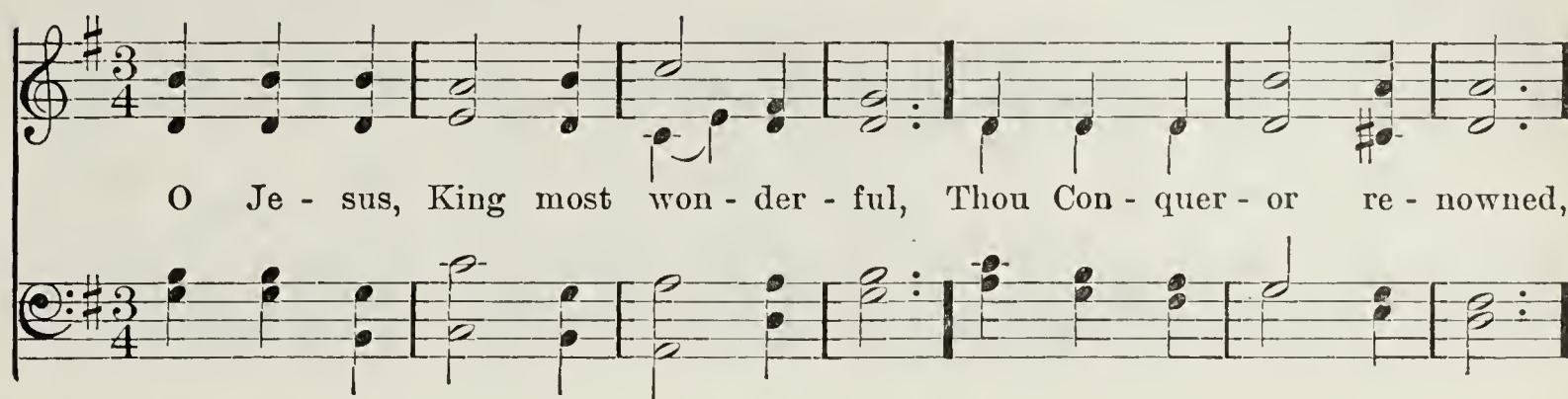
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - men.

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091-1153);
tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

ST. AGNES C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1866



1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned,
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
 Thou Fount of life and fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire!

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
 And ever Thee adore;
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091-1153)
 tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU 5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8

Silesian folk-song, in
Schleischen Volkslieder, Leipzig, 1842

Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,

O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown. A - men.

1 FAIREST Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

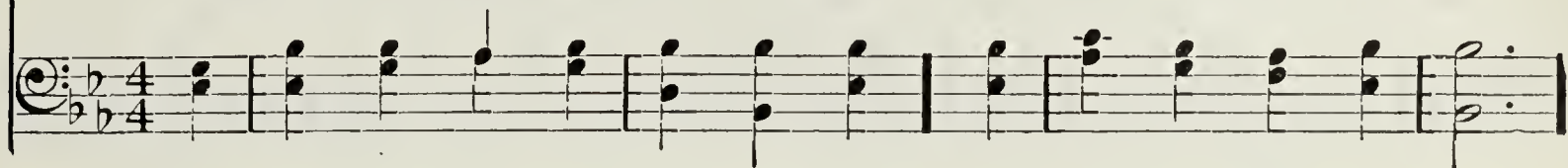
3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

ST. PETER C. M.

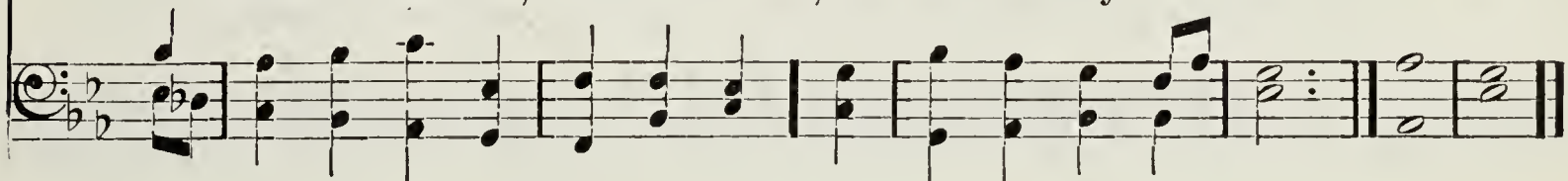
Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836



How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!



It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - men.



1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

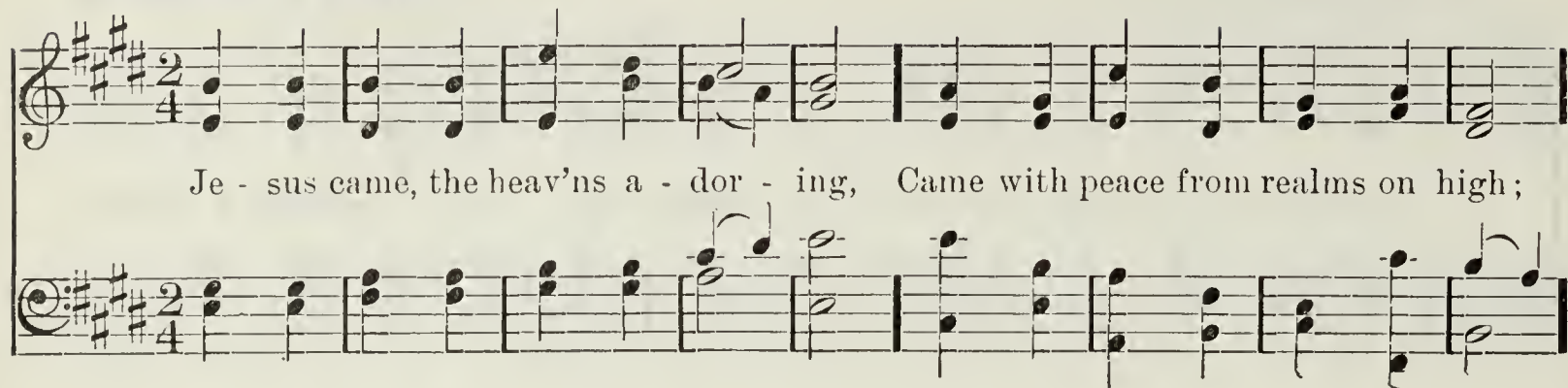
4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

BENEDIC ANIMA 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

John Goss, 1869



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Came in deep humility.</p> | <p>3 Jesus comes to heart rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.</p> |
| <p>2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.</p> | <p>4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our falling years.</p> |
| <p>5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing
Till the dawn of endless day.</p> | |

Godfrey Thring, 1864

MELITA 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

John B. Dykes, 1861

O quick - ly come, dread Judge of all: For, aw - ful though Thine ad - vent be,

All shad - ows from the truth will fall, And false - hood die, in sight of Thee.

O quick - ly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near. A - men,

- 1 **O** QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all: For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
O quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.
- 2 O quickly come, great King of all:
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
O quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

- 3 O quickly come, true Life of all:
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

- 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all:
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
O quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

Lawrence Tutti-tett, 1854

LAUDES DOMINI Six 6s.

Joseph Barnby, 1868

When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r
To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

1 **W**HEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 In want and bitter pain,
None ever said in vain,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The fairest graces spring,
In hearts that ever sing,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this th' eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

ERLING 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

G. Edward Stubbs, 1889

Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, Lis-ten while we sing, Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing

Prais - es to our King; All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A - men.

1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
 Listen while we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King;
 All we have we offer,
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul and spirit,
 All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to Thee,
 Deep in adoration
 Bending low the knee;
 Thou for our redemption
 Cam'st on earth to die,
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
 Are Thy mercies here;
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there,
 Where no pain nor sorrow,
 Toil nor care is known,
 Where the angel-legions
 Circle round Thy throne.

4 Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

Godfrey Thring, 1862

The Holy Spirit

MELITA Six 8s.

John B. Dykes, 1861

Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun-da - tions first were laid,

Come, vis - it ev - 'ry pi - ous mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind;

From sin and sor - row set us free, And make Thy tem-ples worth-y Thee. A - men.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth com-
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe, [mand;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow:

4 And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Anon, x C. or earlier (Latin);
tr. John Dryden, 1693

MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. fr. Louis M. Gottschalk, 1854

Ho - ly Spir - it, truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God, and in - ward light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A - men.

1 **H**OLY Spirit, truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine,
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring!"

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1861

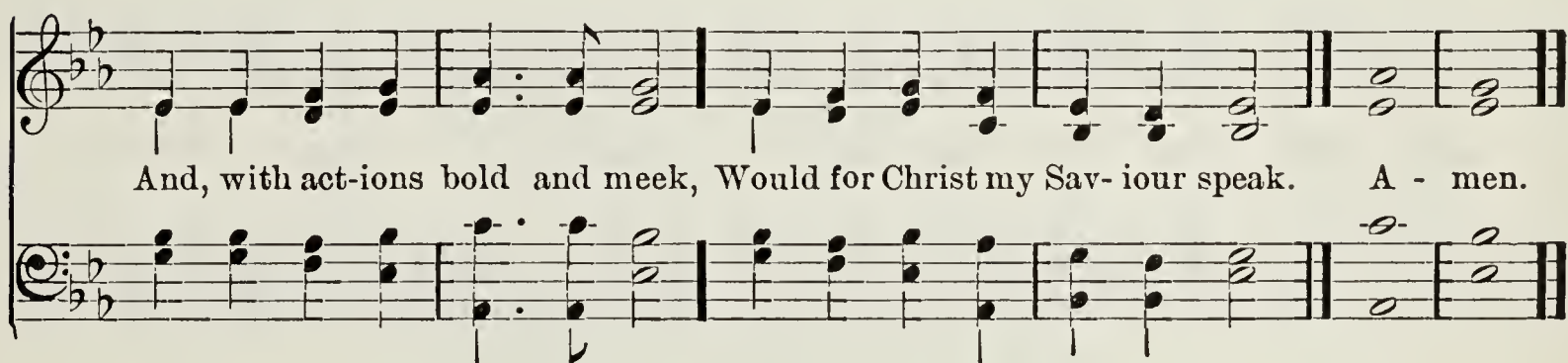
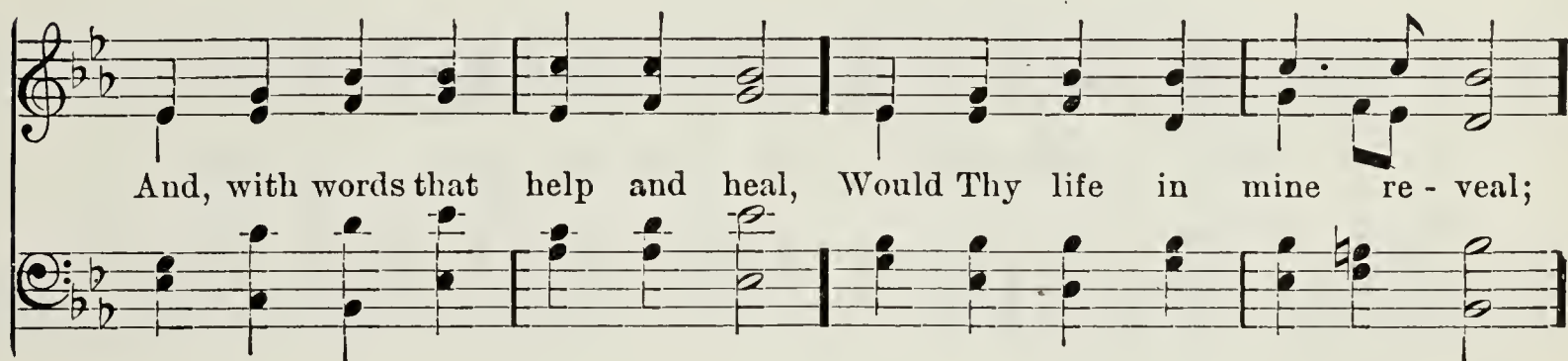
Our blest Re-deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A - men.

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

REDHEAD 76 Six 7s.

Richard Redhead, 1853



1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me:
 I myself would gracious be;
 And, with words that help and heal,
 Would Thy life in mine reveal;
 And, with actions bold and meek,
 Would for Christ my Saviour speak,

3 Silent Spirit, dwell with me:
 I myself would quiet be,
 Quiet as the growing blade,
 Which through earth its way hath made
 Silently, like morning light,
 Putting mists and chills to flight.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me:
 I myself would truthful be;
 And, with wisdom kind and clear,
 Let Thy life in mine appear;
 And, with actions brotherly,
 Speak my Lord's sincerity.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
 I myself would mighty be,
 Mighty so as to prevail
 Where unaided man must fail;
 Ever by a mighty hope,
 Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me:
 I myself would holy be;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good,
 And whatever I can be,
 Give to Him who gave me Thee.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.

Frederick C. Atkinson, c. 1870

Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth; through

all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as Thou art,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.

1 SPIRIT of God, descend upon my heart;
 Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
 Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
 And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
 No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
 No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
 But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
 Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
 To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
 Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

4 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
 One holy passion filling all my frame,—
 The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
 My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

CHARITY 7. 7. 7. 5.

John Stainer, 1868

Gra - cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we co - vet most

Voices in Unison. rall.

Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n - ly love. A - men.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.
- 3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.
- 4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.
- 5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.
- 6 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

TRENTHAM S. M.

Robert Jackson, 1894

Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new, That I may

love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do. A - men.

1 **B**REATHE on me, Breath of God,
 Fill me with life anew,
 That I may love what Thou dost love,
 And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Until my heart is pure,
 Until with Thee I will one will,
 To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Till I am wholly Thine,
 Till all this earthly part of me
 Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 So shall I never die,
 But live with Thee the perfect life
 Of Thine eternity.

ST. PHILIP 7. 7. 7.

William H. Monk, 1861

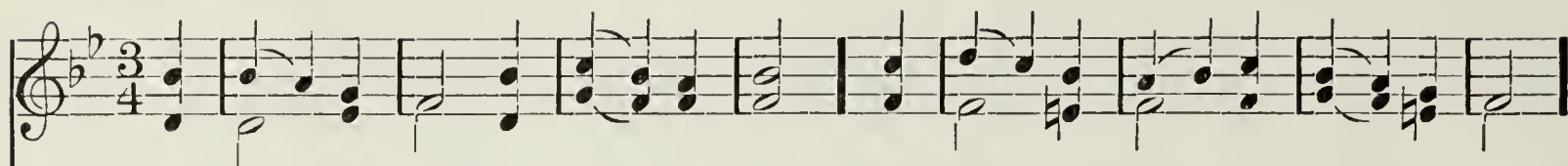
Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of light, From Thy clear ce -

les - tial height, Shine on us in ra - diance bright. A - men.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, Lord of light,
From Thy clear celestial height,
Shine on us in radiance bright.
- 2 Come, the soul's most welcome Guest,
Thou of comforters the best;
Come, Thy presence giveth rest.
- 3 Thou in labor art repose,
Coolness when the noontide glows,
Surest solace of our woes.
- 4 Wash us clean from sinful stain;
On our dryness come as rain;
Every wound make whole again.
- 5 Bend to Thine our stubborn will;
Warm our hearts benumbed and chill;
Turn our wayward steps from ill.
- 6 Grant to our good deeds increase;
Grant a death of hope and peace;
Grant Thy joys that never cease.

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738



Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, My sin - ful mal - a - dies re - move;



Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide, O'er ev - 'ry tho't and step pre-side. A-men.



- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead me to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray.
- 4 Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants and seek supply;
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.
- 5 Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be;
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

Simon Browne, 1720, arr.

BREAD OF LIFE 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

William F. Sherwin, 1877

Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves Be - side the sea. Be - yond the sa - cred page
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word! A-men

1 **B**REAK Thou the bread of life
 Dear Lord, to me,
 As Thou didst break the loaves
 Beside the sea.
 Beyond the sacred page
 I seek Thee, Lord;
 My spirit pants for Thee,
 O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
 To me, to me,
 As Thou didst bless the bread
 By Galilee;
 Then shall all bondage cease,
 All fetters fall,
 And I shall find my peace,
 My all in all.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1880

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

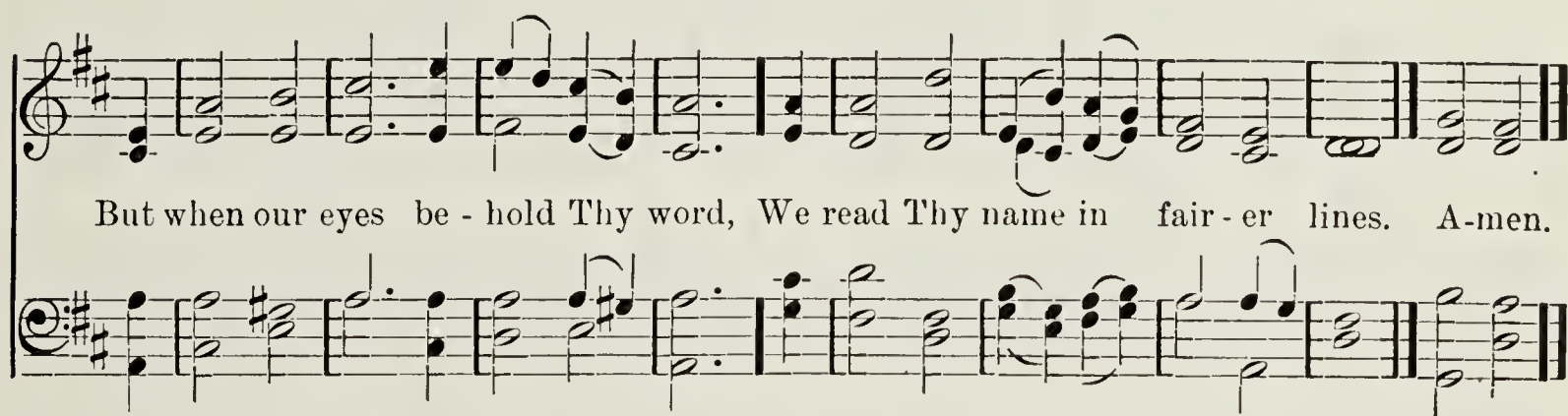
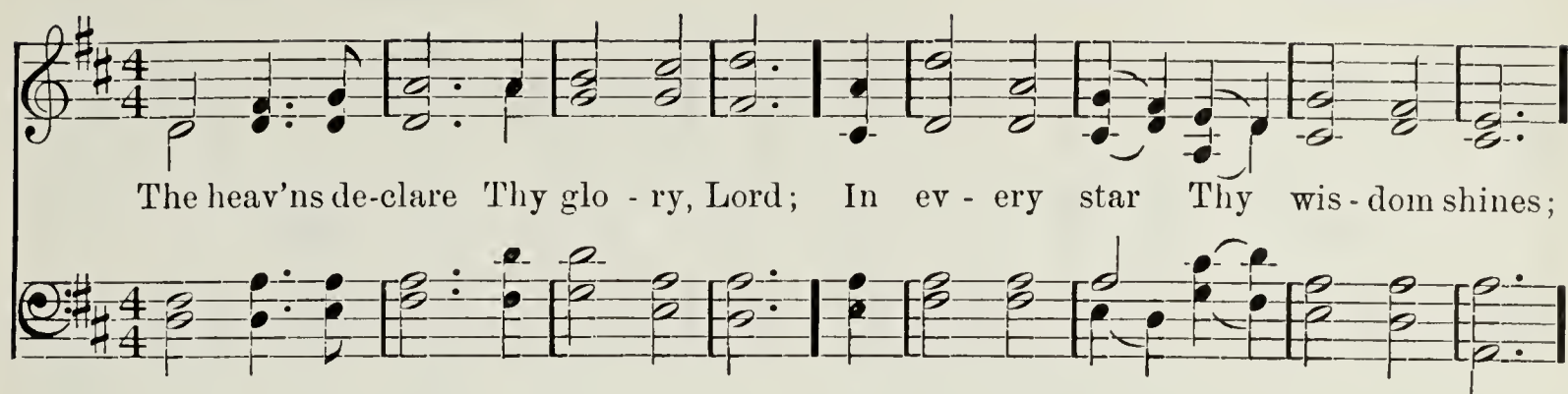
J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875

Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;

Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav'ller's way; A - men.

- 1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read,
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son:—
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?
- 4 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.
- 5 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

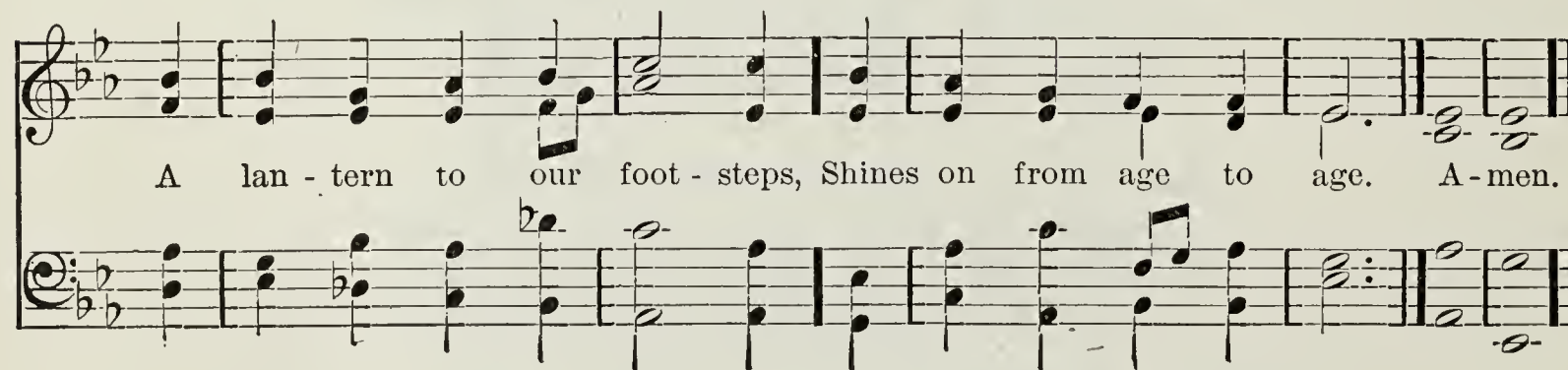
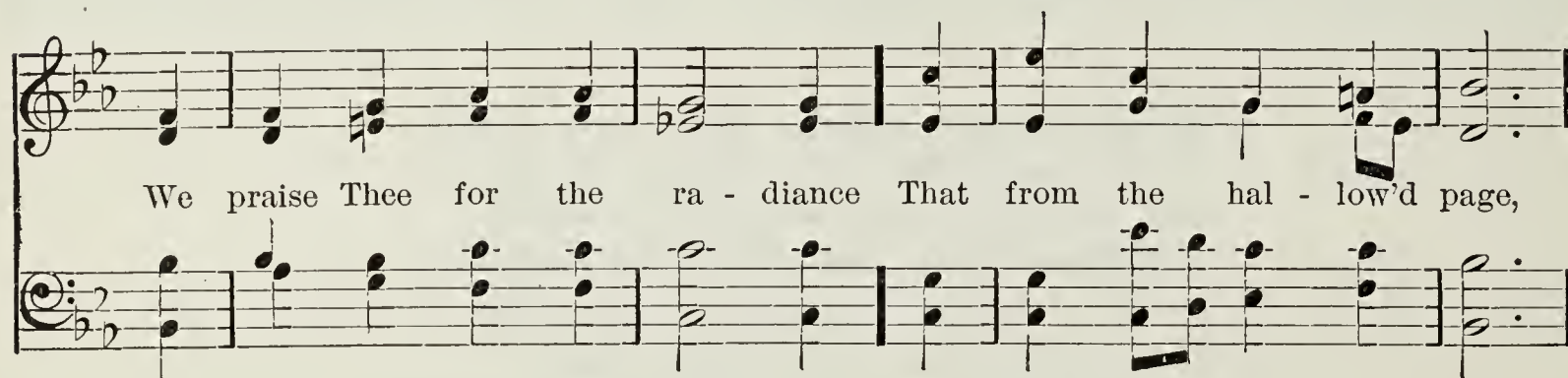
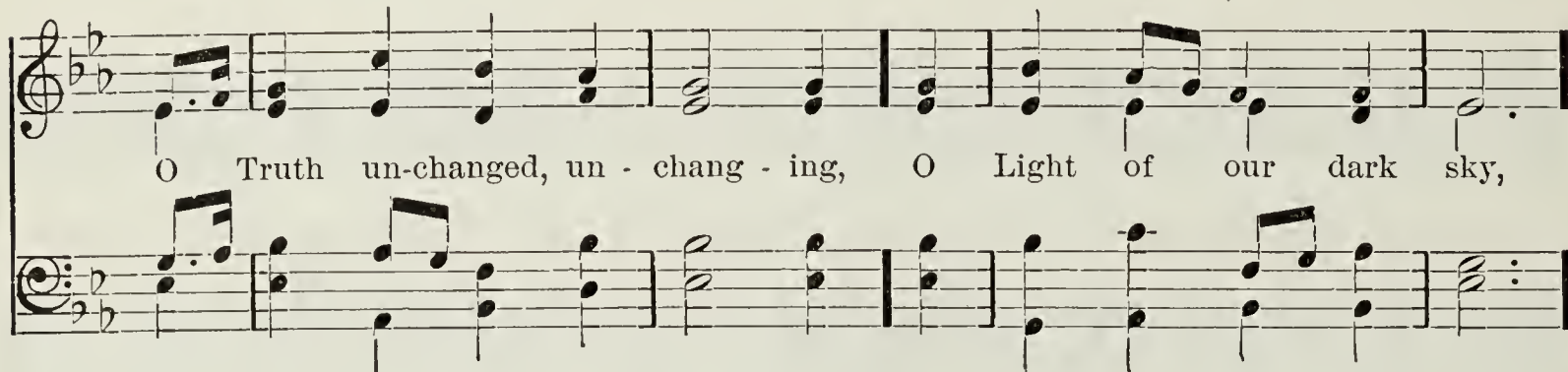
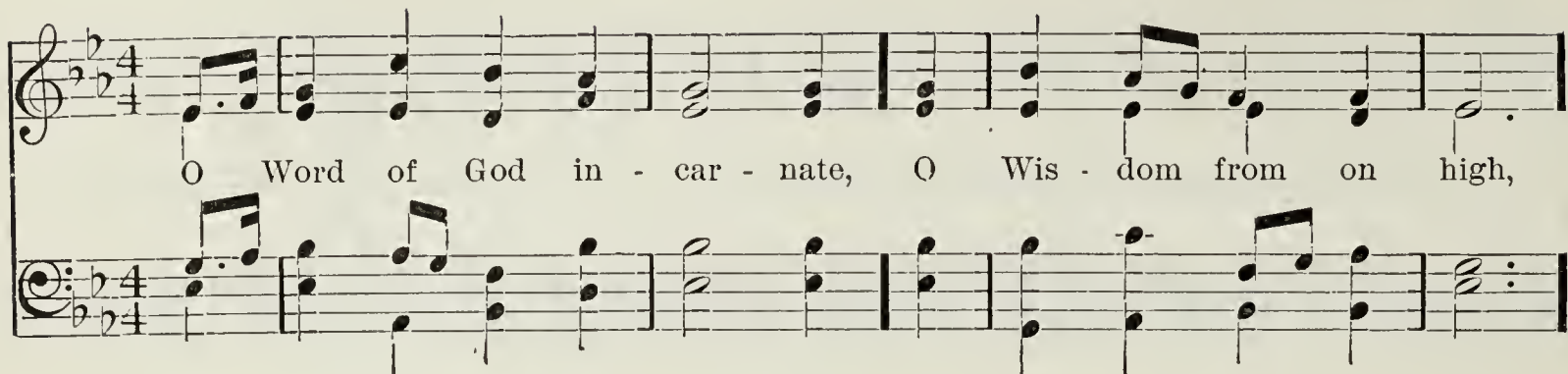
TRURO L. M.

T. Williams' *Psalmody Evangelica*, 1789

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

MUNICH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Meiningisches Gesang-Buch, 1693



1 **O** WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky,
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our foot-steps,
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket,
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of purest gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old.
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

The Kingdom of God

122

The Church

AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

1 **T**HE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With Father, Spirit, Son,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel J. Stone, 1866; (text of 1872)

ST. ANNE C. M.

Ascribed to William Croft, 1708



O where are kings and em - pires now Of old that went and came?



But, Lord, Thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-men.



1 **O** WHERE are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

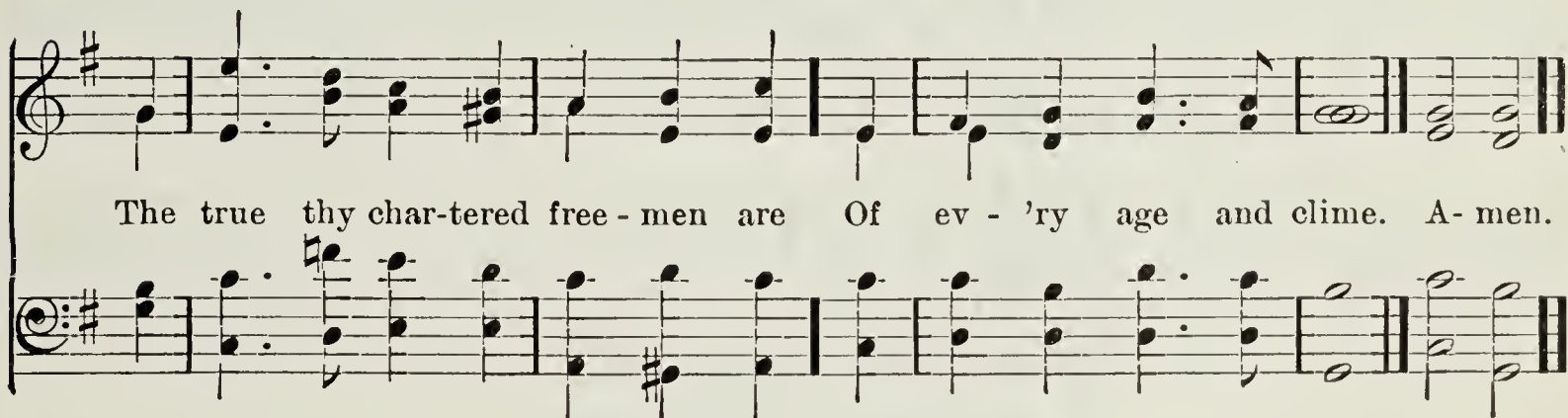
2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875



- 1 CITY of God, how broad and far
Out-spread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.
- 2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent!
- 3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love and truth!
- 4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!
- 5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon th' eternal Rock
Th' eternal city stands.

STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844

I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,

The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood. A - men.

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love!

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove. A-men.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

CLOISTERS 11. 11. 11. 5.

Joseph Barnby, 1868

Lord of our life and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
 night and Hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
 Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD of our life and God of our salvation,
 Star of our night and Hope of every nation,
 Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
 Lord God Almighty.
- 2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
 See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
 Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
 Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
 Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
 Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaieth:
 Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
- 4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
 Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
 Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
 Send us, O Saviour.
- 5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
 Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
 Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
 Peace in Thy heaven.

AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Franz J. Haydn, 1797

Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for His own a - bode;

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A - men.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

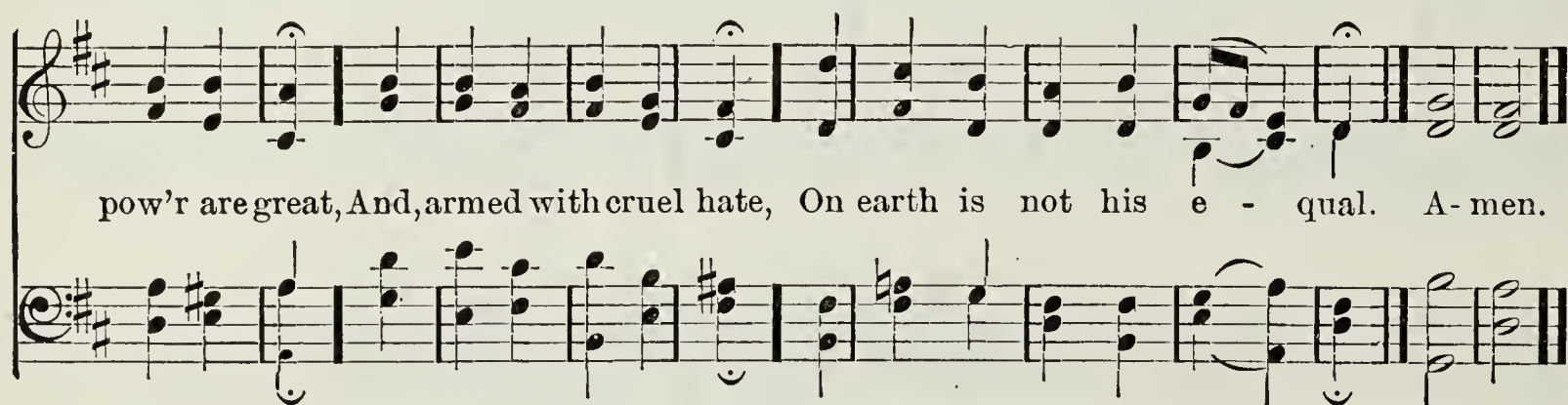
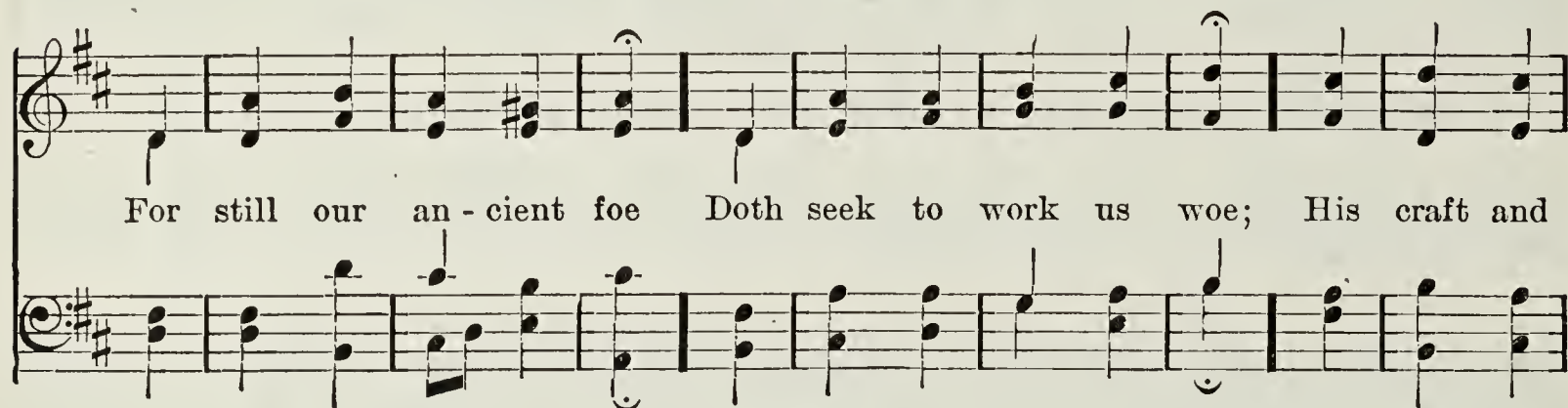
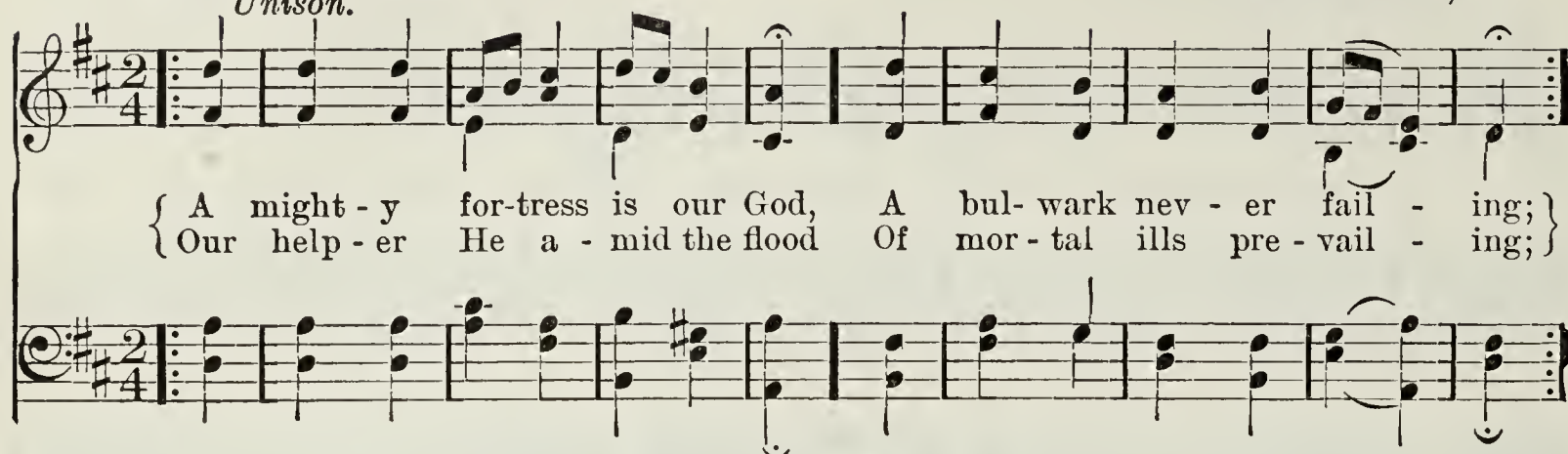
3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near;
 Thus deriving from their banner,
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
 'Tis His love His people raises
 Over self to reign as kings:
 And as priests, His solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

John Newton, 1779

EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.

Martin Luther, 1529

Unison.

1 **A** MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing;
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth His name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
 The prince of darkness grim—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo, his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
 No thanks to them, abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth:
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

SARUM 10. 10. 10. 4.

Joseph Barnby 1869

For all Thy saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by

faith be - fore the world con - fess'd, Thy name, O Je - sus,

be for ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 1 **F**OR all Thy saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Alleluia!
- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!
- 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

ST. CATHERINE Six 8s.

Henri F. Hemy, 1864.
Arr. by James G. Walton, 1874

Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword,

O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word !

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death. A - men.

- 1 **F**AITH of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, should die for thee:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 3 Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then indeed be free:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849, vv. 2 and 3 alt.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s.

Joseph Barnby, 1871

God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un - veiled Thy whole cre -

a - tion lies, All souls are Thine;— we must not say

Slower.

That those are dead who pass a - way; From this our world of

flesh set free, We know them liv - ing un - to Thee. A - men.

1 GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine;— we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
All Thine, and yet most truly ours; [powers,
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair

Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree:
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee.

John Ellerton, 1858, 67

NUN FREUT EUCH 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Melody by Martin Luther in Joseph Klug's
Geistliche Lieder, Wittenberg, 1535

{ We come un - to our fa - thers' God, Their Rock is our sal - va - tion;
Th' e - ter - nal arms, their dear a - bode, We make our hab - i - ta - tion; }

We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought, We seek Thee as Thy

saints have sought In ev - 'ry gen - e - ra - tion. A - men.

- 1 **W**E come unto our fathers' God,
Their Rock is our salvation;
Th' eternal arms, their dear abode
We make our habitation;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.
- 2 The fire divine, their steps that led,
Still goeth bright before us;
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.
- 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing,
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing;
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down Thy blessing.
- 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.
- 5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavor;
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

The Home

VESALIUS 11. 10. 11. 10.

E. Cooper Perry, 1895

O hap - py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing

Friend and Sav - iour of our race, And where a - mong the guests there nev - er

com - eth One who can hold such high and hon - or'd place! A - men.

1. **O** HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honored place!
- 2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessed hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!
- 3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!
4. O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!
- 5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,—
- 6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessed home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,—
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

SICILIAN MARINERS 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Sicilian Melody
Merrick and Tattersall's *Psalms*, 1794

Lord of life and King of glo - ry, Who didst deign a child to be,
Cra-dled on a moth-er's bo - som, Throned up - on a moth - er's knee,
For the children Thou hast giv-en We must an - swer un - to Thee. A - men.

For Mothers

1 **L**ORD of life and King of glory,
Who didst deign a child to be,
Cradled on a mother's bosom,
Throned upon a mother's knee,
For the children Thou hast given
We must answer unto Thee.

2 Since the day the blessèd Mother
Thee, the world's Redeemer, bore,
Thou hast crowned us with an honor
Women never knew before;
And that we may bear it meetly
We must seek Thine aid the more.

3 Grant us, then, pure hearts and patient,
That in all we do or say
Little souls our deeds may copy,
And be never led astray;
Little feet our steps may follow
In a safe and narrow way.

4 When our growing sons and daughters
Look on life with eager eyes,
Grant us then a deeper insight
And new powers of sacrifice,
Hope to trust them, faith to guide them,
Love that nothing good denies.

5 May we keep our holy calling
Stainless in its fair renown,
That when all the work is over
And we lay the burden down,
Then the children Thou hast given
Still may be our joy and crown.

Christian Burke, 1903

HOLLEY L. M.

George Hews, 1835

Thou gra-cious Pow'r, whose mer-cy lends The light of

home, the smile of friends, Our fam-'lies in Thine

arms en-fold As Thou didst keep Thy folk of old. A-men.

1 **T**HOU gracious Power, whose mercy lends
 The light of home, the smile of friends,
 Our families in Thine arms enfold
 As Thou didst keep Thy folk of old.

2 For all the blessings life has brought,
 For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
 For all we mourn, for all we keep,
 The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

3 The noontide sunshine of the past,
 These brief, bright moments fading fast,
 The stars that gild our darkening years,
 The twilight ray from holier spheres,

4 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
 Our loving circles still embrace,
 Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
 Thy peace be with us evermore.

The City

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,

A - bove the noise of sel - fish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man. A - men.

1 **W**HERE cross the crowded ways of life,
 Where sound the cries of race and clan,
 Above the noise of selfish strife,
 We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
 On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
 From paths where hide the lures of greed,
 We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
 From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
 From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
 Thy heart has never known recoil.

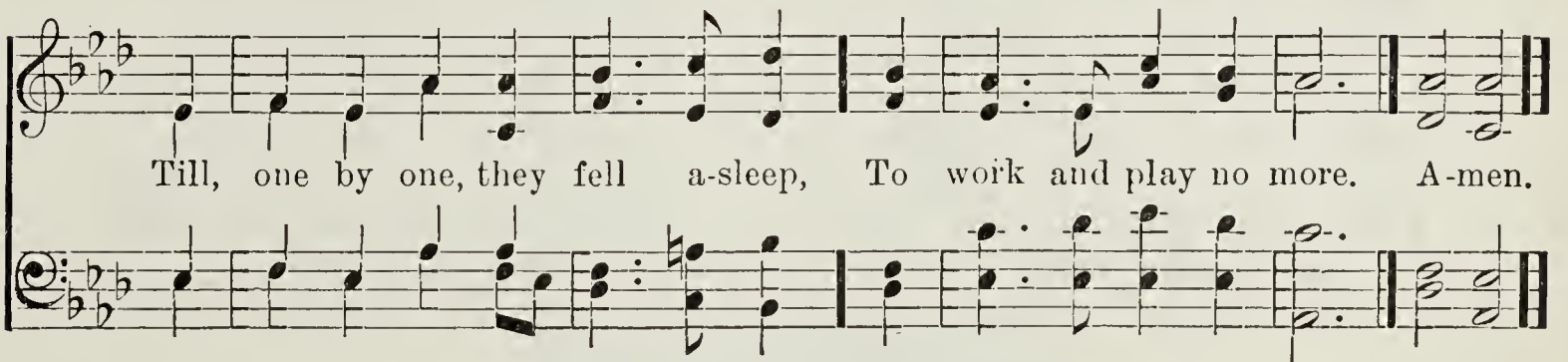
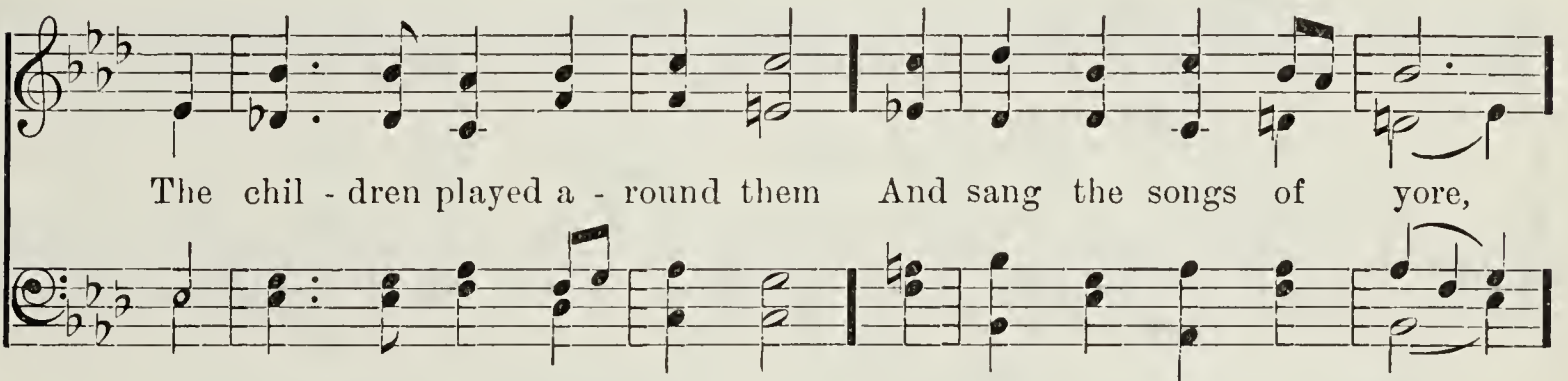
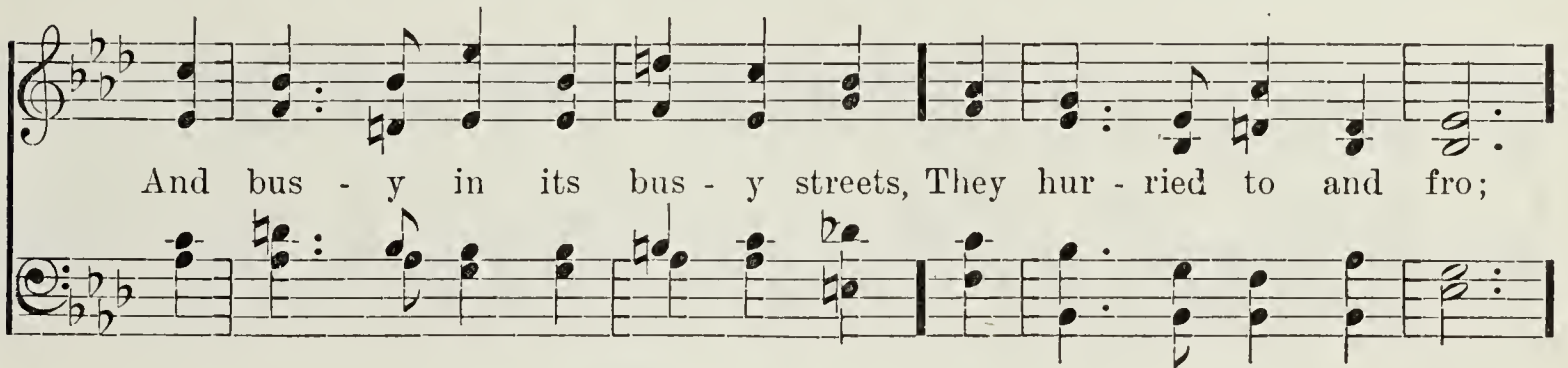
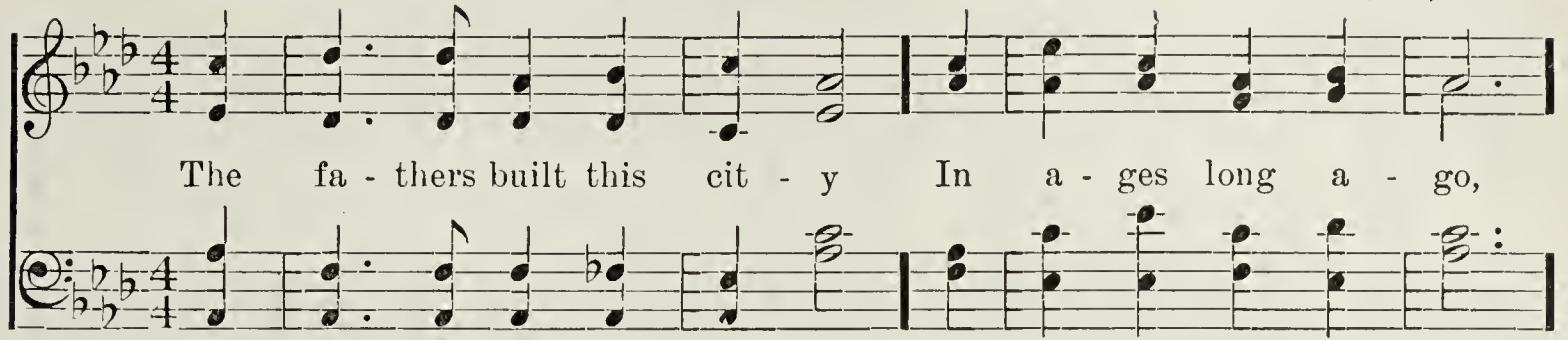
4 The cup of water given for Thee
 Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
 Yet long these multitudes to see
 The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
 Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
 Among these restless throngs abide,
 O tread the city's streets again;

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
 And follow where Thy feet have trod;
 Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
 Shall come the City of our God.

ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

John B. Dykes, 1875



1 **T**HE fathers built this city
 In ages long ago,
 And busy in its busy streets,
 They hurried to and fro;
 The children played around them
 And sang the songs of yore,
 Till, one by one, they fell asleep,
 To work and play no more.

2 Yet still the city standeth,
 A hive of toiling men,
 And mother's love makes happy home
 For children now as then;
 O God of ages, help us
 Such citizens to be
 That children's children here may sing
 The songs of liberty.

3 Let all the people praise Thee,
 Give all Thy saving health,
 Or vain the laborer's strong right arm
 And vain the merchant's wealth;
 Send forth Thy light to banish
 The shadows of the shame,
 Till all the civic virtues shine
 Around our city's name.

4 A commonweal of brothers
 United, great and small,
 Upon our banner blazoned be
 The Charter, "Each for all!"
 Nor let us cease from battle,
 Nor weary sheathe the sword,
 Until this city is become
 The city of the Lord.

William George Tarrant, 1895

The Nation

AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Harmonia Anglicana c. 1743


My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

DORT 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand Thro' storm and
 night: When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might. A - men.

1 GOD bless our native land;
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
 To God above the skies,
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State.

3 Not for this land alone,
 But be God's mercies shown
 From shore to shore;
 And may the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family
 The wide world o'er.

Verses 1 and 2, Siegfried A. Mahlmann, 1915.
 tr. by Charles T. Brooks c. 1833, and John S.
 Dwight, 1844. Verse 3, William E. Hickson, 1836.

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, (-1793)

O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand Our ex-iled fa-thers

crossed the sea; And when they trod the win-try strand,

With pray'r and psalm they wor-shipped Thee. A-men.

- 1 **O** GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.
- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832



Look from the sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might;



In pit - y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed, in this land of light. A-men.



- 1 **L**OOK from the sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782

Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen-dor, Lord of lords and King of kings,
 With Thy liv - ing fire of judg-ment Purge this land of bit - ter things;
 So-lace all its wide do-min-ion With the heal-ing of Thy wings. A - men.

- 1 JUDGE eternal, throned in splendor,
 Lord of lords and King of kings,
 With Thy living fire of judgment
 Purge this land of bitter things;
 Solace all its wide dominion
 With the healing of Thy wings.
- 2 Still the weary folk are pining
 For the hour that brings release,
 And the city's crowded clangor
 Cries aloud for sin to cease;
 And the homesteads and the woodlands
 Plead in silence for their peace.
- 3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavor;
 Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
 Feed the faint and hungry heathen
 With the richness of Thy Word;
 Cleanse the body of this nation
 Through the glory of the Lord.

GOWER'S RECESSIONAL Six 8s.

John H. Gower, 1903

God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle line,

Beneath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine:

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get. A - men.

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1 GOD of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard;
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard:
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling, 1897

MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea. A - men.

- 1 **O** BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies, 3 O beautiful for heroes proved
 For amber waves of grain, In liberating strife,
 For purple mountain majesties Who more than self their country loved,
 Above the fruited plain! And mercy more than life;
 America! America! America! America!
 God shed His grace on thee, May God thy gold refine,
 And crown thy good with brotherhood, Till all success be nobleness,
 From sea to shining sea. And every gain divine.
- 2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
 Whose stern, impassioned stress
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat
 Across the wilderness;
 America! America!
 God mend thine every flaw,
 Confirm thy soul in self-control,
 Thy liberty in law.
- 4 O beautiful for patriot dream
 That sees, beyond the years,
 Thine alabaster cities gleam,
 Undimmed by human tears;
 America! America!
 God shed His grace on thee,
 And crown thy good with brotherhood,
 From sea to shining sea.

Katharine Lee Bates, 1904

REPUBLIC 8. 6. 8. 6. D.

William Pierson Merrill, 1912

O Lord, our God, Thy might - y hand Hath made our coun - try free;

From all her broad and hap - py land - May wor - ship rise to Thee.

Ful - fil the prom - ise of her youth, Her lib - er - ty de - fend;

By law and or - der, love and truth, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca be - friend! A - men.

Words and Music Copyrighted, 1912 by The Continent.

1 O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May worship rise to Thee.
Fulfil the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America, befriend!

2 The strength of every state increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain:
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America, befriend!

3 O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nationwide and sure,
America, befriend!

4 Through all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the joy of Jesus' name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America, befriend!

Henry van Dyke, 1912

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC 15. 15. 15. 6. With Refrain

William Steffe, c. 1852

Mine..... eyes have seen the glo - ry of the

com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the

grapes of wrath are stored, He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His

ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.

REFRAIN

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

The Nation



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

2. His day is march-ing on.

3. Since God is march-ing on.

4. Our God is march-ing on.

5. While God is march-ing on.

A-men.



- 1 **M**INE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

- 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

- 3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

- 4 He has sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

- 5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

NATIONAL HYMN 10. 10. 10. 10.

George William Warren, 1892

ff

Trumpets, before each verse. God of our fa - thers, whose almight-y hand

Leds forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band

Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,

Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - men.

1 **G**OD of our fathers, whose almighty hand
 Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
 Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
 Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past;
 In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
 Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide, and Stay;
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
 Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
 Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
 Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
 Lead us from night to never-ending day;
 Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
 And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

Daniel C. Roberts, 1876

The World

RUSSIAN HYMN 11. 10. 11. 9.

Alexis T. Lwoff, 1833

God the All-ter-ri-ble! King, who or-dain-est Great winds Thy clar-ions, the

light-nings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit-y on high where Thou

reign-est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

1 **G**OD the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
 Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
 Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
 Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
 Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
 Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
 Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
 Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
 Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1829

From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819

SALVE DOMINE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lawrence W. Watson, 1909

Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flush - ing the east - ern skies;

Nev - er shall dark - ness veil Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes;

Too long, a - las, with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;

Thy light, so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more. A - men.

1 **L**IGHT of the world, we hail Thee,
 Flushing the eastern skies;
 Never shall darkness veil Thee
 Again from human eyes;
 Too long, alas, withholden,
 Now spread from shore to shore;
 Thy light, so glad and golden,
 Shall set on earth no more.

2 Light of the world, Thy beauty
 Steals into every heart,
 And glorifies with duty
 Life's poorest, humblest part;
 Thou robest in Thy splendor
 The simple ways of men,
 And helpst them to render
 Light back to Thee again.

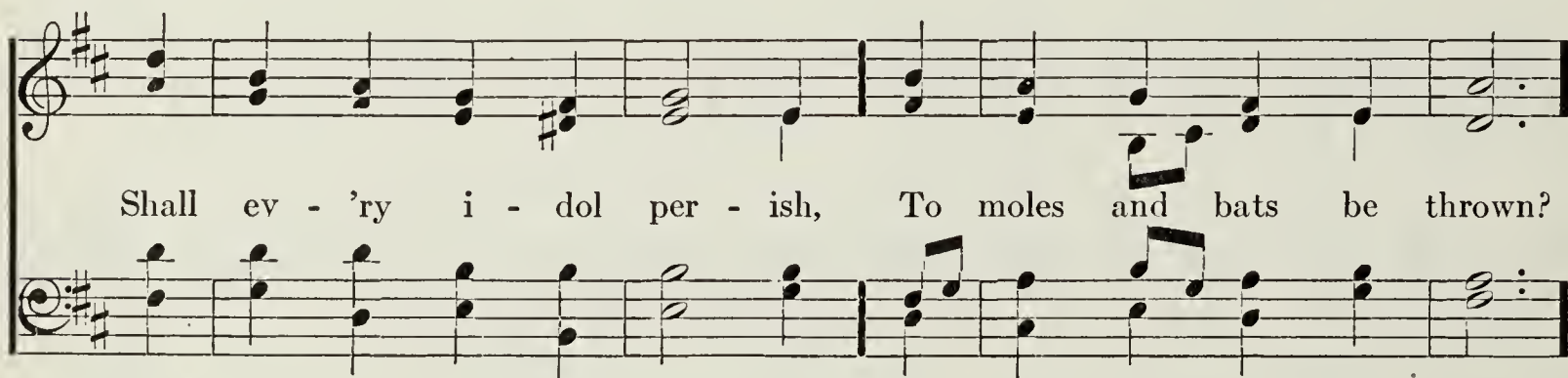
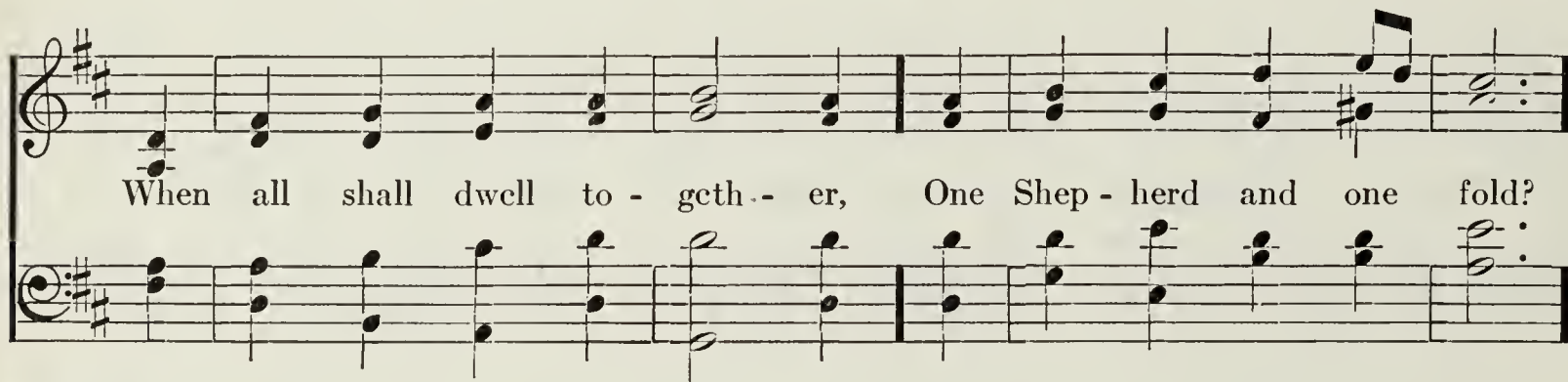
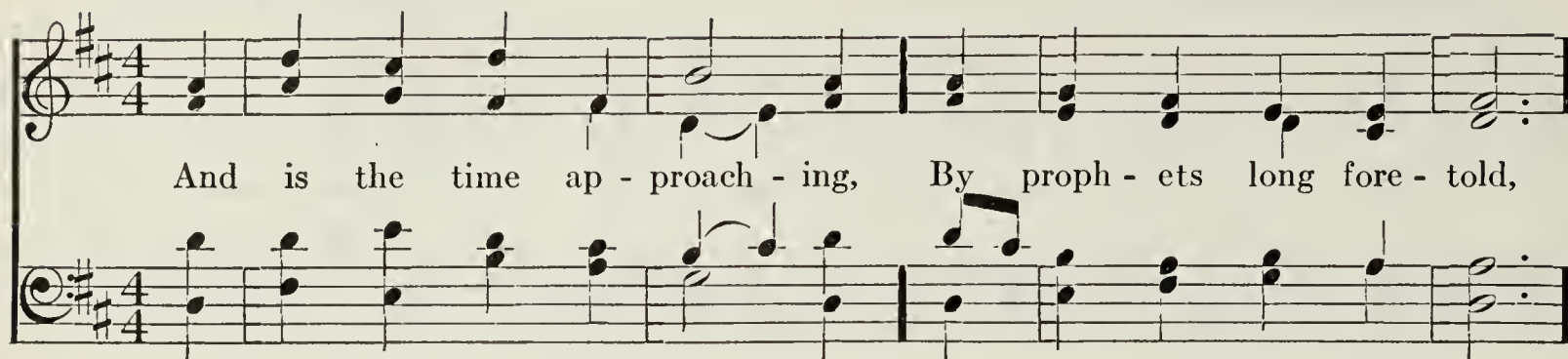
3 Light of the world, before Thee
 Our spirits prostrate fall;
 We worship, we adore Thee,
 Thou Light, the life of all;
 With Thee is no forgetting
 Of all Thine hand hath made;
 Thy rising hath no setting,
 Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine
 This darkened land of Thine,
 Till everything that's human
 Be filled with what's divine;
 Till every tongue and nation,
 From sin's dominion free,
 Rise in the new creation
 Which springs from love and Thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

PEARSALL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Robert L. de Pearsall, 1795-1856



1 **A**ND is the time approaching,
 By prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together,
 One Shepherd and one fold?
 Shall every idol perish,
 To moles and bats be thrown?
 And every prayer be offered
 To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore?
 Shall all that now divides us
 Remove, and pass away
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union
 In a blest land of love?
 Shall war be learned no longer?
 Shall strife and tumult cease?
 All earth His blessed kingdom,
 The Lord and Prince of Peace!

4 O long-expected dawning
 Come with thy cheering ray;
 When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away?
 O sweet anticipation!
 It cheers the watchers on
 To pray and hope and labor,
 Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

1 **T**HE morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

TOURS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1872

Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!

He comes to break op - press - ion, To set the cap - tive free,

To take a - way trans - gress - ion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A-men.

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,—
That name to us is love.

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836

Each might - y pow'r of e - vil How doth the Lord as - sail?

'Gainst world and flesh and dev - il How doth the Lord pre - vail?

How doth the Strength su - per - nal Come down in - to the fight?

How dost Thou, King e - ter - nal, Win vic - t'ry for the right? A - men.

- 1 **E**ACH mighty power of evil
How doth the Lord assail?
'Gainst world and flesh and devil
How doth the Lord prevail?
How doth the Strength supernal
Come down into the fight?
How dost Thou, King eternal,
Win victory for the right?
- 2 Some mighty man Thou fillest
With holy hate of wrong;
Some tender soul Thou thrill'st
With yearnings sweet and strong:
This woe he must diminish,
This wrong he must o'erthrow,
This warfare he must finish,
This evil power lay low.

- 3 The strength by Thee conferrèd
To others he imparts;
The fire within him stirrèd
Doth kindle other hearts:
By glowing souls attended
He rushes on the foe;
The right is well defended,
The evil power laid low.
- 4 That army, Lord, Thou leadest,
That warfare Thou dost share;
That victory Thou speedest,
The Lord of hosts is there.
Then send the Spirit fervent,
The fire that never fails;
To lighten each true servant,
Until Thy cause prevails.

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, (-1793)

Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive

jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from shore to shore,

Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - men.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

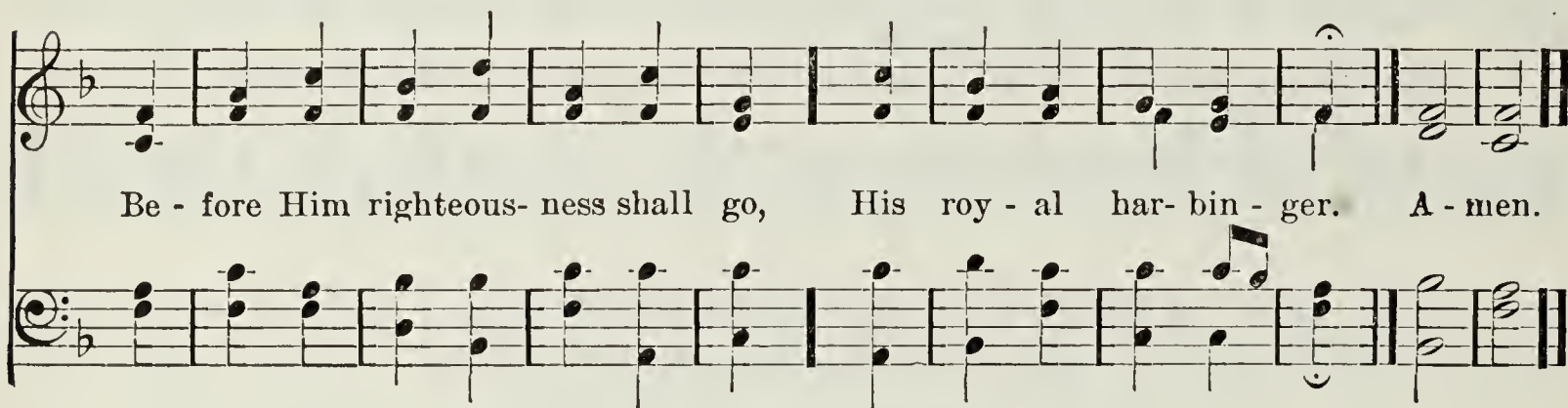
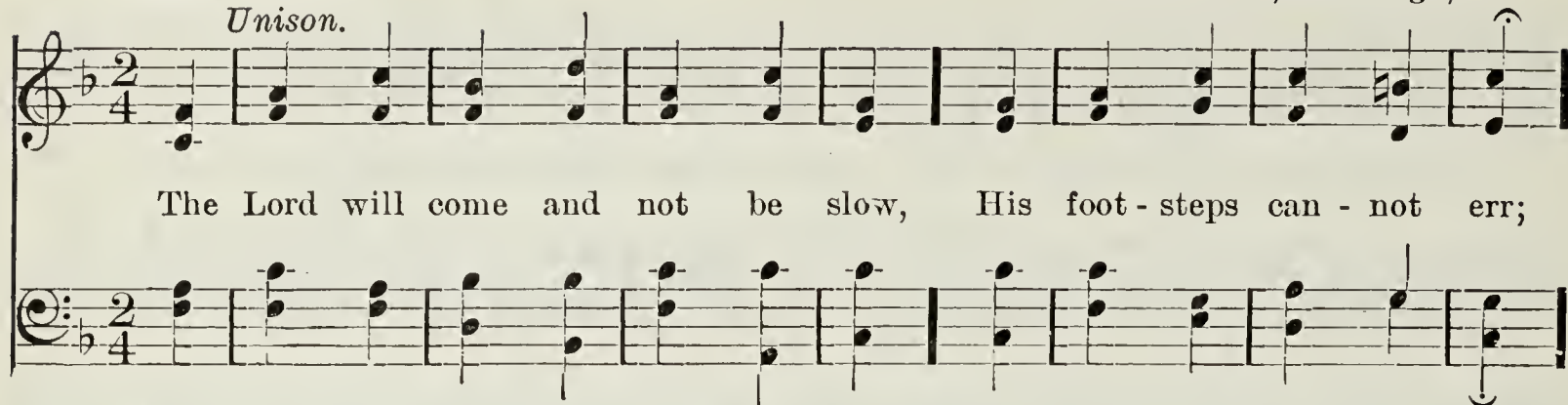
WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. A-men.

- 1 **F**LING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.
- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,—
Our glory only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine.
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

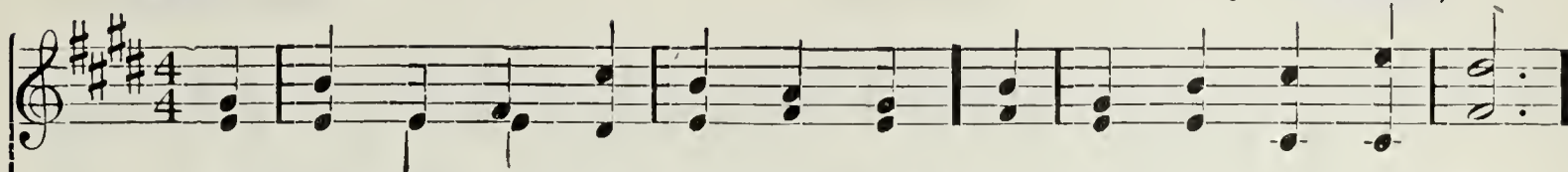
YORK C. M.

*Unison.**The cl Psalmes, Edinburgh, 1615*

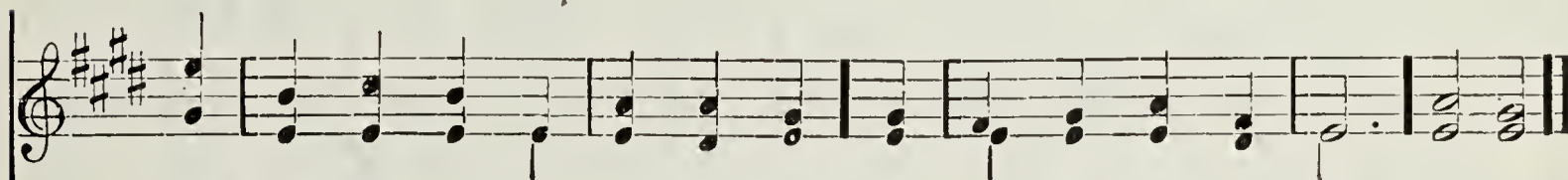
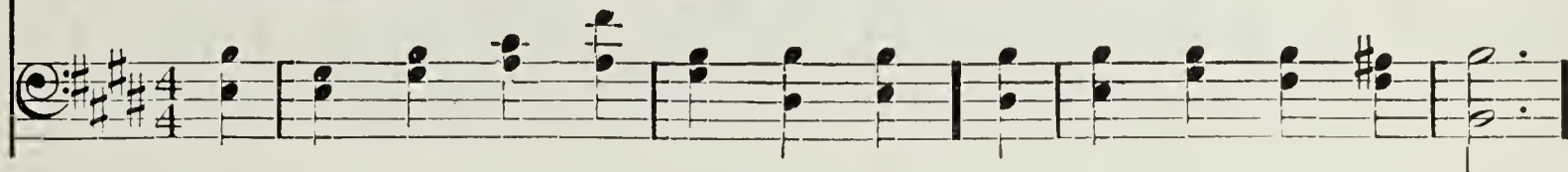
- 1 **T**HE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Mercy and truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 4 Rise, God; judge Thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth redress:
For Thou art He who shalt by right
The nations all possess.
- 5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou in Thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

ST. FULBERT C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



Thy king-dom come—on bend - ed knee The pass - ing a - ges pray;



And faith - ful souls have yearn'd to see On earth that king-dom's day. A - men.



1 **T**HY kingdom come—on bended knee
The passing ages pray;

And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

2 But the slow watches of the night

Not less to God belong,

And for the everlasting right

The silent stars are strong.

3 And lo! already on the hills

The flags of dawn appear;

Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,

Proclaim the day is near:

4 The day in whose clear-shining light

All wrong shall stand revealed,

When justice shall be clothed with might,

And every hurt be healed:

5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,

Shall walk the earth abroad,—

The day of perfect righteousness,

The promised day of God

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1891

TIDINGS 11. 10. 11. 10. With Refrain

James Walch, 1876

O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing

REFRAIN

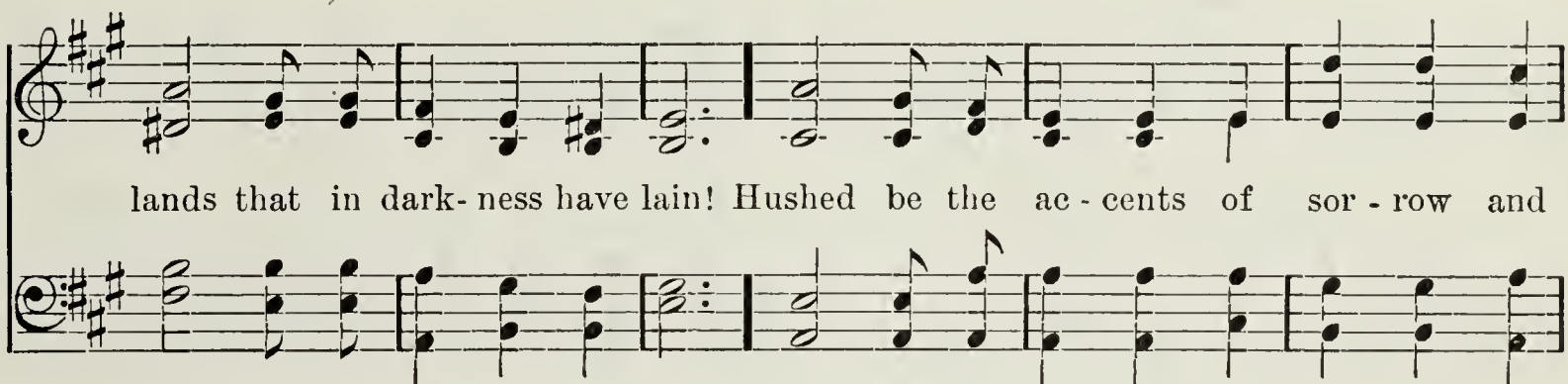
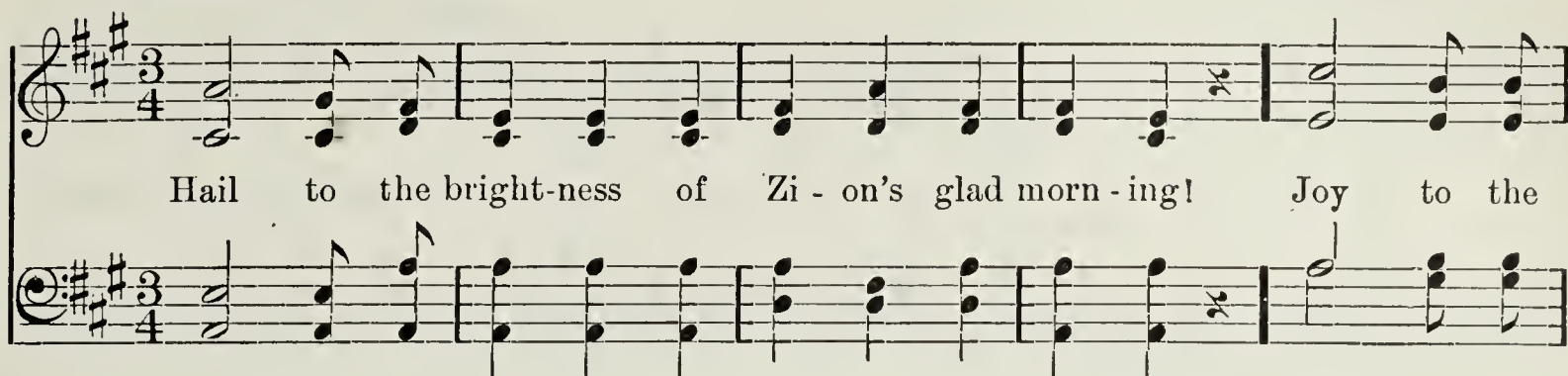
One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night. Pub-lish glad ti-dings, ti-dings of peace, Ti-dings of Je-sus, re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-men.

- 1 **O** ZION, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is Light;
That He who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.
- 2 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is Love;
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.
- 3 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
- 4 He comes again: O Zion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.

Mary A. Thompson, 1870

WESLEY 11. 10. 11. 10.

Lowell Mason, 1830



1 **H**AIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1831

MIRFIELD C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1874

O God of truth, whose liv - ing word Up - holds what - e'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy cre - a - tion, Lord, En-slaved by sin and death. A - men.

- 1 **O** GOD of truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.
- 2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.
- 3 We fight for truth, we fight for God,—
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.
- 4 Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
- 5 Still smite, still burn, till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew, come down,
Rest on us from above.
- 6 Yea, come: then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes, 1859

PRÆTORIUS C. M.

Harmoniae hymnorum scholae Gorlicensis, 1599

The char-iots of the Lord are strong, Their num-ber pass-eth ken;
Mount them and fight a-gainst the wrong, Ye who are val-iant men. A-men.

- 1 **T**HE chariots of the Lord are strong,
Their number passeth ken;
Mount them and fight against the wrong,
Ye who are valiant men.
- 2 Where, unabashed, the power of sin
Vaunts an unhindered sway,
Ride, in the strength of God, and win
Fresh laurels in the fray.
- 3 For freedom wield the sword of might,
And cut the bands that bind;
Strike boldly in the the cause of right,
And still fresh laurels find.
- 4 Where hands are weak, and hearts are faint,
Through conflict sharp and sore;
Where hearts that murmur no complaint,
Shrink at the thought of more;
- 5 There let the power of God be shown,
To quell satanic might;
To rescue those who strive alone,
Despondent in the fight.
- 6 Ride on, the chariots of the Lord,
Dispel the hosts of sin;
Ye who are valiant, wield the sword,
And still fresh laurels win.

AGNES 7. 7. 7. 6.

Edward Bunnett, 1877

Love - ly to the out - ward eye Seem'd Je - ru - sa - lem to lie—

Yet 'twas there Thou cam'st to die, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry. A - men.

1 **L**OVELY to the outward eye
Seemed Jerusalem to lie—
Yet 'twas there Thou cam'st to die,
Jesus, Son of Mary.

3 Yea, that whited city's pride,
And its splendors multiplied,
Meant but pain and piercèd side
To Thee, Son of Mary.

2 Far-brought stones and marble rare
Made its towers and circuits fair,
Yet Thy cross was waiting there,
Wearied Son of Mary.

4 And would all the crowded mart,
Wealth and splendid ease and art
Of our own world please Thy heart,
O Thou Son of Mary?

5 Would'st Thou call our boasting good,
If Thou saw'st our triumphs stood
On the wreck of brotherhood,
Loving Son of Mary?

6 Or would'st hold our wealth and pride
Cheap because of love denied
And Thy Spirit crucified,
Patient Son of Mary?

7 Jesus, pardon where we fall;
Jesus, our whole life enthral;
Let Thy Spirit rule it all,
Blessèd Son of Mary.

GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849

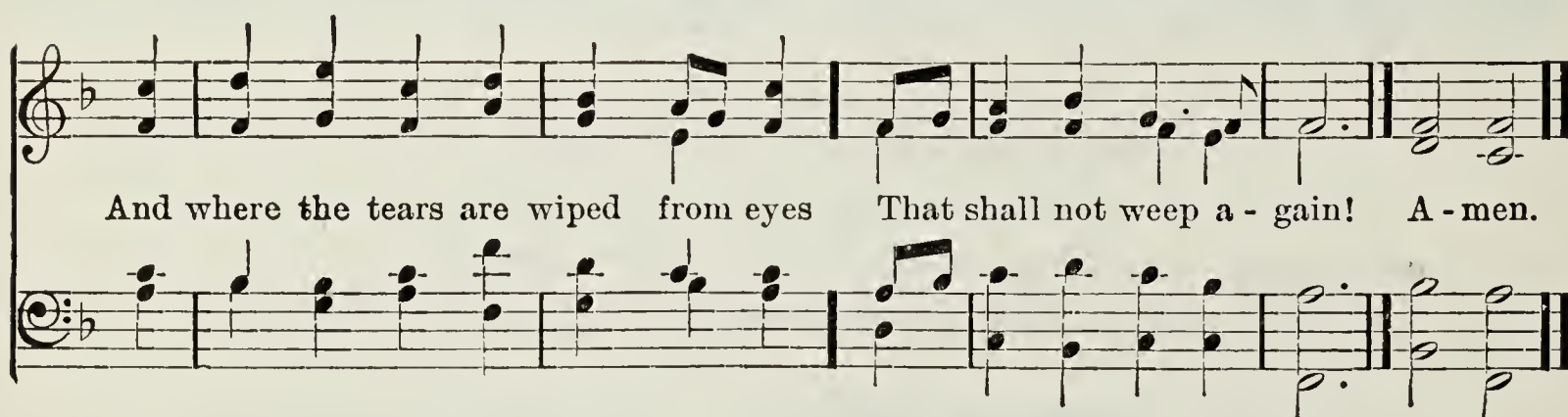
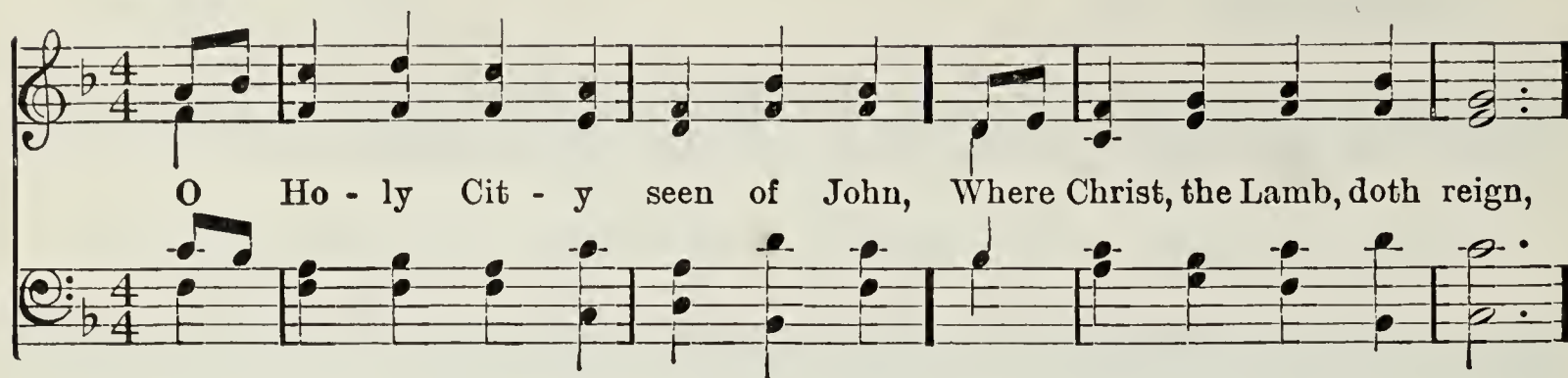
Come, king - dom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love,

Shed peace and hope and joy a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove. A - men.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own.

MORWELLHAM 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Charles H. Steggall, 1890



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O HOLY City seen of John,
Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
Within whose four-square walls shall come
No night, nor need, nor pain,
And where the tears are wiped from eyes
That shall not weep again!</p> | <p>2 Hark, how from men whose lives are held
More cheap than merchandise,
From women struggling sore for bread,
From little children's cries,
There swells the sobbing human plaint
That bids thy walls arise!</p> |
|--|--|

- 3 Give us, O God, the strength to build
The City that hath stood
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth is
God's grace for human good-

- 4 Already in the mind of God
That City riseth fair,—
Lo, how its splendor challenges
The souls that greatly dare,—
Yea, bids us seize the whole of life
And build its glory there!

GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D,

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn (1737-1806)
in B. Jacob's *National Psalmody*, 1819

The light of God is fall - ing Up - on life's com - mon way;

The Mas - ter's voice still call - ing, "Come, walk with Me to - day:"

No du - ty can seem low - ly To Him who lives with Thee,

And all of life grows ho - ly, O Christ of Gal - i - lee. A-men.

1 **T**HE light of God is falling
Upon life's common way;
The Master's voice still calling,
"Come, walk with Me to-day:"
No duty can seem lowly
To him who lives with Thee,
And all of life grows holy,
O Christ of Galilee.

2 Who shares his life's pure pleasures,
And walks the honest road,
Who trades with heaping measures,
And lifts his brother's load,
Who turns the wrong down bluntly,
And lends the right a hand;
He dwells in God's own country,
He tills the holy land.

3 Where human lives are thronging
In toil and pain and sin,
While cloistered hearts are longing
To bring the kingdom in,
O Christ, the Elder Brother
Of proud and beaten men,
When they have found each other,
Thy kingdom will come then.

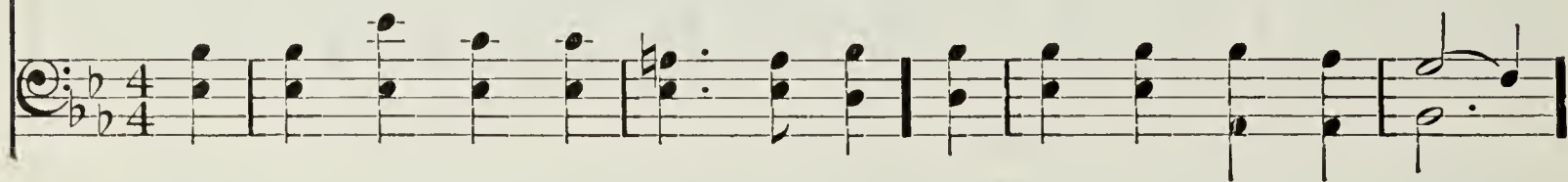
4 Thy ransomed host in glory,
All souls that sin and pray,
Turn toward the cross that bore Thee;
"Behold the man!" they say:
And while Thy Church is pleading
For all who would do good,
We hear Thy true voice leading
Our song of brotherhood.

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1861



From Thee all skill and sci - ence flow, All pit - y, care and love,



All calm and cour- age, faith and hope;— O pour them from a - bove. A-men.



1 FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;—
O pour them from above.

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health and light and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

MEIRINGEN 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

Christian G. Neefe, 1777

O North, with all thy vales of green, O South, with all thy palms,
 From peo - pled town and fields be - tween Up - lift the voice of psalms; Raise
 an - cient East, the an - them high, And let the youth - ful West re - ply. A - men.

1 **O** NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
 O South, with all thy palms,
 From peopled town and fields between
 Uplift the voice of psalms;
 Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
 And let the youthful West reply.

2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
 God's well-belovèd Son;
 He brings a train of brighter years;
 His kingdom is begun;
 He comes a guilty world to bless
 With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour
 When at His feet shall lie
 All rule, authority, and power
 Beneath the ample sky;
 When He shall reign from pole to pole,
 The Lord of every human soul;

4 When all shall heed the words He said
 Amid their daily cares,
 And by the loving life He led
 Shall seek to pattern theirs;
 And He who conquered death shall win
 The nobler conquest over sin.

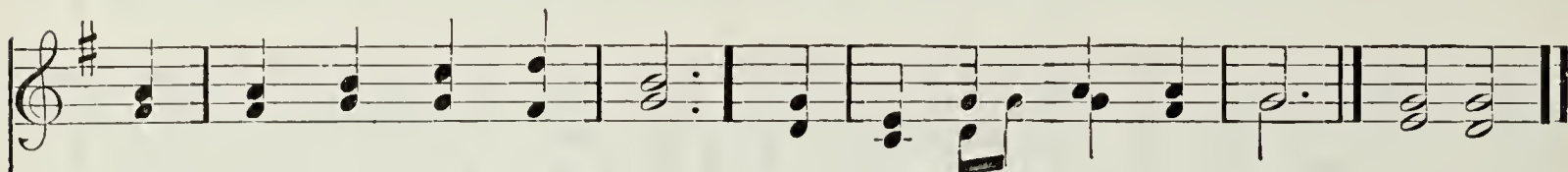
Wm. Cullen Bryant, 1869

ST. CECILIA 6. 6. 6. 6.

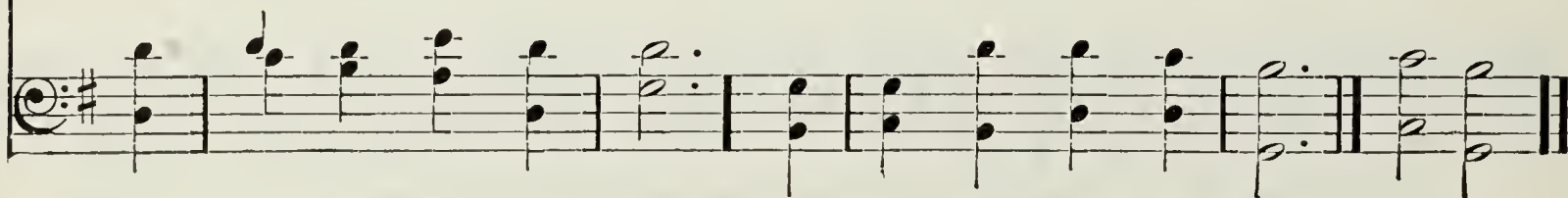
Leighton G. Hayne, 1863



Thy king - dom come, O Lord, Wide - cir - cling as the sun;



Ful - fil of old Thy word And make the na - tions one; A-men.



1 **T**HY kingdom come, O Lord,
Wide-circling as the sun;
Fulfil of old Thy word
And make the nations one;—

2 One in the bond of peace,
The service glad and free
Of truth and righteousness,
Of love and equity.

3 Speed, speed the longed-for time
Foretold by raptured seers—
The prophecy sublime,
The hope of all the years;—

4 Till rise at last, to span
Its firm foundations broad,
The commonwealth of man,
The city of our God.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1905.

SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John B. Dykes, 1871

Hail the glo - rious Gold - en Cit - y, Pic - tured by the seers of old!

Ev - er - last - ing light shines o'er it. Wondrous tales of it are told:

On - ly right - eous men and wo - men Dwell with - in its gleam - ing wall;

Wrong is ban - ished from its bord - ers, Jus - tice reigns supreme o'er all. A - men.

1 **H**AIL the glorious Golden City,
 Pictured by the seers of old!
 Everlasting light shines o'er it,
 Wondrous tales of it are told:
 Only righteous men and women
 Dwell within its gleaming wall;
 Wrong is banished from its borders,
 Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

2 We are builders of that city;
 All our joys and all our groans
 Help to rear its shining ramparts;
 All our lives are building-stones:

Whether humble or exalted,
 All are called to task divine;
 All must aid alike to carry
 Forward one sublime design.

3 And the work that we have builded,
 Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
 And in error and in anguish,
 Will not perish with our years:
 It will last and shine transfigured
 In the final reign of Right;
 It will merge into the splendors
 Of the City of the Light.

Felix Adler, 1878, 1909

KIRBY BEDON 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Edward Bunnett, 1887

Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and

o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A-men.

1 **C**HRISt for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With loving zeal;
 The poor and them that mourn,
 The faint and overborne,
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With fervent prayer;
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passions tossed,
 Redeemed at countless cost
 From dark despair.

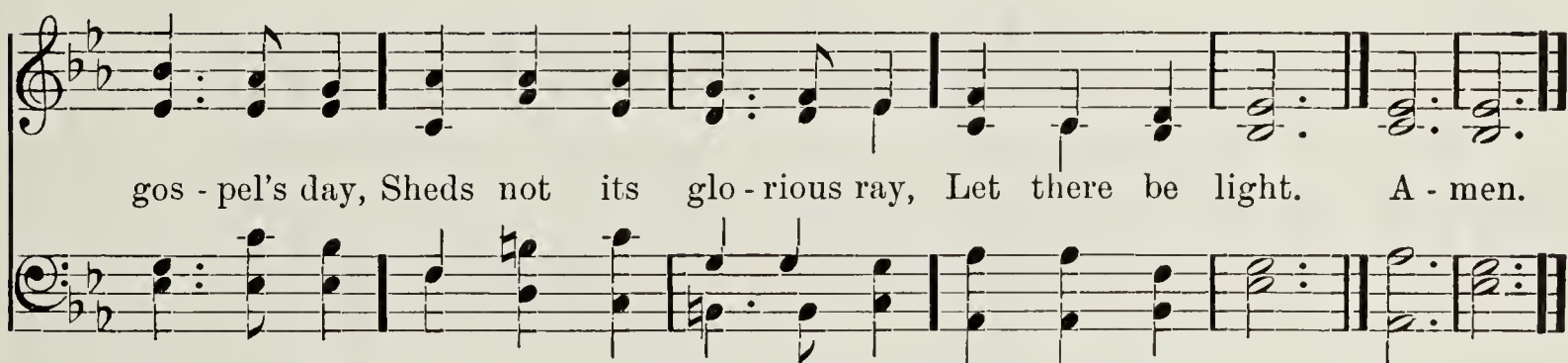
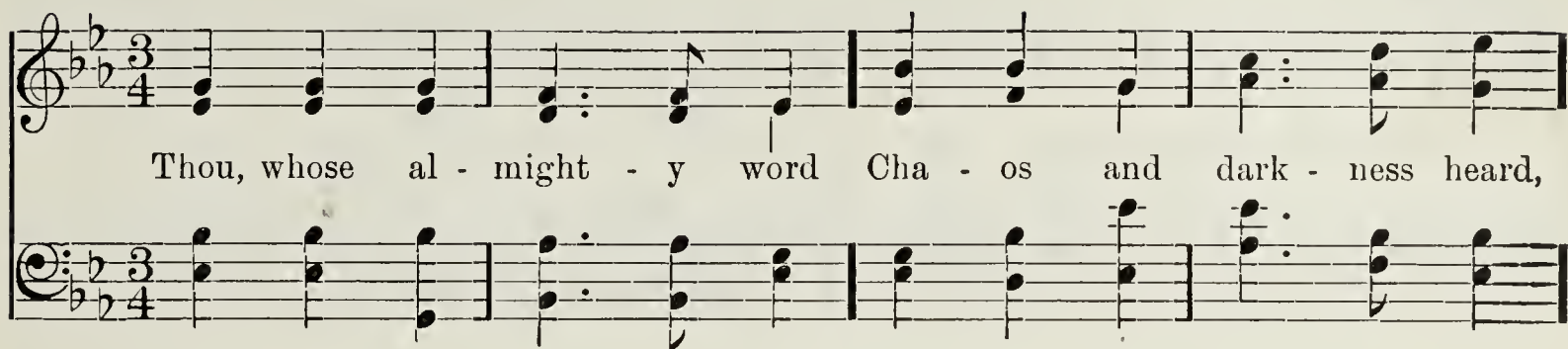
3 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear
 For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With joyful song,—
 The new-born souls whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott, 1869

BRAUN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Johann G. Braun, 1675



1 **T**HOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And, where the gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
 On Thy redeeming wing
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 O now to all mankind
 Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight;
 Move o'er the water's face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might!
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the world far and wide
 Let there be light.

COMMONWEALTH 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 8. 5.

Josiah Booth, 1888

When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?

Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way—

Their her - it - age a sun - less day: God save the peo - ple! A - men.

1 **W**HEN wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 Not kings and lords, but nations!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
 Their heritage a sunless day:
 God save the people!

2 Shall crime bring crime forever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?

'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy skies;
 Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend instead of sighs:
 God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people,
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 God save the people; Thine they are,
 Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
 From vice, oppression, and despair,
 God save the people!

BLESSED HOME 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

John Stainer, 1875

Lift up your heads, re - joice, Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh;

Now breathes a soft - er air, Now shines a mild - er sky;

The ear - ly trees put forth Their new and ten - der leaf; Hushed

is the moan - ing wind That told of win - ter's grief. A - men.

1 **L**IFT up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Now breathes a softer air,
 Now shines a milder sky;
 The early trees put forth
 Their new and tender leaf;
 Hushed is the moaning wind
 That told of winter's grief.

2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Now mount the laden clouds,
 Now flames the darkening sky;
 The early scattered drops
 Descend with heavy fall,
 And to the waiting earth
 The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 O note the varying signs
 Of earth, and air, and sky;
 The God of glory comes
 In gentleness and might,
 To comfort and alarm,
 To succor and to smite.

4 He comes, the wide world's King,
 He comes, the true heart's Friend,
 New gladness to begin,
 And ancient wrong to end;
 He comes, to fill with light
 The weary waiting eye:
 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh!

Thomas T. Lynch, 1856

The Consummation

PARADISE 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Joseph Barnby, 1866

O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest;

Where loy - al hearts and true,

Where loy - - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - men.

1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land,
 Where they that loved are blest;
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold;
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight?

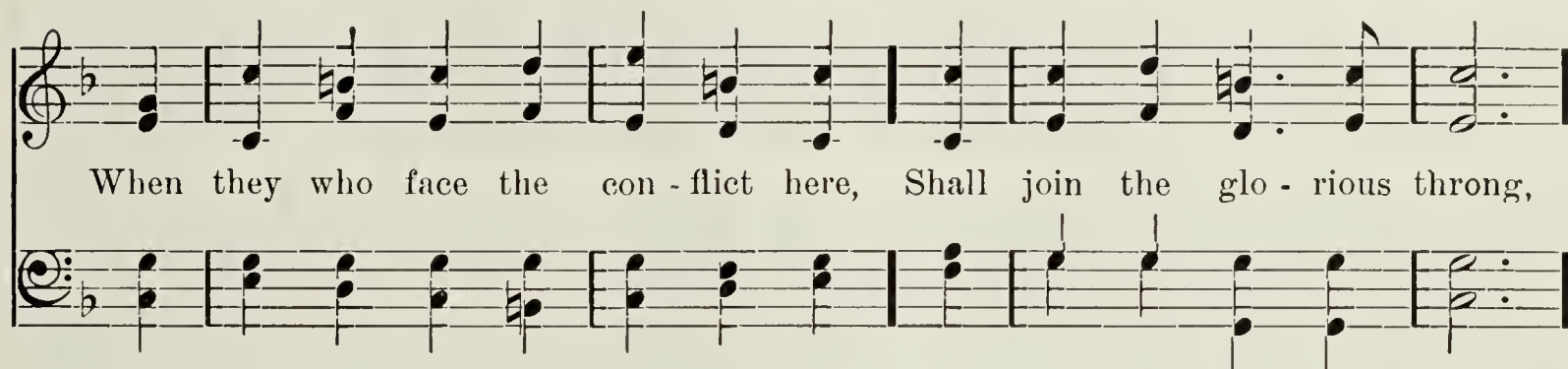
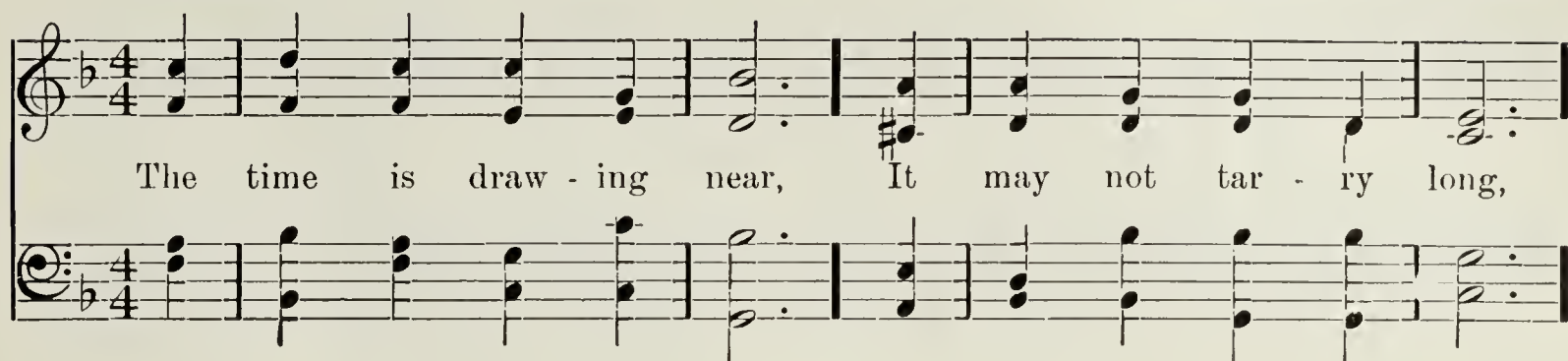
3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more;
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

4 Lord Jesus, Light of Paradise,
 Shine on me my life long,
 In all earth's din cause me to hear
 Faint fragments of that song,
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber, 1862. v. 4, alt.

CHALVEY S. M. With Refrain

Leighton G. Hayne, 1868



REFRAIN



1 **T**HE time is drawing near,
 It may not tarry long,
 When they who face the conflict here,
 Shall join the glorious throng,
*Where gladness fills the heart,
 And honor crowns the brow;
 For tireless service fit me, Lord,
 By willing service now,*

2 Let sunshine flood the soul,
 When threatening night descends,
 That I may see the light serene
 No sunset ever ends:

3 Let strength my spirit nerve,
 That, with each labor done,
 I may, like those who serve above,
 See some new task begun;

4 The time is drawing near:
 Till that bright morning break,
 May I, with those who see Thy face,
 Thy will, my pleasure make:

O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

2 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold, nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God Himself gives light;
There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen;
Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

4 Thy saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice;
Most happy is their case;
For there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Based on a Latin original,
from a xvi C. MS signed "F. B. P." arr.
v. 1, l. 1 from W. Prid, 1585

HOLY CITY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alfred R. Gaul, 1870

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;

For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep;

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

1 **F**OR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep;
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished
 And smiles have no alloy;
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart;
 And none, O peace, O Zion,
 Can sing thee as thou art.

3 That peace—but who may claim it?
 The guileless in their way,
 Who keep the ranks of battle,
 Who mean the things they say:
 And none shall there be jealous,
 And none shall there contend;
 Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?
 All ill, all ill shall end.

4 And He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own;
 The Crown He is to guerdon,
 The Buckler to protect,
 And He Himself the Mansion,
 And He the Architect.

PATMOS 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Henry J. Storer, 1891

I heard a sound of voices A-round the great white throne,
 With harp-ers harp-ing on their harps To Him who sat there-on;
 "Sal-va-tion, glo-ry, hon-or," I heard the song a-rise,
 As through the courts of heav'n it rolled In won-drous har-mon-ies. A-men.

1 I heard a sound of voices
 Around the great white throne,
 With harpers harping on their harps
 To Him who sat thereon;
 "Salvation, glory, honor,"
 I heard the song arise,
 As through the courts of heaven it rolled
 In wondrous harmonies.

2 From every clime and kindred,
 And nations from afar,
 As serried ranks returning home
 In triumph from a war;
 I heard the saints uprising,
 The myriad hosts among,
 In praise of Him who died, and lives,
 Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,
 The New Jerusalem,
 Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
 With jewelled diadem:
 And there His servants serve Him,
 And, life's long battle o'er,
 Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
 They reign for evermore.

4 O Lamb of God who reignest,
 Thou bright and morning Star,
 Whose glory lightens that new earth
 Which now we see from far;
 O worthy Judge eternal,
 When Thou dost bid us come,
 Then open wide the gates of pearl
 And call Thy children home.

ALFORD 7 6. 8. 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1875

Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.

1 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in!

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare. A - men.

1 **J**ERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest;
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

The Consummation

URBS BEATA 7. 6. 7. 6. D. (Alternate Tune)

George F. Le Jeune, 1887

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -

neath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest; I know not, O I

know not, What joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry,

REFRAIN.

Je - ru - - - - - sa - lem the

What light be-yond com-pare. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon-ey

gold - en, Be - neath

blest, Beneath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. A - men.

The Children of the Kingdom

183

Repentance

MAGDALENA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John Stainer, 1868

We stand in deep re - pent - ance, Be - fore Thy throne of love;

O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move;

Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee;

And all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free. A - men.

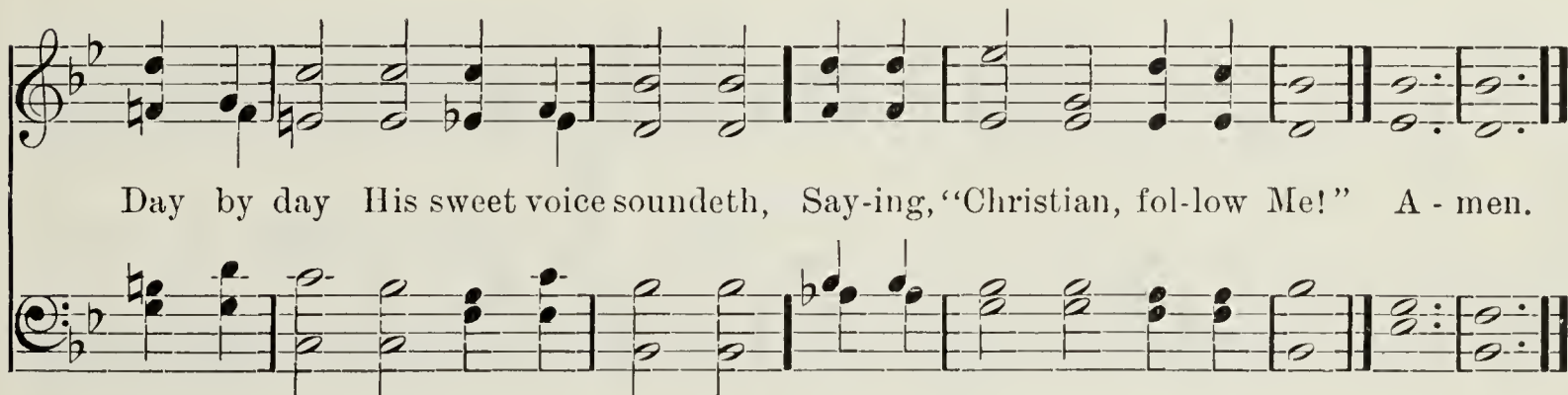
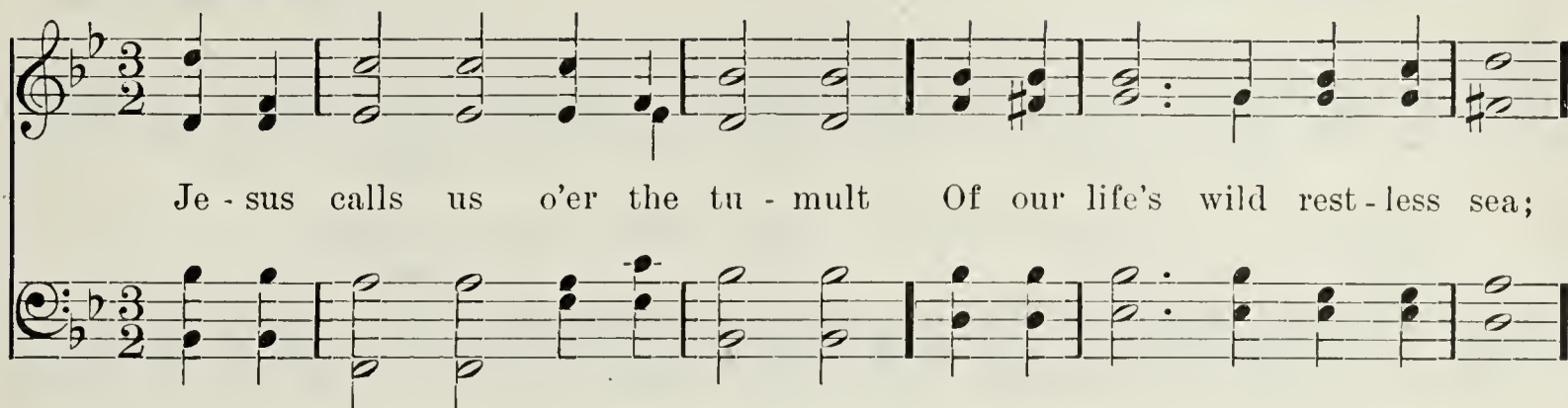
- 1 WE stand in deep repentance,
Before Thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us,
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to Thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free.
- 2 O shouldst Thou, from us fallen,
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;

- But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee
With thankful, joyous heart.
- 3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow;
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Ray Palmer, 1834

GALILEE 8. 7. 8. 7.

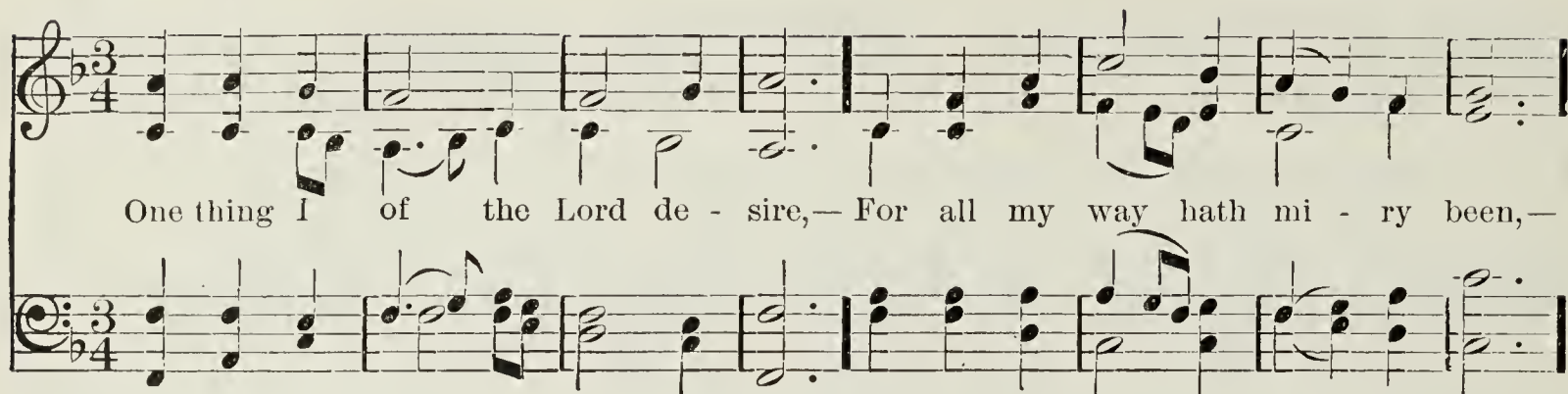
William H. Jude, 1874



- 1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"
- 2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.
- 3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more!"
- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these!"
- 5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1865



1 ONE thing I of the Lord desire,—
 For all my way hath miry been,—
 Be it by water or by fire,
 O make me clean!

2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
 Grateful and glad my soul shall be,
 But yet to have a purer heart
 Is more to me.

3 Yea, only as the heart is clean
 May larger vision yet be mine,
 For mirrored in its depths are seen
 The things divine.

4 I watch to shun the miry way,
 And stanch the spring of guilty thought;
 But, watch and wrestle as I may,
 Pure I am not.

5 So, wash Thou me without, within,
 Or purge with fire, if that must be,—
 No matter how, if only sin
 Die out in me.

PEACE 10. 10. 10. 6.

George W. Chadwick, 1890

I sought the Lord, and af - ter - ward I knew

He moved my soul to seek Him, seek - ing me; It was not I that

found, O Sav - iour true, No, I was found of Thee. A - men.

1 **I** SOUGHT the Lord, and afterward I knew
 He moved my soul to seek Him, seeking me;
 It was not I that found, O Saviour true,
 No, I was found of Thee.

2 Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;
 I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea,—
 'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold,
 As Thou, dear Lord, on me.

3 I find, I walk, I love, but, O the whole
 Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee;
 For Thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
 Always Thou lovedst me.

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

George J. Elvey, 1863

Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3.

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1874

I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee,

Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free. A - men.

1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 Trusting only Thee,
 Trusting Thee for full salvation,
 Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
 At Thy feet I bow;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy,
 Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
 Thou alone shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.

4 I am trusting Thee for power,
 Thine can never fail;
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
 Must prevail.

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
 Never let me fall;
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874

OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! A - men.

1 **M**Y faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1830

TOPLADY Six 7s.

Thomas Hastings, 1830

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. A - men.

1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

John B. Dykes, 1861

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last. A - men.

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740

CONSOLATION 11. 10. 11. 10.

Adapted from Samuel Webbe, 1740-1816

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your

an - guish: Earth has no sor - rows that heav'n can - not heal. A - men.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."
- 3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, v. 1, 2, alt; 1816,
Thomas Hastings, v. 3, 1832

MARTYN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

(Alternate Tune)

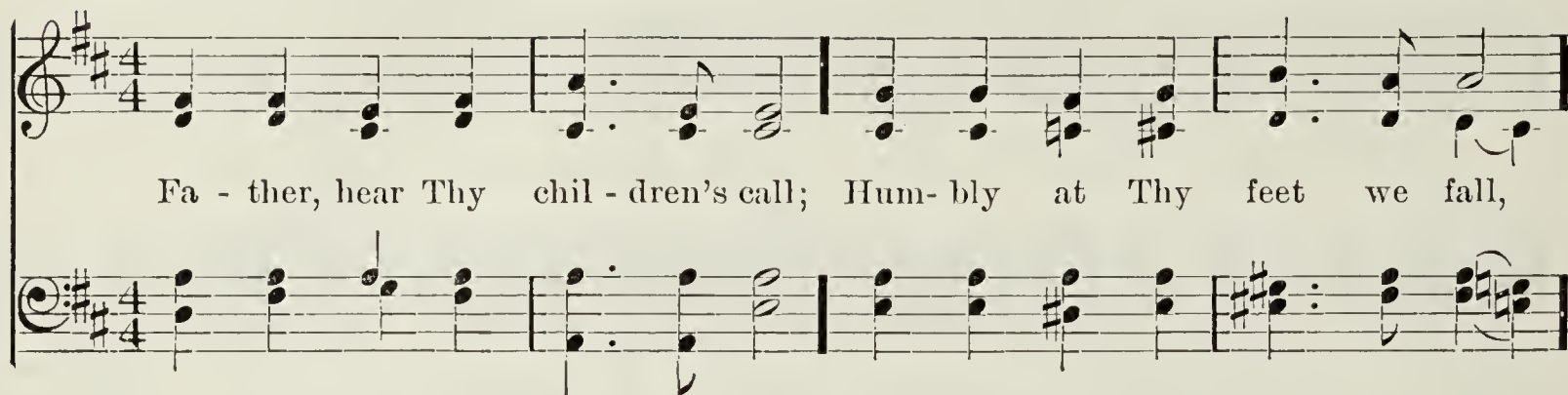
Simeon B. Marsh, 1836

{ Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide,
{ While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high: }

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last. A - men.

GOWER'S LITANY 7. 7. 7. 6.

John H. Gower, 1890



Copyright, by John H. Gower

1 **F**ATHER, hear Thy children's call;
 Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
 Prodigals confessing all:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 We Thy eall have disobeyed,
 Into paths of sin have strayed,
 And repentance have delayed:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
 Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
 Evil, long to be made pure:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Blind, we pray that we may see,
 Bound, we pray to be made free,
 Stained, we pray for sanetity:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Love that caused us first to be,
 Love that bled upon the tree,
 Love that draws us lovingly:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

FELIX 11. 10. 11. 10.

Arr. fr. J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1835

Fa - ther, to us Thy chil - dren, hum - bly kneel - ing, Con - scious of

weak - ness, ign'rance, sin and shame, Give such a force of ho - ly tho't and

feel - ing, That we may live to glo - ri - fy Thy name; A - men.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
 Conscious of weakness, 'ignorance, sin and shame,
 Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
 That we may live to glorify Thy name;
- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
 That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
 O'ercome the world's allurements, threat and fashion,
 Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thy will.
- 3 O let not all the pains and toils be wasted,
 Spent on our life by saints now gone to rest,
 Nor that deep sorrow the Redeemer tasted,
 When on His soul the guilt of men was pressed!
- 4 Let all this goodness by our minds be heeded;
 Let all this mercy on our hearts be sealed:
 Thy power, O Lord, can give the cleansing needed;
 O speak the word! Thy servants shall be healed.

BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849

Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has
 knock'd be - fore, Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still;
 You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - men.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before,
 Has waited long, is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude! He stands
 With melting heart, and laden hands;
 O matchless kindness! and He shows
 That matchless kindness to His foes.
- 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest:
 The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
 To reign, and with no partial sway;
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- 5 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
 O may Thy gentle reign increase!
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
 And be His empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg, 1765. arr.

COME UNTO ME 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1875

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest:—

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus Which comes to hearts op-pressed!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease. A - men.

1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest:—
O blessèd voice of Jesus
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light:—
O loving voice of Jesus
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life:—
O cheering voice of Jesus
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out:—
O welcome voice of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

William C. Dix, 1867

St. MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Albert L. Peace. 1885

O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be. A - men.

- 1 **O** LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
- 2 **O** Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 **O** Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.
- 4 **O** Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, 1882

ST. HILDA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799
and Edward Husband, 1871

O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast closed door,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

1 **O** JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:

O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Wm. Walsham How, 1867

FARRANT C. M.

Richard Farrant, 1530-1580

Come, let us to the Lord our God With con - trite hearts re - turn;

Our God is gra - cious, nor will leave The des - o - late to mourn. A - men.

- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.
- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;
- 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

ST. BEES 7. 7. 7. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1862

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?" A - men.

1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
 And when bleeding healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light."

3 "Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee."

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death."

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of My throne shalt be:
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Thee and adore;
 O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768

ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1862

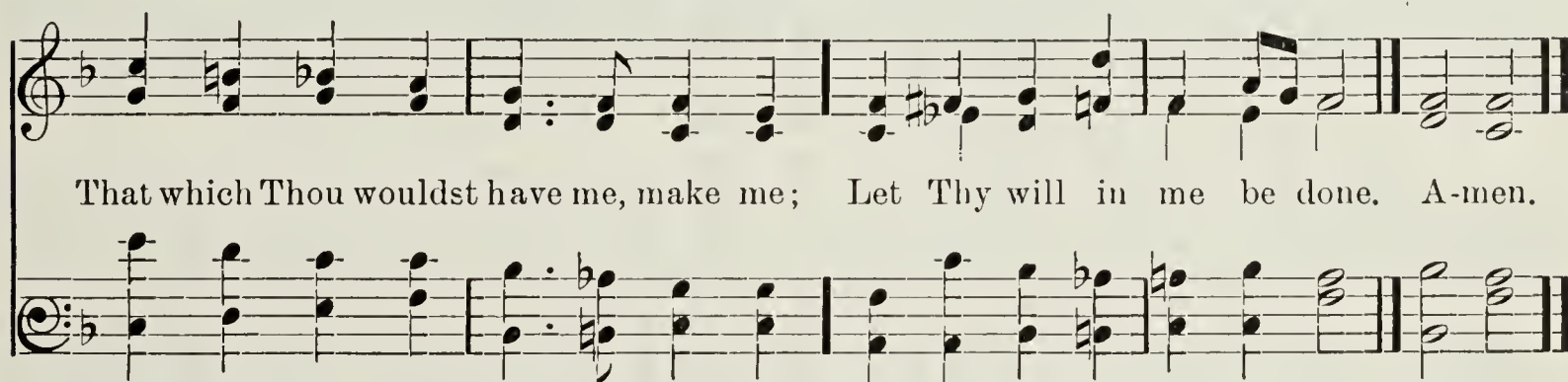
Lord, Thy mer-cy now en - treat - ing, Low be-fore Thy throne we fall;

Our misdeeds to Thee con - fess - ing, On Thy name we humbly call. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall;
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy name we humbly call.
- 2 Sinful thoughts and words unloving
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone;
- 3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the soul to Thee;
- 4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded;
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.
- 5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

SARDIS 8. 7. 8 7.

Arr. fr. Ludwig van Beethoven, 1805



- 1 **T**AKE me, O my Father, take me;
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me;
Let Thy will in me be done.
- 2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.
- 3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
- 4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.
- 5 Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living
I must be forever blest.

Ray Palmer, 1864

Faith

AMESBURY C. M. D.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trem-bling self-dis-trust, A prayer with-out a claim.
I see the wrong that round me lies, I feel the guilt with-in;
I hear, with groan and tra-vail-cries, The world con-fess its sin; A-men.

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1 I BOW my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim;
I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within,
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin;

2 Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.
I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight,
And with the chastened Psalmist own,
His judgments too are right.

3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies;
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

4 No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love:
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1865, arr.

O JESU 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

J. Balthasar Reimann, 1747

I look to Thee in ev - 'ry need, And nev - er look in vain;

I feel Thy strong and ten - der love, And all is well a - gain;

The thought of Thee is mightier far Than sin and pain and sor - row are. A - men.

1 I LOOK to Thee in every need,
 And never look in vain;
 I feel Thy strong and tender love,
 And all is well again;
 The thought of Thee is mightier far
 Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,
 I sink beside the road;
 But let me only think of Thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
 My restlessness to still,
 Around me flows Thy quickening life
 To nerve my faltering will,
 Thy presence fills my solitude,
 Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
 Held in Thy law, I stand;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in Thy hand;
 Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

DIM OND JESU 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

David Emlyn Evans, 1894

May be sung in Unison

Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand:

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. A - men.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing stream doth flow;
 Let the fire and cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

Faith

AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

(Alternate Version)

Arr. from Psalm xliii in *Pseaumes octante trois*, Geneva, 1551

Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand.

O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tains Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow;

Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through. A - men.

1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

2 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.
When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

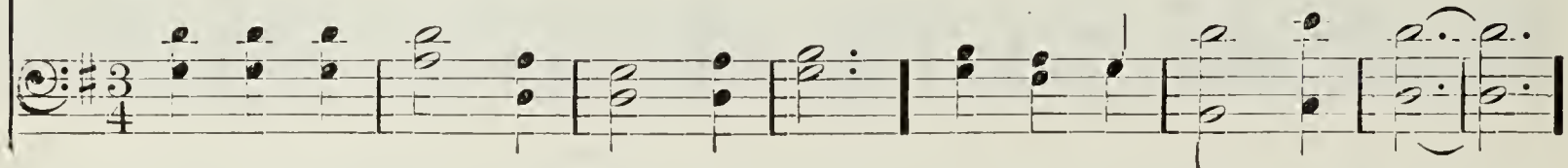
W. Williams, 1745, and P. Williams, 1772,
alt. by John Keble, 1857

LAMBETH C. M.

Wilhelm Schulties, 1871



Lord, I be - lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o - bey;



I wan-der com-fort-less and lone When from Thy truth I stray. A - men.



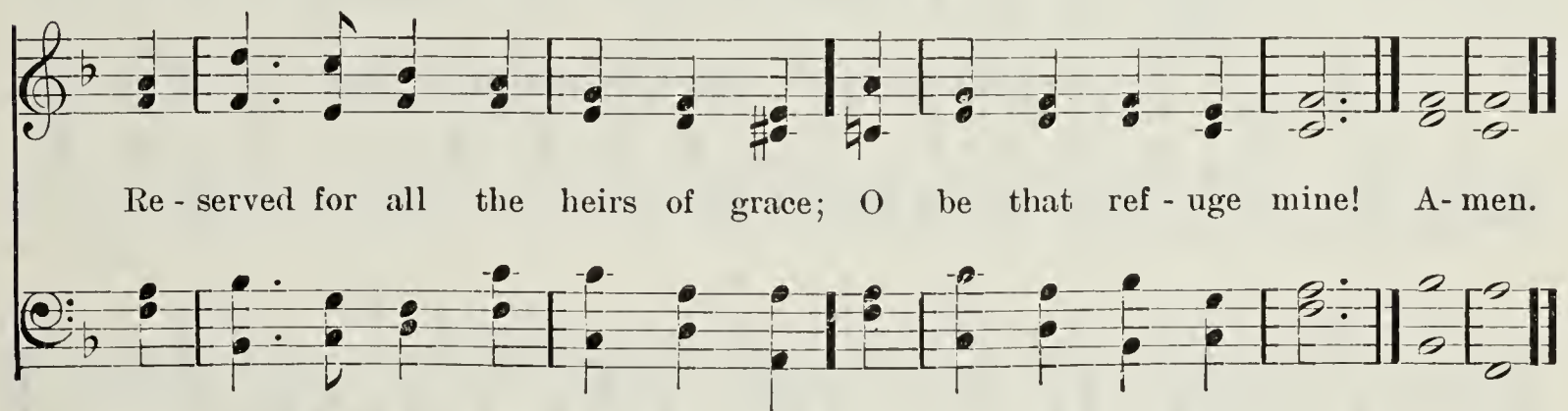
1 **L**ORD, I believe; Thy power I own,
 Thy word I would obey;
 I wander comfortless and lone
 When from Thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight;
 I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but Thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak;
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
 Canst give my soul relief:
 Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
 Help Thou mine unbelief.

WINCHESTER OLD C. M.

Thomas Este's *Psalmes* 1592,
arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553

1 **T**HERE is a safe and secret place,
 Beneath the wings divine,
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
 O be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
 Uninjured and unawed;
 While thousands fall on every side,
 He rests secure in God;

3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
 Of love and truth divine:
 O child of God, O glory's heir,
 How rich a lot is thine,—

4 A hand almighty to defend,
 An ear for every call,
 An honored life, a peaceful end,
 And heaven to crown it all!

PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Spencer Lane, 1879

In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me, Lest, by base de -

ni - al, I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a

look re - call, Nor, for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

1 **I**N the hour of trial,
 Jesus, pray for me,
 Lest, by base denial,
 I depart from Thee;
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor, for fear or favor,
 Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm;
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice;
 Then upon Thine altar
 Freely offered up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
 To the grave I sink,
 While heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink,
 On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me, dying,
 To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834

PAX TECUM 10. 10.

Charles Vincent and
George T. Caldbeck, 1877

Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?.....

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A - men.

1 **P**EACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

ELTON 8. 6 8. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1887

Dear Lord and Fa-ther of mankind, For-give our fool-ish ways; Reclothe us in our

right-ful mind, In pur - er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise. A - men.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways;
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.
- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard
 Beside the Syrian sea
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word,
 Rise up and follow Thee.
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love!
- 4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.
- 5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
 Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,,
 O still, small voice of calm!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872

DUNDEE C. M.

The cl Psalmes, Edinburgh, 1615

God moves in a mys-ter-i-ous way His won-ders to per-form;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm. A-men.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

BISHOPGARTH 8. 7. 8, 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1897

Who trusts in God, a strong a-bode In heav'n and earth pos-sess-es;

Who looks in love to Christ a-bove, No fear his heart op-press-es.

In Thee a-lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con-so-la-tion;

Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal-va-tion. A-men.

1 **W**HO trusts in God, a strong abode
 In heaven and earth possesses;
 Who looks in love to Christ above,
 No fear his heart oppresses.
 In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own
 Sweet hope and consolation;
 Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
 Our great and sure salvation.

2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
 And worldly scorn assail us,
 While Thou art near we will not fear,
 Thy strength shall never fail us:

Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
 And guide our steps for ever;
 Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
 Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
 Our feet shall stand securely;
 Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
 For Thou shalt guard us surely.
 O God, renew with heavenly dew
 Our body, soul and spirit,
 Until we stand at Thy right hand,
 Through Jesus' saving merit.

Verse 1, Joachim Magdeburg, 1572, vv. 2, 3, Anon., 1597;
 tr. Benj. H. Kennedy, 1863: alt. W. Walsham How, 1864

God is my strong Sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear?

In dark - ness and temp - ta - tion My Light, my Help, is near.

Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm to the fight I stand;

What ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand? A - men.

1 **G**OD is my strong Salvation;
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation
 My Light, my Help is near.
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
 My soul, with courage wait;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate.
 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1890



Calm me, my God, and keep me calm; While these hot breez - es blow,



Be like the night-dew's cool-ing balm Up - on earth's fev-ered brow. A - men.



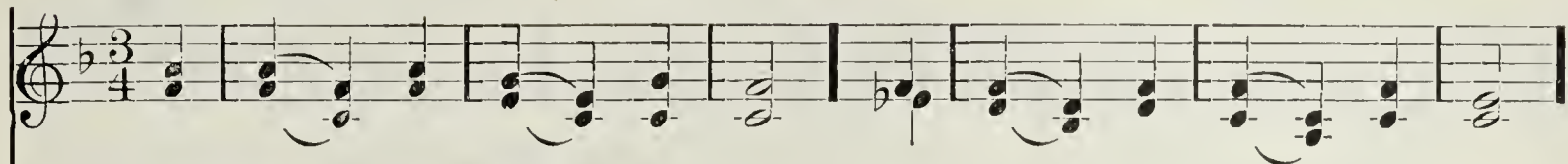
Copyright by John H. Gower

- 1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.
- 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;
- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;
- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name;
- 5 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

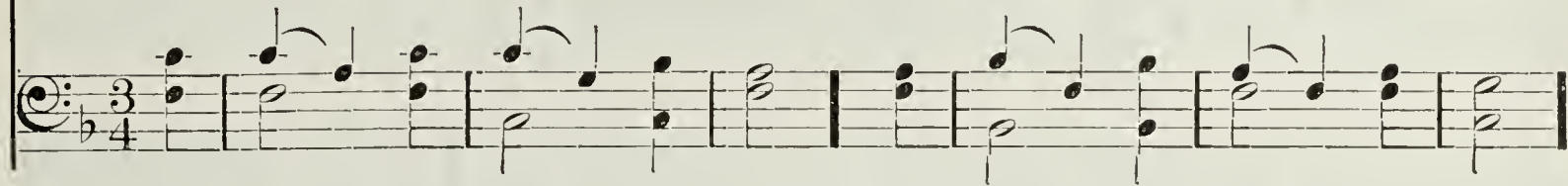
Horatius Bonar, 1857

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from J. G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



How gen - tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre - cepts are!



Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care. A - men.



- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

INTERCESSION, NEW 7. 5. 7. 5. D. With Refrain

William H. Callcott, 1867
Last 2 l. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846

When the wea-ry, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heavy - la - den cast
All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace, On Thy name shall call;
When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall: *Hear then in*
love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high. A-men.

1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend,
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:

4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name:

Horatius Bonar, 1866

ADESTE FIDELES 11. 11. 11. 11.

J. F. Wade's, *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His

ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un- to

Je- sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je- sus for ref-uge have fled? A-men.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

"K" in Rippon's *Selection*, 1787

NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836

Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign hand de-nies,
Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise;— A-men.

1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;

The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760; v. 1, line 1 alt.

221 ST. DENYS 6. 6. 6. 6.

Frank S. Spinney, 1871

O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin,
Tar-ry no more with-out, But come and dwell... with-in. A-men.

1 **O** LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;

So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God, come in,
Wellspring of heavenly peace;
Thou living water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

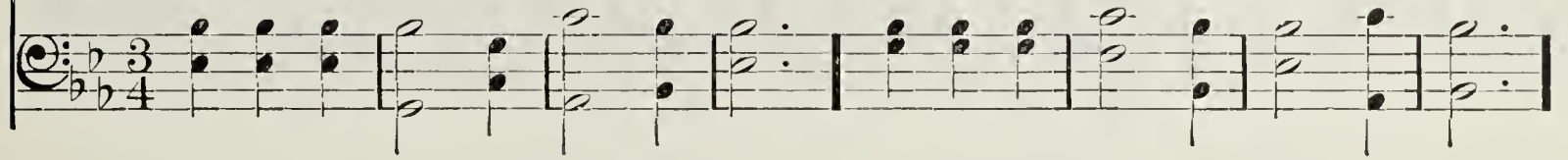
Horatius Bonar, 1861

HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866



O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear,



On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A - men.



- 1 **O** LOVE divine, that stooped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
 We smile at pain while Thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love divine, for ever dear;
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near.

ANGELS' STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur H. Mann, 1881

In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-
fid - ing, For nothing changes here: The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be
laid; But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd? A - men.

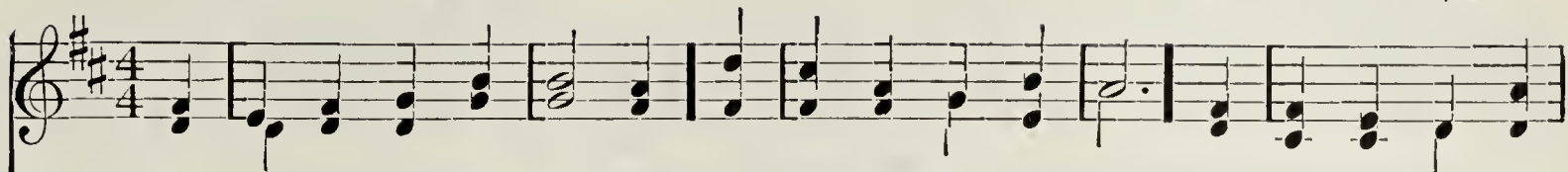
1 **I**N heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

BENTLEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John P. Hullah, 1867



Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, who



ris - es With heal - ing in His wings: When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the



soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A - men.



1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say:—
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,

3 "It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread."

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782

Lead us, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest - uous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

Yet pos - sess-ing ev - 'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A-men.

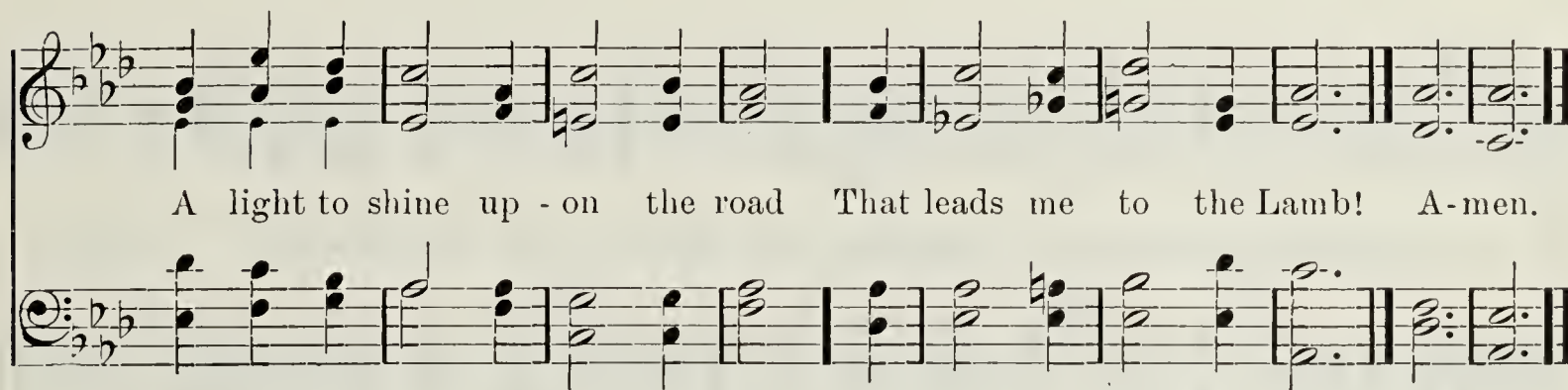
1 **L** EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee;
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

BEATITUDO C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875



- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772

DUNDEE C. M.

The cl Psalmes, Edinburgh, 1615

O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed,



Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led, A - men.



- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

JACKSON C. M.

Thomas Jackson, 1780

Last verse in unison

Su - preme in wis - dom as in pow'r The Rock of A - ges stands;

Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace The work - ing of His hands. A-men.

- 1 SUPREME in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of His hands.
- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.
- 4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
- 5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian chant
by Lowell Mason, 1824

Lord, my weak tho't in vain would climb To search the star - ry vault pro - found;



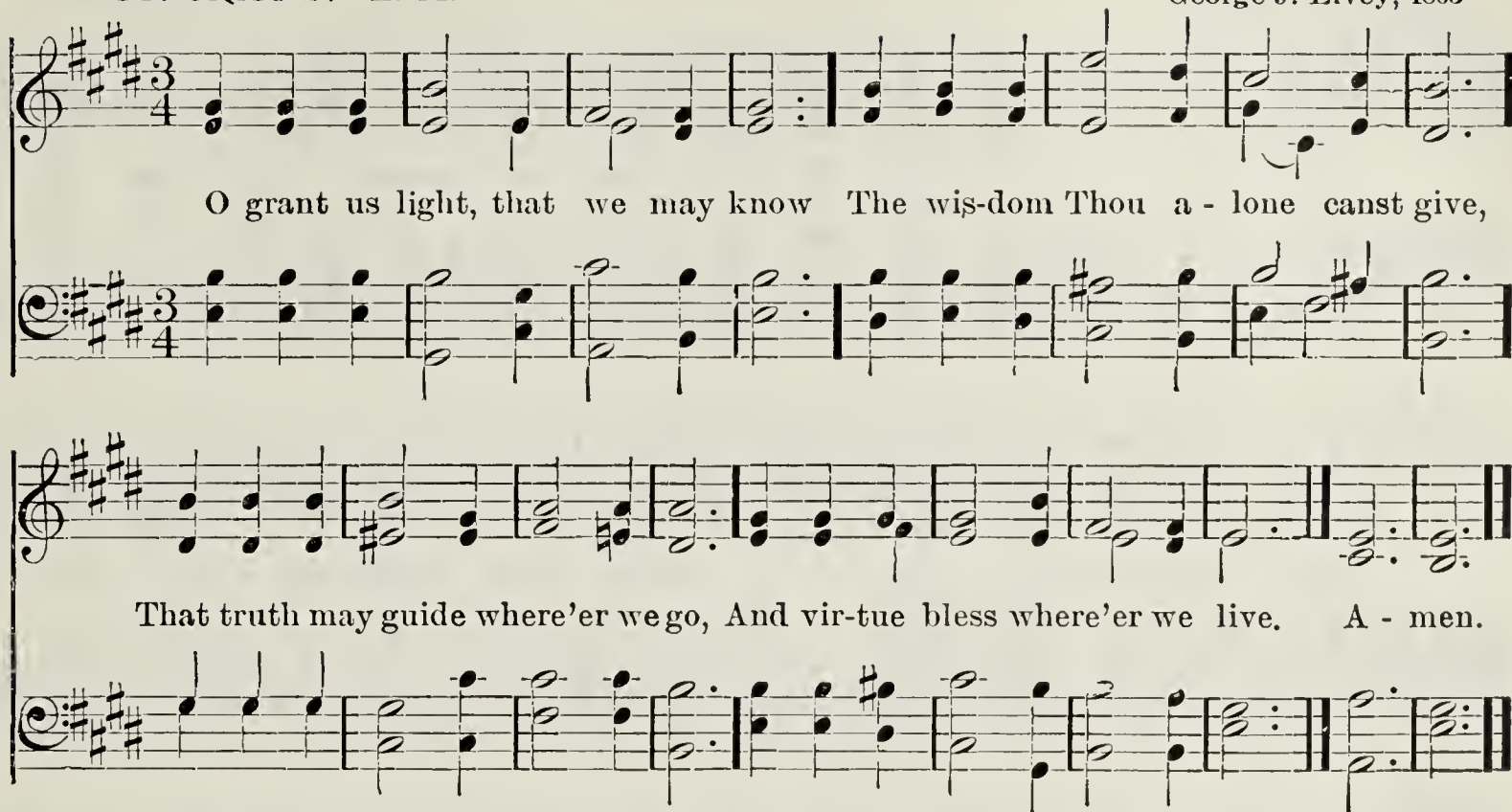
In vain would wing her flight sub-lime, To find cre-a-tion's ut - most bound. A-men.



- 1 **L**ORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime
To find creation's utmost bound.
- 2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.
- 3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
- 4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to Thee.
- 5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

George J. Elvey, 1863



1 O GRANT us light, that we may know
 The wisdom Thou alone canst give,
 That truth may guide where'er we go,
 And virtue bless where'er we live.

2 O grant us light, that we may see
 Where error lurks in human lore,
 And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
 And love Thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
 How dead is life from Thee apart,
 How sure is joy for all who turn
 To Thee an undivided heart.

4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
 To lift our burdened hearts above,
 And count the very cross a gain,
 And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
 All earthly scenes shall pass away,
 In Thee to find the open gate
 To deathless home and endless day.

Lawrence Tuttiett, 1864

LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace: With - out Thy

guid - ing hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and

sor - rows still in - crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A - men.

- 1 **L** EAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.
- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

William H. Burleigh, 1868

BATTELL 10. 10. 10. 10.

Robbins Battell, 1882

Light - en the dark - ness of our life's long night, Through which we
blind - ly stum - ble to the day, Shad - ows mis - lead us: Fa - ther,
send Thy light To set our foot-steps in the home-ward way. A - men.

1 **L**IGHTEN the darkness of our life's long night,
Through which we blindly stumble to the day,
Shadows mislead us: Father, send Thy light
To set our footsteps in the homeward way.

2 Lighten the darkness of our self-conceit—
The subtle darkness that we love so well,
Which shrouds the path of wisdom from our feet,
And lulls our spirits with its baneful spell.

3 Lighten our darkness when we bow the knee
To all the gods we ignorantly make
And worship, dreaming that we worship Thee,
Till clearer light our slumbering souls awake.

4 Lighten our darkness when we fail at last,
And in the midnight lay us down to die;
We trust to find Thee when the night is past,
And daylight breaks across the morning sky

NEUMARK Six 8s.

Georg Neumark, 1657; har. J. S. Bach, 1685-1750

1. { Leave God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in Thine all - suf -
Thou'lt find Him in the e - vil days,
Him what-e'er be - tide; } Who trusts in God's un -
fi - - cient Strength and Guide;
chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move. A - men.

- 1 LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thine all-sufficient Strength and Guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.
- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love has sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.
- 3 He knows when joyful hours are best;
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.
- 4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

PILOT Six 7s.

John E. Gould, 1871

Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea;

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;

Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - men.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Edward Hopper, 1871

LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1867

Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see.....

The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-men.

1 **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on;
 Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on;
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman, 1833

BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1859

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
That rais - eth me, Still all my song would be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

JEWETT 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

From Carl M. von Weber, 1821

My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row or through joy, Con - duct me

as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done. A - men.

1 **M**Y Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 O may Thy will be mine;
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign;
 Through sorrow or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own;
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure;
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon;
 And if all else should fail,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear;
 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee;
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

VIA RECTE 6. 6. 6. 6.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me. A - men.

1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!

Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth;

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

HERBERT 8. 8. 8. 4.

Richard R. Chope, 1862

My God and Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

1 **M**Y God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

Charlotte Elliott, 1834,35

TROYTE, NO. 1 (Chant) 8. 8. 8. 4.

A. H. D. Troyte 1811-1857

My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

O God, not on - ly in dis - tress, In pain and want and wea - ri - ness,

Thy ten - der Spir - it stoops to bless, Thy will is done. A - men.

- 1 **O** GOD, not only in distress,
In pain and want and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
Thy will is done.
- 2 But oftener on the wings of peace
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease,—
Thy will is done.
- 3 In all that nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
In morning light, in eventide,
Thy will is done.
- 4 In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.
- 5 And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrows to Thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.
- 6 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just;
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.

STRENGTH AND STAY 11. 10. 11. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1875

Fa - ther, to Thee we look in all our sor - row, Thou art the

foun-tain whence our heal - ing flows; Dark though the night, joy com-eth with the

mor - row; Safe - ly they rest who on Thy love re - pose. A - men.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
 Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
 Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
 Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.
- 2 When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
 When the vain cares that vex our lives increase,
 Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
 And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.
- 3 Naught shall affright us on Thy goodness leaning;
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
 Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning;
 And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.
- 4 Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows;
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
 Yet shalt thou praise Him, when these darkened furrows,
 Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

ST. BEDE 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

John B. Dykes, 1867

Fa - ther I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;

The chang - es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:

I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In - tent on pleas-ing Thee. A - men.

1 **F**ATHER I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

5 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
More careful not to serve Thee much
But please Thee perfectly.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring, 1848, arr.

LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

George W. Martin, 1862;
bar. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Make me a cap - tive, Lord, And then I shall be free;

Force me to ren - der up my sword, And I shall con-queror be.

I sink in life's a - larms When by my - self I stand;

Im - pris - on me with - in Thy arms, And strong shall be my hand. A - men.

1 **M**AKE me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword,
And I shall conqueror be.
I sink in life's alarms
When by myself I stand;
Imprison me within Thy arms,
And strong shall be my hand.

2 My heart is weak and poor
Until it master find;
It has no spring of action sure,
It varies with the wind:
It cannot freely move
Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
And deathless it shall reign.

3 My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve,
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

4 My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne
It must its crown resign:
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant,
And found in Thee its life.

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1868

The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;

I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev-er. A-men.

- 1 **T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Henry W. Baker, 1868

Hope

ST. ANDREW S. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1866

When we in dark - ness walk, Nor feel the heav'n - ly flame,

Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on His name. A-men.

- 1 **W**HEN we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.
- 2 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul:
- 3 Still on His plighted love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of His face
Shall train thee up to joy.
- 4 Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.
- 5 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

SEELENBRÄUTIGAM 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

Adam Drese, 1698

Je - sus, guide our way To e - ter - nal day:

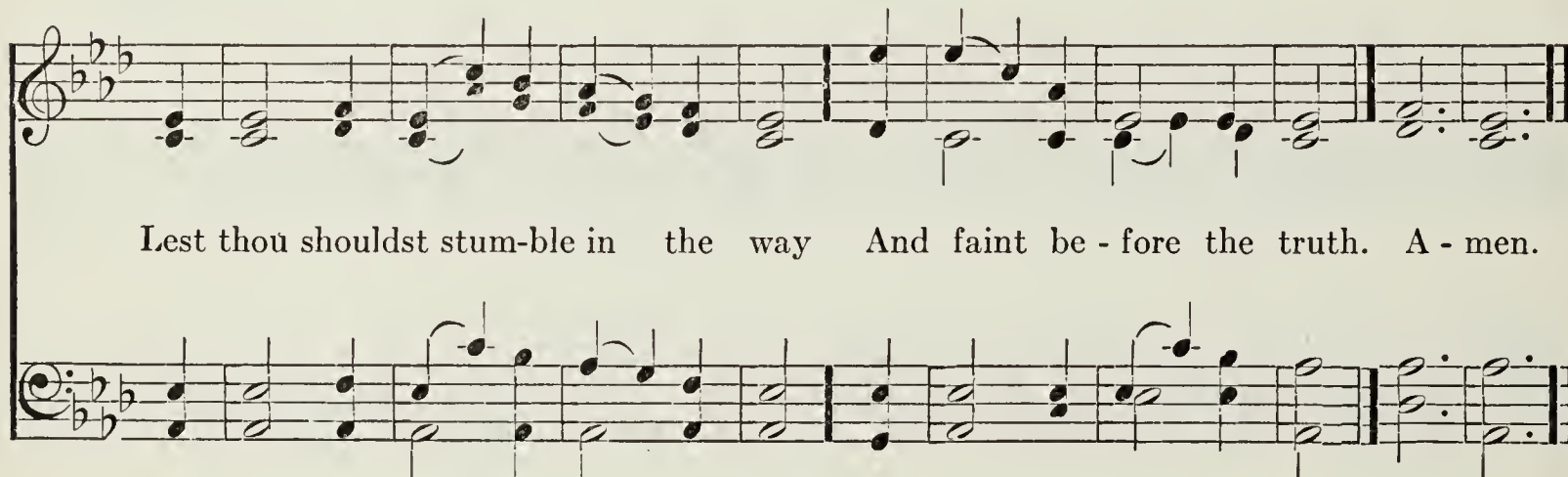
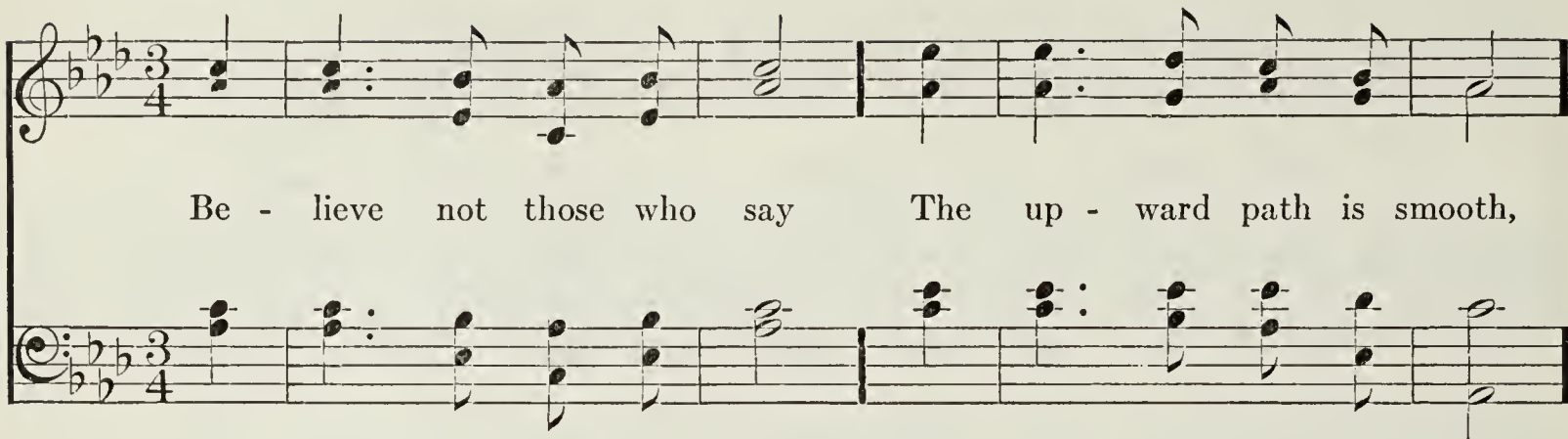
So shall we, no more de - lay - ing, Fol - low Thee, Thy voice o - bey - ing:

Lead us by the hand To our Fa - ther's land. A - men.

- 1 **J**ESUS, guide our way
To eternal day:
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying:
Lead us by the hand
To our Father's land.
- 2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet;
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining
'Mid the darkness round us reigning;
Through adversity
Lies our way to Thee.
- 3 Order all our way
Through the mortal day:
In our toil, with aid be near us;
In our need, with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open Thou the door.

LEIGHTON S. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849



- 1 **B**ELIEVE not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way
And faint before the truth.
- 2 Arm, arm thee for the fight;
Cast useless loads away;
Watch through the darkest hours of night;
Toil through the hottest day.
- 3 To labor and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
And keep thy conscience pure—
- 4 Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight.
What matter who should whisper blame,
Or who should scorn or slight,
- 5 If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of His love,
The earnest of His rest!

Anne Brontë, 1850, v. 5, line 1 alt.

DOLOMITE CHANT 6. 6. 6. 6.

Austrian Melody
Harmonized by Joseph T. Cooper, 1877

Not so in haste, my heart! Have faith in God, and wait;

Al-though He lin - ger long, He nev - er comes too late. A - men.

1 **N**OT so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although He linger long,
He never comes too late.

2 He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself in vain;
Until He cometh, rest.

3 Until He cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God
Are soonest at the goal.

4 Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, my heart,
For I shall wait His lead.

WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

1 **S**TAND up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army He shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day:
 Ye that are men now serve Him
 • Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1858

PEARSALL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Robert L. de Pearsall, 1795-1856

Lead on, O King e - ter - nal! The day of march has come;

Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.

Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,

And now, O King e - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle - song. A - men.

1 **L** EAD on, O King eternal!
 The day of march has come;
 Henceforth in fields of conquest
 Thy tents shall be our home.
 Through days of preparation
 Thy grace has made us strong,
 And now, O King eternal,
 We lift our battle-song.

2 Lead on, O King eternal,
 Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
 And holiness shall whisper
 The sweet Amen of peace;

For not with swords loud clashing,
 Nor roll of stirring drums,
 But deeds of love and mercy,
 The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King eternal!
 We follow, not with fears;
 For gladness breaks like morning
 Where'er Thy face appears;
 Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
 We journey in its light:
 The crown awaits the conquest;
 Lead on, O God of might!

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

John B. Dykes, 1868

Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,

How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?

Chris - tian, up and smite them Count - ing gain but loss;

Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly cross. A - men.

1 CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the hosts of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian, up and smite them
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast,
Smite them, Christ is with thee,
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe, I pray,"
Peace shall follow battle.
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,—
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

VIGILATE 7. 7. 7. 3.

William H. Monk, 1868

“Chris-tian, seek not yet re - pose,” Hear thy guar-dian an - gel say,

“Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch..... and pray!” A - men.

1 “CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,”
 Hear thy guardian angel say,
 “Thou art in the midst of foes:
 Watch and pray!”

2 Principalities and powers,
 Mustering their unseen array,
 Wait for thy unguarded hours:
 Watch and pray!

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
 Wear it ever, night and day;
 Ambushed lies the evil one:
 Watch and pray!

4 Hear the victors who o’ercame;
 Still they mark each warrior’s way;
 All with one sweet voice exclaim:
 “Watch and pray!”

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
 Him thou lovest to obey;
 Hide within thy heart His word:
 “Watch and pray!”

6 Watch, as if on that alone
 Hung the issue of the day;
 Pray that help may be sent down:
 Watch and pray!

Charlotte Elliott, 1839

ELLESDIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Joshua Leavitt's *Christian Lyre*, 1831

Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

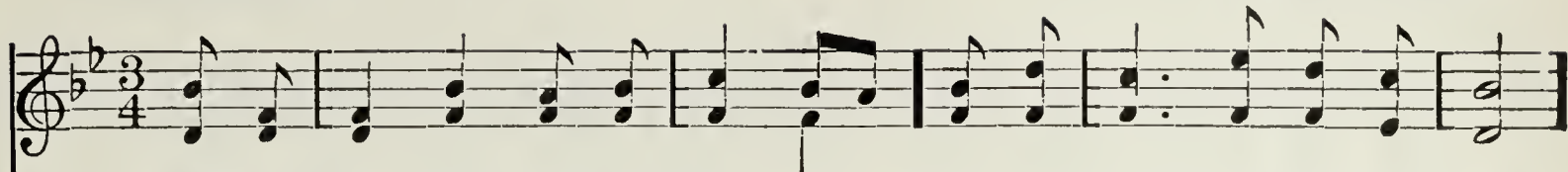
3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear!
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte, 1824, 1833

STOCKWELL 8. 7. 8. 7.

Darius E. Jones, 1851



He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,



Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove. A - men.



1 **H**E that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine;
 Precious fruits will thus be given
 Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary;
 Let no fears thy soul annoy;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
 See the rising grain appear:
 Look again, the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest-time is near.

MORLEY 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Thomas Morley, 1867

On our way re - joic - ing As we homeward move, Such for us Thy
pur-pose, O Thou God of love: Is there grief or sad - ness? Thou our
Joy shalt be; Is our sky be-cloud-ed? There is light in Thee. A - men.

1 **O**N our way rejoicing
As we homeward move,
Such for us Thy purpose,
O Thou God of love:
Is there grief or sadness?
Thou our Joy shalt be;
Is our sky beclouded?
There is light in Thee.

2 If, with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
We be humbly striving
To do all we can;
He who gives the seed-time,
Gives the large increase,
Crowns the head with blessings,
Fills the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
A victorious Leader!
And a vanquished foe!
Christ without—our safety!
Christ within—our joy!
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

LYNDHURST 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Anon in *Church Praise*, 1883;
har. by Geo. H. Loud, 1859-1908

Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
 Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find;
 Hop - ing still, and trust - ing Thee with - out a fear,
 Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing Thou wilt make all clear: A - men.

1 **P**URER yet and purer
 I would be in mind,
 Dearer yet and dearer
 Every duty find;
 Hoping still, and trusting
 Thee without a fear,
 Patiently believing
 Thou wilt make all clear:

2 Calmer yet and calmer
 Trials bear and pain;
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain;
 Bearing still and doing,
 To my lot resigned,
 And to right subduing
 Heart and will and mind:

3 Higher yet and higher
 Out of clouds and night;
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light,—
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Satisfied and blest:

4 Quicker yet and quicker
 Ever onward press,
 Firmer yet and firmer
 Step as I progress:
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast,
 Yet their inner meaning
 Scarce can be expressed.

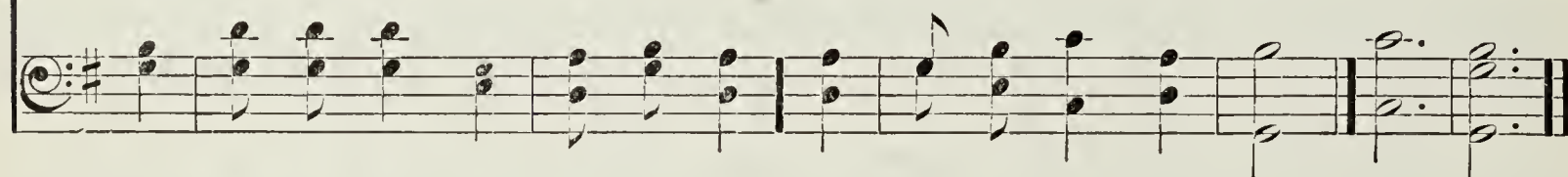
MARLOW C. M.

Arr. from John Chetham's *Book of Psalmody*, 1718

Work - man of God, O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;



And in the dark - est bat - tle - field Thou shalt know where to strike. A - men.



1 **W**ORKMAN of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road:

5 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. by R. Harrison, 1784 fr. Thomas A. Arne, 1762

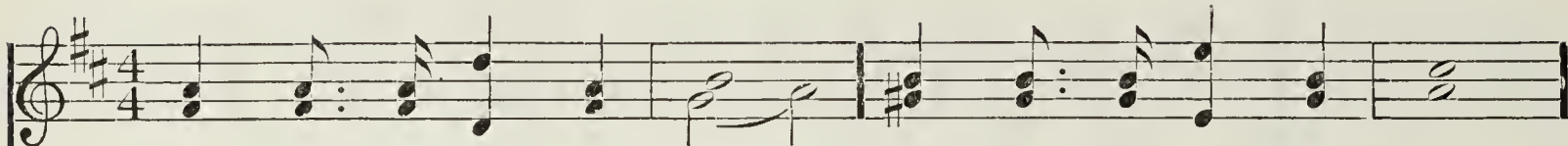
Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name. A - men.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Sure, I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST S. M.

William P. Merrill, 1895



Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,



Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son. A - men.



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- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
- 5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

ARTHUR'S SEAT 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Arr. fr. John Goss, 1874 by U. C. Burnap

March on, O soul, with strength! Like those strong men of old

Who 'gainst en - thron - ed wrong Stood con - fi - dent and bold; Who,

thrust in prison or cast to flame, Still made their glo - ry in the Name. A-men.

- 1 **M**ARCH on, O soul, with strength!
Like those strong men of old
Who 'gainst enthronèd wrong
Stood confident and bold;
Who, thrust in prison or cast to flame,
Still made their glory in the Name.
- 2 The sons of fathers we
By whom our faith is taught
To fear no ill, to fight
The holy fight they fought:
Heroic warriors! ne'er from Christ
By any lure or guile enticed.
- 3 March on, O soul, with strength,
As strong the battle rolls!
'Gainst lies and lusts and wrongs,
Let courage rule our souls:
In keenest strife, Lord, may we stand,
Upheld and strengthened by Thy hand.
- 4 Not long the conflict: soon
The holy war shall cease,
Faith's warfare ended,—won
The home of endless peace!
Look up! the victor's crown at length:
March on, O soul, march on, with strength!

TON=Y=BOTEL 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

M. O. Jones, 1894

In Unison.

{ Once to ev - 'ry man and na - tion Comes the mo - ment to de - cide, }
 { In the strife of truth with false-hood, For the good or e - vil side; }

Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah, Of - fering each the bloom or blight,

And the choice goes by for - ev - er 'Twixt that dark-ness and that light. A-men.

1 **O**NCE to every man and nation
 Comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of truth with falsehood,
 For the good or evil side;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
 Offering each the bloom or blight,
 And the choice goes by forever
 'Twixt that darkness and that light.

2 Then to side with truth is noble,
 When we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
 And 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses,
 While the coward stands aside
 Till the multitude make virtue
 Of the faith they had denied.

3 By the light of burning martyrs
 Jesus' bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever
 With the cross that turns not back:
 New occasions teach new duties,
 Time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still and onward,
 Who would keep abreast of truth.

4 Though the cause of evil prosper,
 Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
 Though her portion be the scaffold,
 And upon the throne be wrong,
 Yet that scaffold sways the future,
 And, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow
 Keeping watch above His own.

James Russell Lowell, 1845

BLAENHAFREN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Traditional Welsh Melody

In Unison.

We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing In a grand and aw - ful time,

In an age on a - ges tell - ing; To be liv - ing is sub - lime.

Hark! the wak - ing up of na-tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;

Hark! what sound-eth is cre - a - tion's Groan-ing for the lat - ter day. A - men.

1 **W**E are living, we are dwelling
 In a grand and awful time,
 In an age on ages telling;
 To be living is sublime.
 Hark! the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog to the fray;
 Hark! what soundeth is creation's
 Groaning for the latter day.

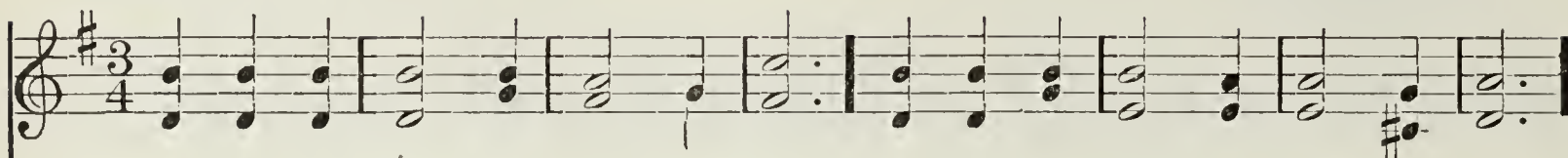
2 Will ye play, then? will ye dally
 Far behind the battle-line?
 Up! it is Jehovah's rally;
 God's own arm hath need of thine.

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On, right onward for the right!

3 Sealed to blush, to waver never,
 Consecrated, born again,
 Sworn to be Christ's soldiers ever,
 O for Christ at least be men!
 O let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad!
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages, tell for God.

PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, 1868



O God, in whom we live and move, Thy love is law, Thy law is love;



Thy present Spir - it waits to fill The soul which comes to do Thy will. A - men.



- 1 **O** GOD, in whom we live and move,
Thy love is law, Thy law is love;
Thy present Spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do Thy will.
- 2 Unto Thy children's spirits teach
Thy love beyond the power of speech;
And make them know with joyful awe
Th' encircling presence of Thy law.
- 3 That law doth give to truth and right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And makes each fondly worshipped lie
And boasting wrong to cower and die.
- 4 Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love, to come to naught.
- 5 Such faith, O God, our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still:
Who works for justice, works with Thee,
Who works in love, Thy child shall be.

COURAGE L. M. With Refrain

Horatio W. Parker, 1903

Fight the good fight With all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A-men.

- 1 **F**IGHT the good fight
 With all thy might;
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be
 Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race
 Through God's good grace,
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
 Life with its way before us lies,
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside,
 Upon thy Guide
 Lean, and His mercy will provide,—
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear,
 His arms are near;
He changeth not and thou art dear;
 Only believe, and thou shalt see
 That Christ is all in all to thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

Arthur Sullivan, 1871

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go: *Onward, Christian sol - diers,*

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.
war, With the cross of

1 **O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before:
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go:
*Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.*

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,

One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King;—
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

WATCHWORD 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With refrain

Henry Smart, 1872

"Forward!" be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things be - fore us,
 Not a look be - hind; Burns the fier - y pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
 Who shall dream of shrinking, By Je - ho - vah led? For - ward thro' the des - ert,
 Thro' the toil and fight! Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light. A - men.

1 "FORWARD!" be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By Jehovah led?
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight!
 Jordan flows before us,
 Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth!
 Sick, they ask for healing,
 Blind, they grope for day;
 Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward, out of error,
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light!

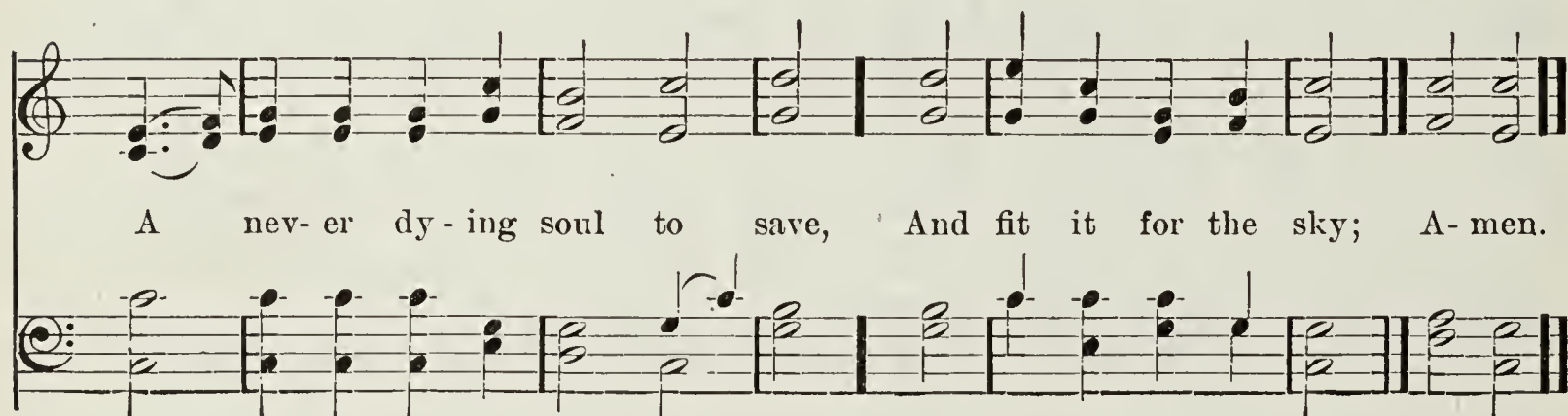
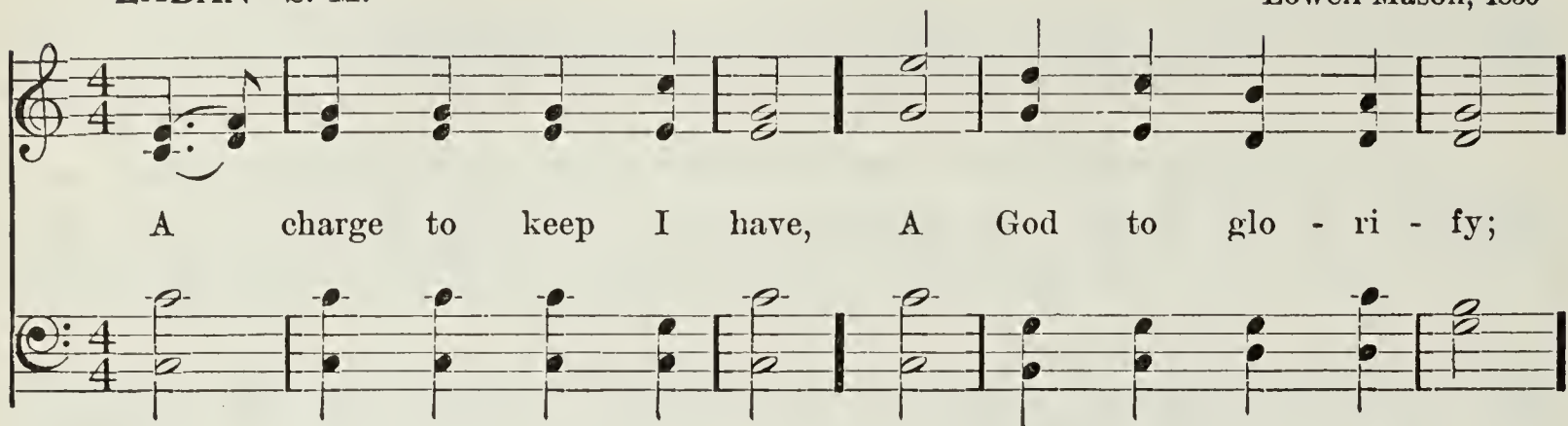
3 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared;
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word.
 Forward, marching eastward
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight!

4 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours:
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold;
 Flows the gladdening river,
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In Jehovah's might;
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light!

Henry Alford, 1871

LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky;
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil,—
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live,
 And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

SCHUMANN S. M.

Mason and Webb's *Cantica Laudis*, 1850

"For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. A - men.

- 1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
- 3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 4 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835

VESPERI LUX 7. 7. 7. 5.

John B. Dykes, 1874

When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,

Fa - ther, grant Thy wea - ried one Rest for ev - er - more. A - men.

1 **W**HEN the day of toil is done,
 When the race of life is run,
 Father, grant Thy wearied one
 Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
 When the foe within is killed,
 Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
 Peace for evermore.

3 When the darkness melts away
 At the breaking of Thy day,
 Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
 Light for evermore!

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
 Feels at length its throbs subside,
 Bring us, where all tears are dried,
 Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
 Days that never can return,
 Teach us in Thy love to learn
 Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
 When the grave must claim its own,
 Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,—
 Life for evermore.

RUTHERFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

Arr. from Chrétien Urhan, 1834,
by Edw. F. Rimbault, 1867

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes;
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land A - men.

1 **T**HE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes;
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet Well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace,—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

ST. OSWALD 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1857



Fa - ther, hear the pray'r we of - fer: Not for ease that pray'r shall be,



But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives cou - rage - ous - ly. A - men.



1 **F**ATHER, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathways
May we tread rejoicingly.


3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our Strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our Guide,
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

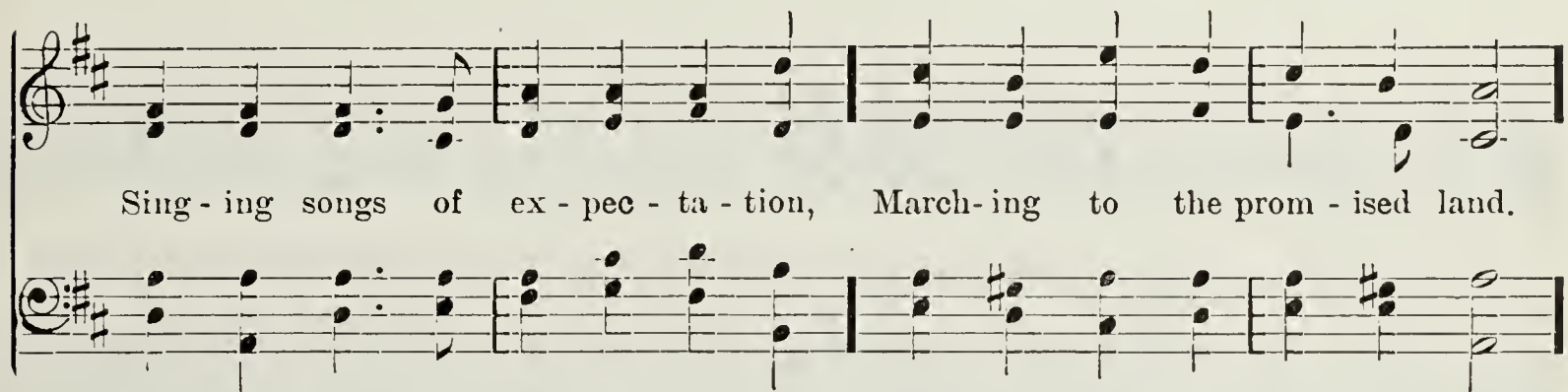
5 Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share,
May our souls, in hope unwearied,
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

ST. ASAPH 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

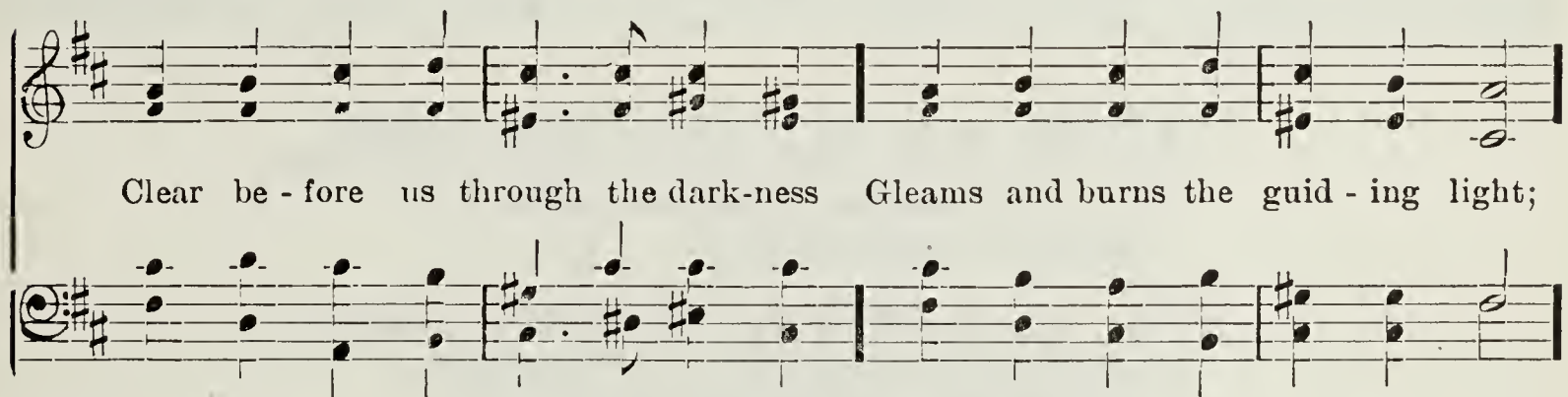
William S. Bambridge, 1872



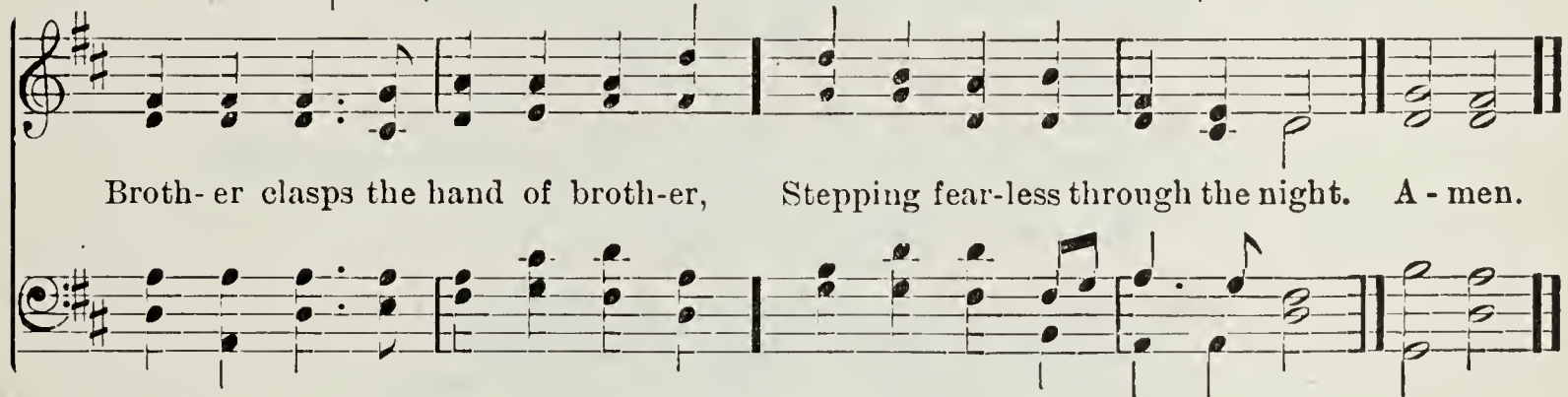
Through the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,



Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom - ised land.



Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;



Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Stepping fear - less through the night. A - men.

1 **T**HRO' the night of doubt and sorrow
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the promised land.
 Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding light;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless through the night.

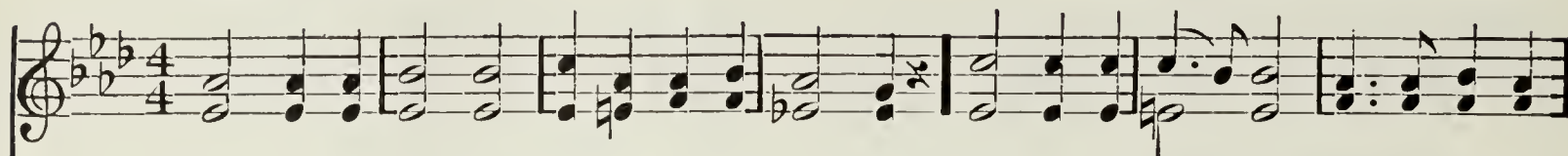
2 One the light of God's own presence
 O'er His ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread;

One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires;

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun;
 One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the one almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

INTEGER VITAE 11. 10. 11. 6.

Frederick F. Flemming, 1811



When on my day of life the night is fall-ing, And, in the winds from unsunn'd spaces



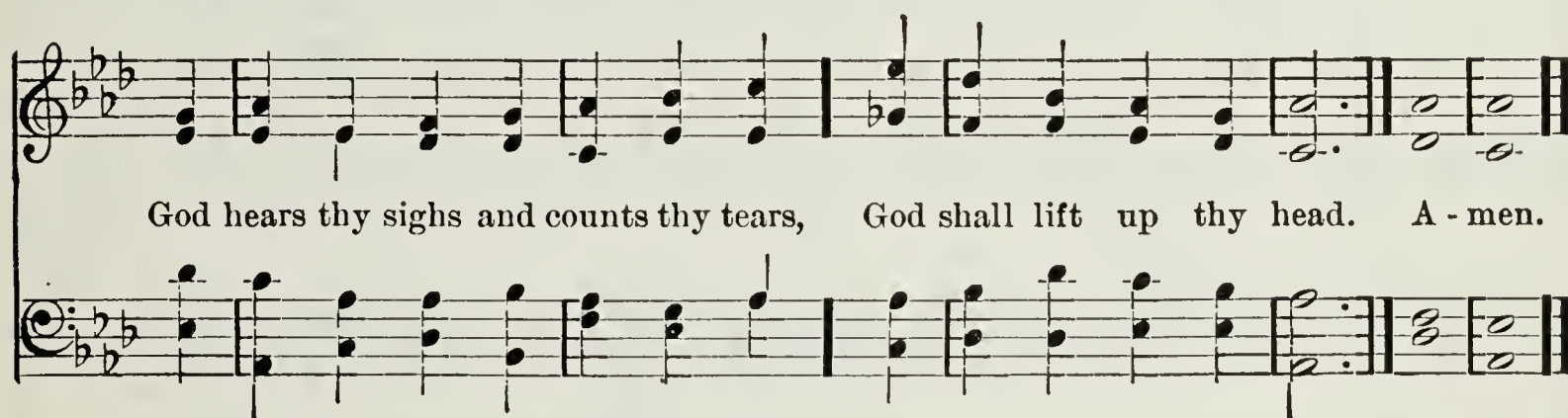
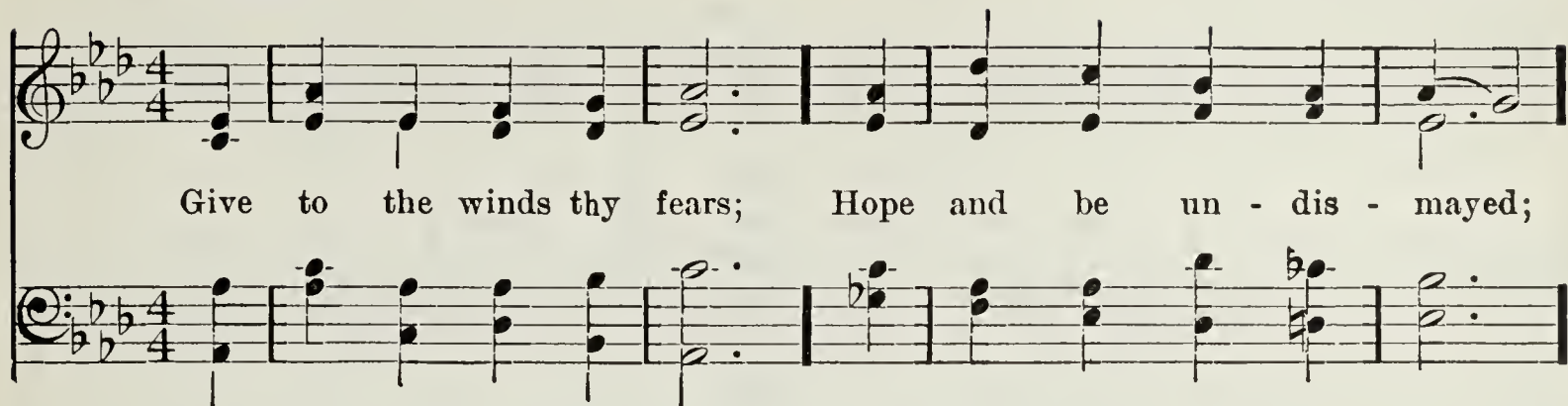
blown, I hear far voice - es out of darkness call-ing My feet to paths unknown. Amen.



- 1 **W**HEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,
- 2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!
- 3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.
- 4 I have but Thee, my Father, let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold!
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.
- 5 Suffice it if— my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—
- 6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease—
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.
- 7 There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1882

SCHUMANN S. M.

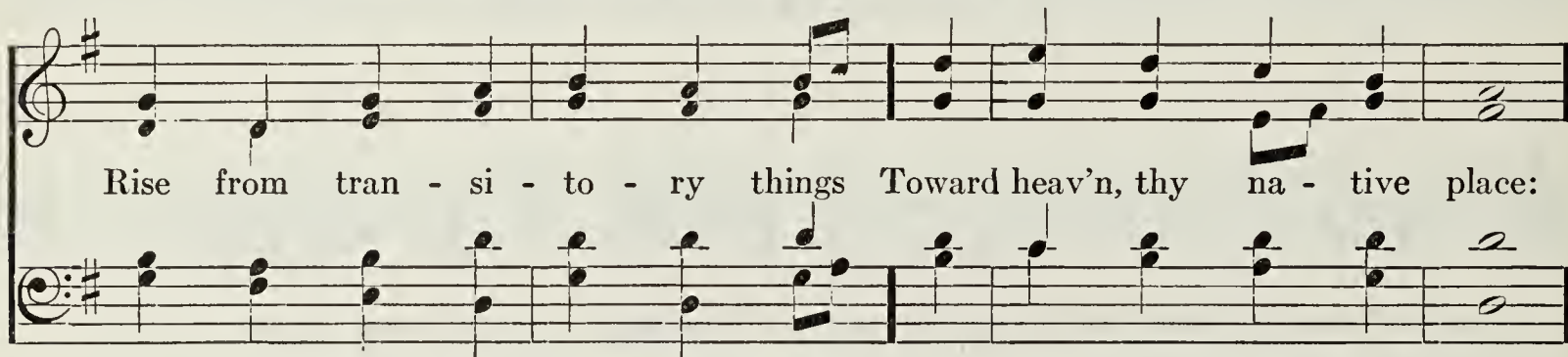
Mason and Webb's
Cantica Laudis, 1850

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand!
- 4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.
- 6 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

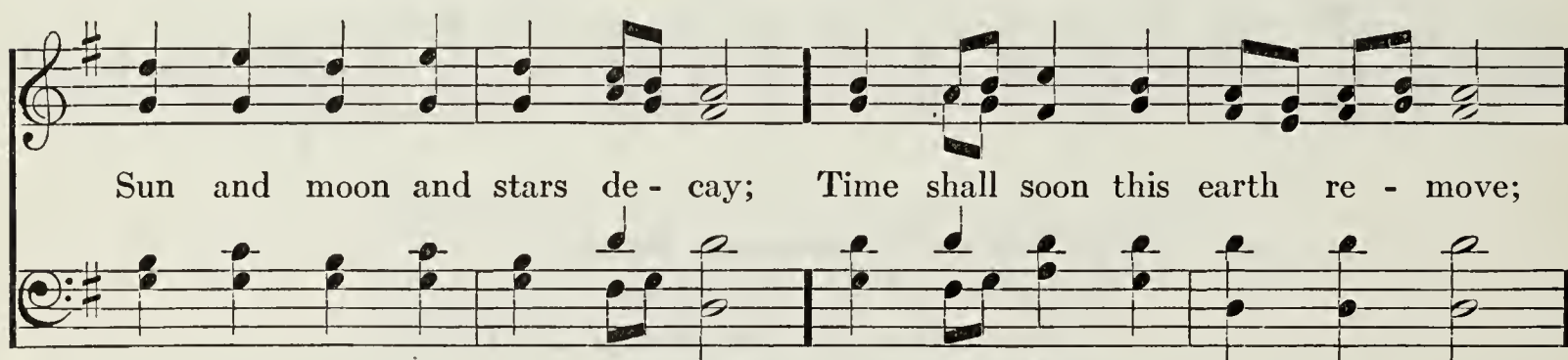
AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

The Foundery Collection, 1742

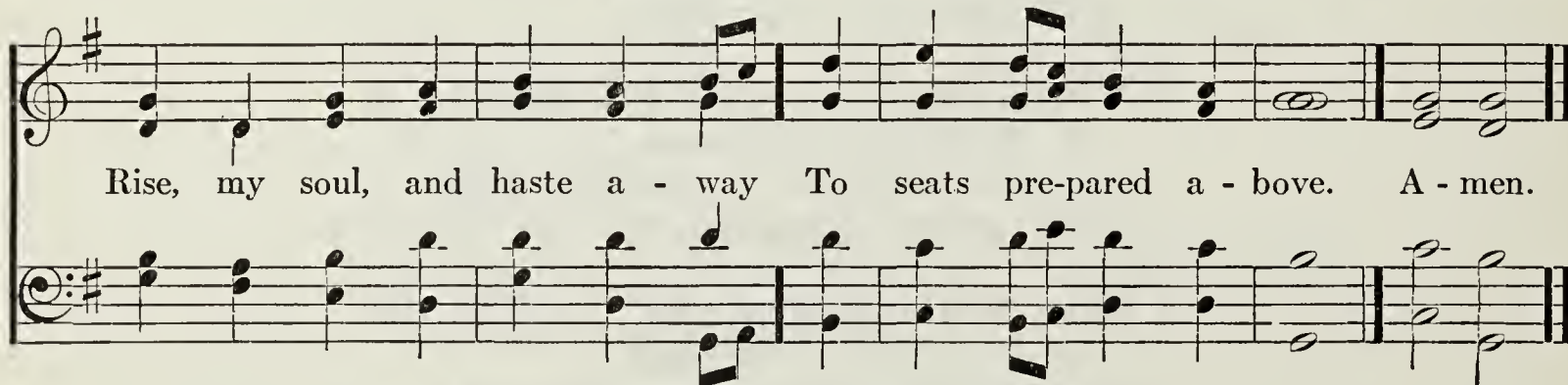

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;



Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place:



Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove. A - men.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place:
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 So my soul, derived from God,
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Forward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.

WENTWORTH 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.

Frederick C. Maker, 1876

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright,

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;

So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

- 1 **M**Y God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.
- 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
- 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain.
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
- 4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.
- 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.
- 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

ALL SAINTS C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler, 1872

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

1 **T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

PRESBYTER C. M. D.

Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,

And let the King of glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field:

That ban - ner, bright-er than the star That leads the train of night,

Shines on their march, and guides from far His serv-ants to the fight. A - men.

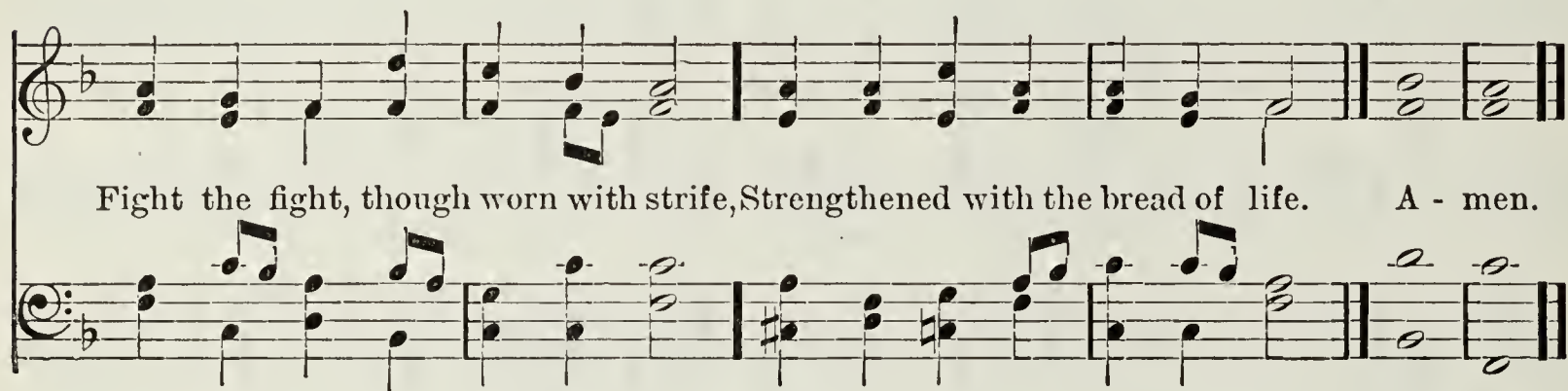
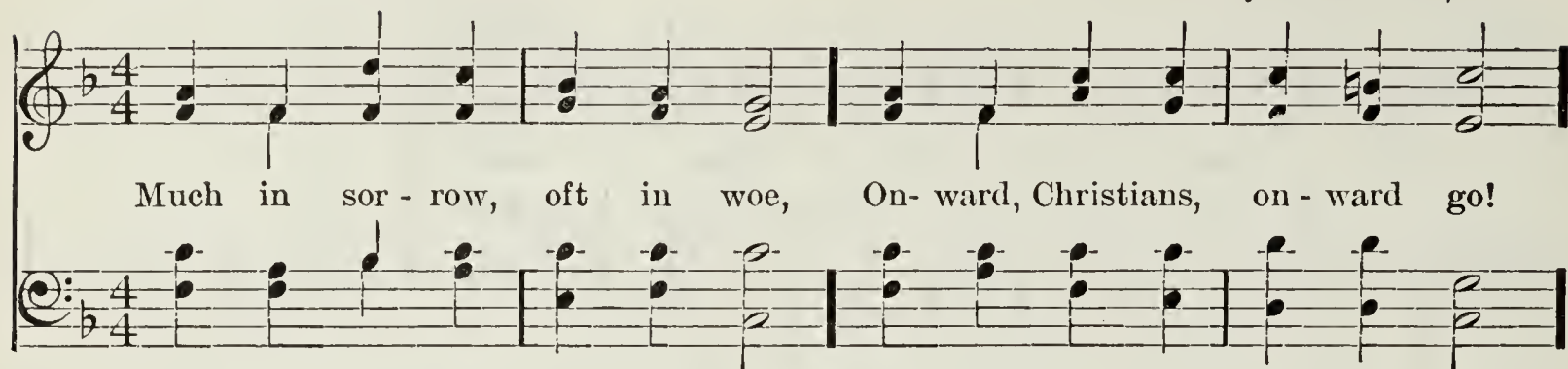
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- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of glory pass;
The cross is in the field:
That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.
- 2 A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.
Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod
Take your appointed post.
- 3 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length:
Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great judgment-day.
- 4 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong!
To Christ shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass;
The cross hath won the field."

James Montgomery, 1843, v: 4, line 3 alt

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



1 **M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go!
 Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
 Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christian, onward go!
 Join the war, and face the foe:
 Faint not! much doth yet remain,
 Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
 Will ye quit the painful field?
 Will ye flee in danger's hour?
 Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
 March, in heavenly armor clad;
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry,
 Let not woe your course impede,
 Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move;
 More than conquerors ye shall prove,
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go!

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1866

He who suns and worlds up-hold - eth Lends us His up-hold - ing hand;

He the a - ges who un - fold - eth Doth our times and ways com-mand:

God is for us, God is for us; In His strength and stay we stand. A-men.

1 **H**E who suns and worlds upholdeth
Lends us His upholding hand;
He the ages who unfoldeth
Doth our times and ways command:
God is for us;
In His strength and stay we stand.

2 Hard the fight with flesh and devil;
Dread the might of inbred sin;
How can we encounter evil
Strong without and strong within?
God is for us;
He will help and we shall win.

3 'Gainst oppression forth He sends us,
His the cause of truth and right;
With His own great host He blends us,
Lendeth us of His own might:
God is for us,
Brings to happy end the fight.

4 Onward, upward doth He beckon;
Onward, upward would we press:
As His own our burdens reckon,
As our own His strength possess:
God is for us;
God, our Helper, still we bless.

PILGRIMS 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

Henry Smart, 1868

Hark, hark, my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and

o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

- 1 **H**ARK, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
*Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!*
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Frederick W. Faber, 1854: v. 5, lines 3, 4, alt.

Hope

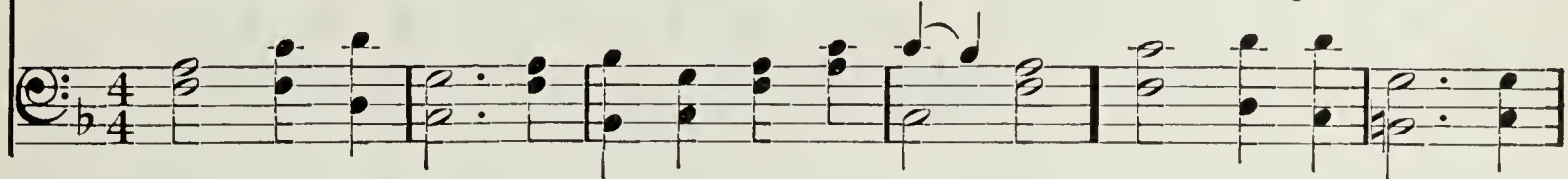
(Alternate tune)

VOX ANGELICA 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

John B. Dykes, 1868



Hark, hark, my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing, O'er earth's green fields and



o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing



Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!



Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.



Love

ARMAGEDDON 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

Arr. by John Goss, 1871

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers

Oth- er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,

By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav- iour we are Thine. A- men.

1 **W**HO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be His helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for Him will go?
 By Thy call of mercy,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom He died:
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
 By Thy love constraining,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with Thine own life-blood,
 For Thy diadem:
 With Thy blessing filling
 Each who comes to Thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
 By Thy grand redemption,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow:
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure,
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

Frances R. Havergal, 1877

DILIGENCE 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

Lowell Mason, 1864

Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the morn - ing hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - men.

1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming:
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling;
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work while the day grows brighter,
 Under the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming:
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill the bright hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon;

Give to each flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming:
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies;
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, 1854

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert A. Schumann, 1839

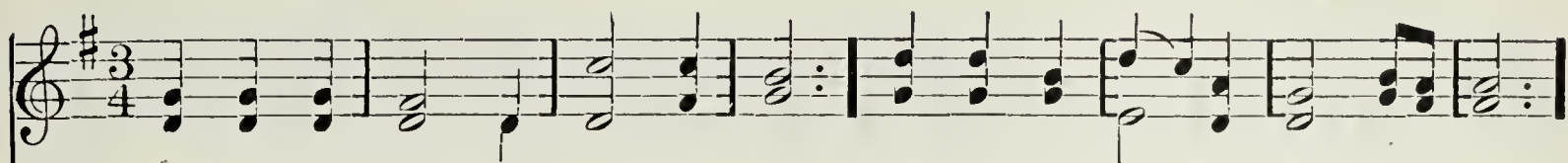
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err-ing chil - dren lost and lone. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depth of many a heart.
- 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

MOZART L. M.

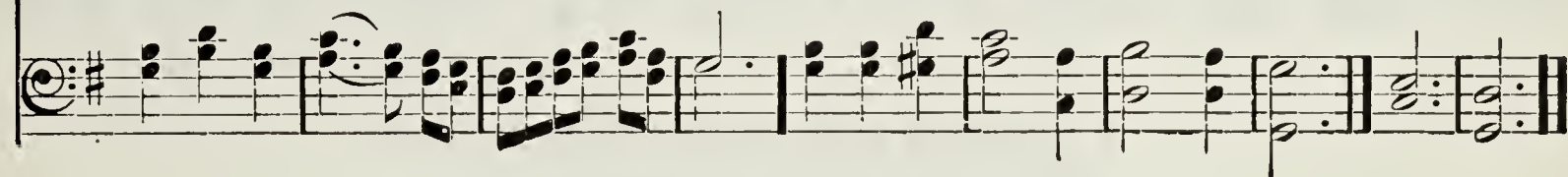
Arr. from Mozart, (1756-1791)



My gra-cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev - 'ry ser-vice I can pay;



And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dictates and o - bey. A - men.



- 1 **M**Y gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?
- 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751

EISENACH L. M.

Johann H. Schein, 1628

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,

Thee, on - ly Thee, resolved to know In all I think or speak or do. A - men.

- 1 **F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think or speak or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

MENDON L. M.

German Melody: arr. by Samuel Dyer, 1828

Go, la - bor on: spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;

It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the serv - ant tread it still? A - men.

- 1 **G**O, labor on: spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises:—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on: enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Go, labor on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come."

GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn (1737-1806)
in B. Jacob's *National Psalmody*, 1819

Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,

Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,

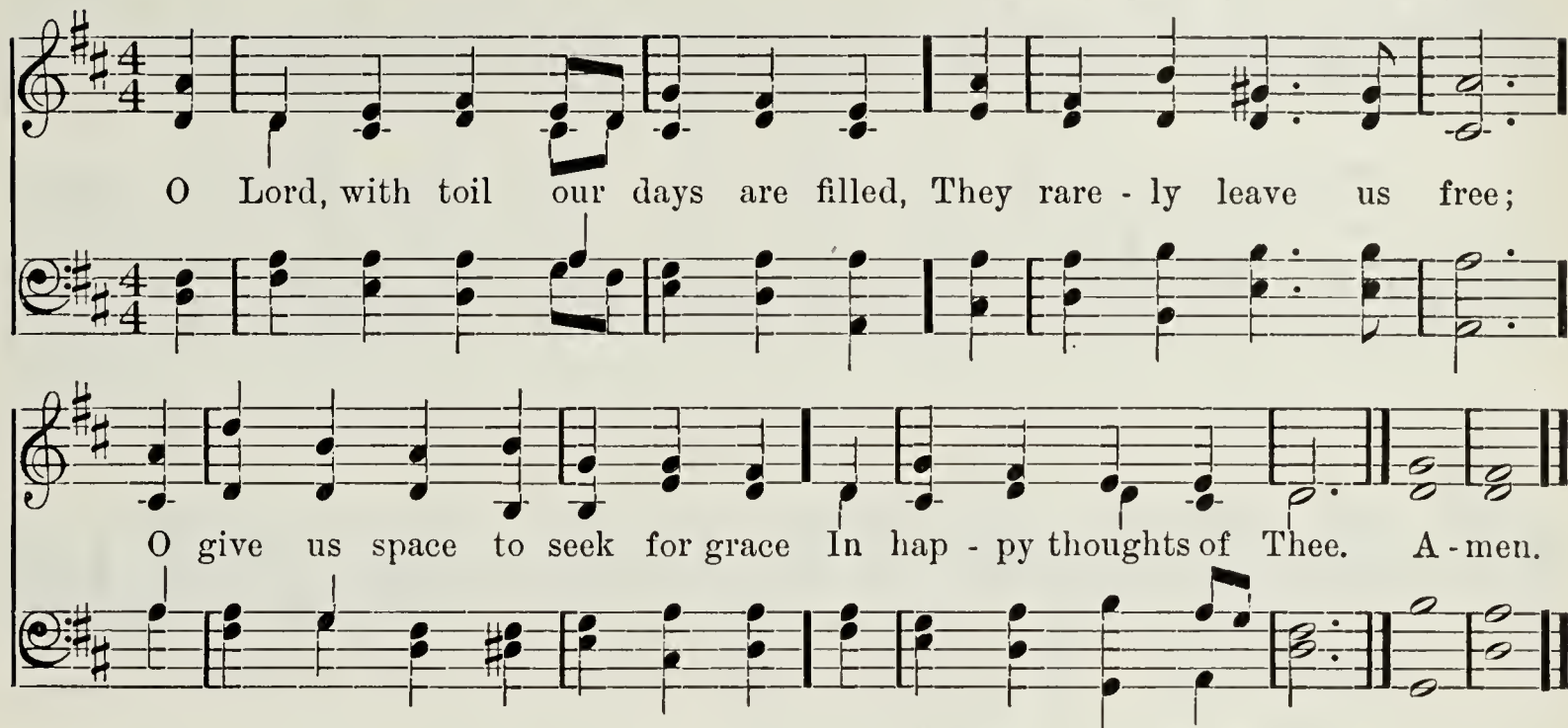
Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,

And deign with them to has - ten Thy king - dom from a - bove. A - men.

1 **L**ORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee:
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
That makes Thy kingdom come.

ST. BERNARD C. M.

Adapted from a melody in *Tochter Sion*,
Cologne, 1741, prob. by J. Richardson, 1851


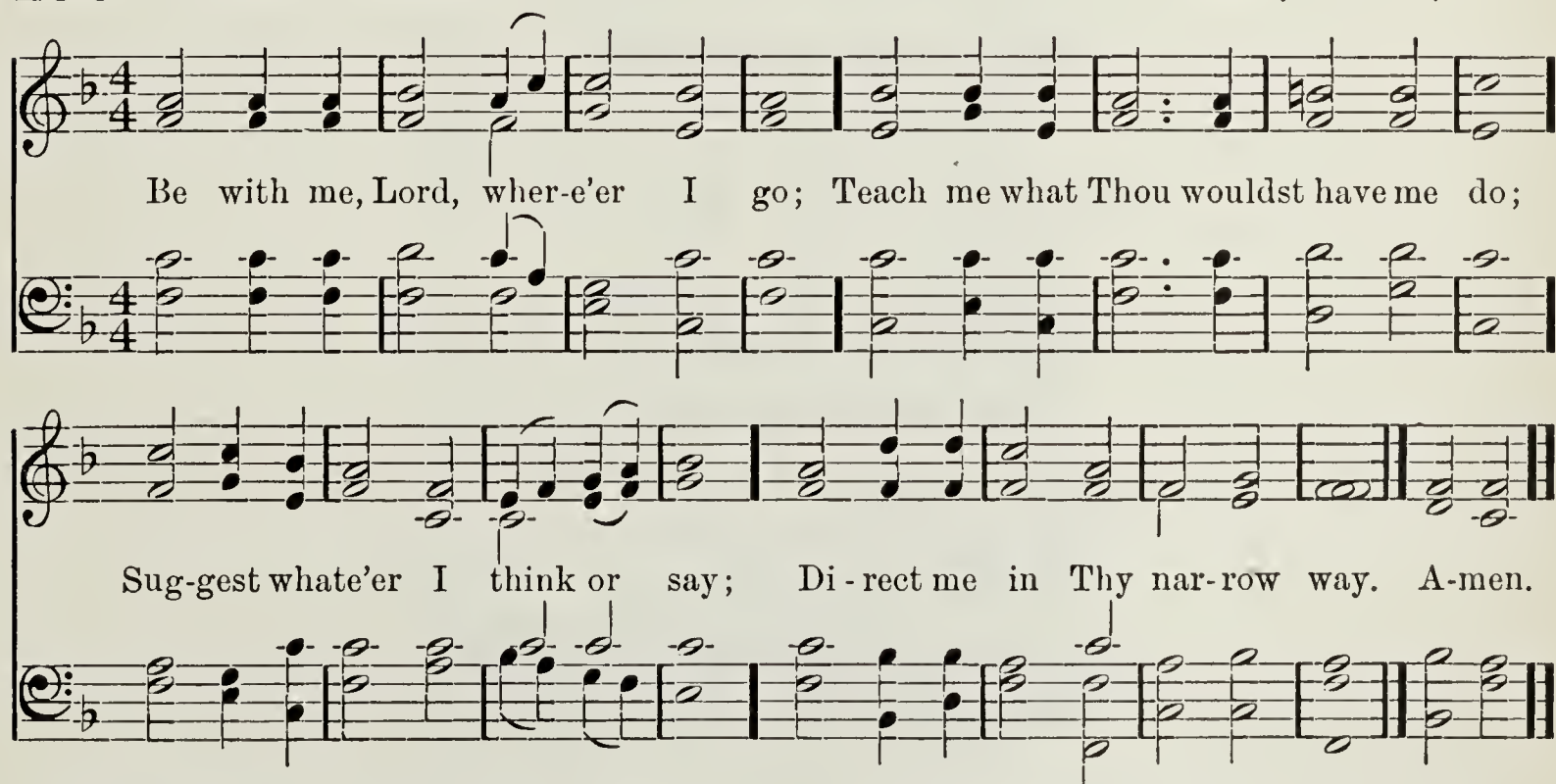
O Lord, with toil our days are filled, They rare - ly leave us free;
O give us space to seek for grace In hap - py thoughts of Thee. A - men.

- 1 O Lord, with toil our days are filled,
They rarely leave us free;
O give us space to seek for grace
In happy thoughts of Thee!
- 2 Yet hear us, little though we ask,
O leave us not alone;
- In every thought, and word, and task,
Be near us, though unknown.
- 3 Still lead us, wandering in the dark,
Still send us heavenly food,
And mark, as none on earth can mark,
Our struggle to be good.

Alfred Ainger, c. 1865

290 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832



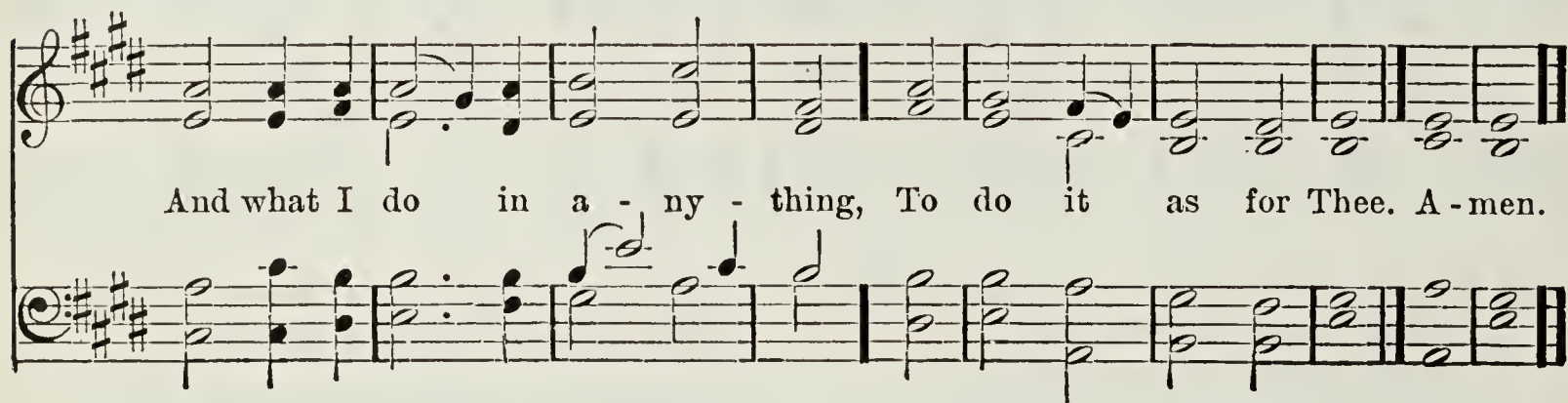
Be with me, Lord, wher-e'er I go; Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do;
Sug-gest whate'er I think or say; Di-rect me in Thy nar-row way. A-men.

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what Thou wouldst have
Suggest whate'er I think or say; [me do;
Direct me in Thy narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
- Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from Thee.
- 3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What Thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases Thee.

John Cennick, 1741

MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



1 **T**EACH me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see,
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for Thee;

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to Thee I tend:
 In all I do be Thou the Way,
 In all be Thou the End.

3 All may of Thee partake;
 Nothing so small can be
 But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from Thee:

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
 E'en servile labors shine;
 Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
 The meanest work Divine.

MARYTON L. M.

H. Percy Smith, 1874

O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly
paths of serv - ice free; Tell me Thy se - cret; help me
bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - men.

- 1 **O** MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love,
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

CAMBRIDGE S. M.

Ralph Harrison, 1784



1 **W**E give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be;
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2. May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,—
 It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be,
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1763



1 **D**EAR Lord and Master mine,
 Thy happy servant see;
 My Conqueror, with what joy divine
 Thy captive clings to Thee!

2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
 To feel Thy gracious bands;
 Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
 And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,
 No bond would I unbind;
 Within the limits of Thy love
 Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
 But still with Thee, my God;
 At every step my blindness own,
 And ask of Thee the road.

5 My Conqueror and my King,
 Still keep me in Thy train;
 And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
 When Thou return'st to reign.

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1867

O God, whose thoughts are bright-est light, Whose love al-ways runs clear,
To whose kind wis-dom sin-ning souls A-midst their sins, are dear,
How Thou canst think so well of us, Yet be the God Thou art,
Is dark-ness to my in-tel-lect, But sun-shine to my heart. A-men.

1 **O** GOD, whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear,
How Thou can'st think so well of us,
Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine;
For they have caught the way of God,
To whom self lies displayed;
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.

3 I need Thy mercy for my sin;
But more than this I need,
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
For others' sin to bleed:
'Tis not enough to weep my sins;
'Tis but one step to heaven;
When I am kind to others, then
I know myself forgiven.

4 Hardheartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud spots in the dawn:
All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
Sweet God, for evermore be Thou
Fountain and Fire in me.

LOVE'S OFFERING 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like

Mag - da - lene, Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than

sac - ri - fice, Dear Lord, to Thee, dear Lord, to Thee. A - men.

1 **M**ASTER, no offering
 Costly and sweet,
 May we, like Magdalene,
 Lay at Thy feet;
 Yet may love's incense rise,
 Sweeter than sacrifice,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

2 Daily our lives would show
 Weakness made strong,
 Toilsome and gloomy days
 Brightened with song;
 Some deeds of kindness done,
 Some souls by patience won,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

3 Some word of hope for hearts
 Burdened with fears,
 Some balm of peace for eyes
 Blinded with tears,
 Some dews of mercy shed,
 Some wayward footsteps led,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

4 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
 Till eventide
 Closes the day of life,
 May we abide.
 And when earth's labors cease
 Bid us depart in peace,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

BEAUFORT C. M. D.

A. A. Wild, 1894

How bless - ed, from the bonds of sin And earth - ly fet - ters free,

In sin - gle - ness of heart and aim, Thy serv - ant, Lord, to be;

The hard - est toil to un - der - take With joy at Thy com - mand,

The mean - est of - fice to re - ceive With meek - ness at Thy hand; A - men.

1 **H**OW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be;
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand;

2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight:
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The one Belovèd's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
And by my life or by my death
Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly.
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company:
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

Carl J. P. Spitta, 1833; tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854

DOMINUS FORTIS 8. 8. 8. 2. 7.

Charles L. Safford, 1909

Lord of might, and Lord of glo - ry, On my knees I bow be - fore Thee;

With my whole heart I a - dore Thee; Great Lord, List-en to my cry, O Lord! A - men.

1 **L**ORD of might, and Lord of glory,
 On my knees I bow before Thee;
 With my whole heart I adore Thee;
 Great Lord,
 Listen to my cry, O Lord!

2 Groping dim, and bending lowly,
 Mortal vision catcheth slowly
 Glimpses of the pure and holy;
 Now, Lord,
 Open Thou mine eyes, O Lord!

3 In the deed that no man knoweth,
 Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
 Where he may not reap who soweth,
 There, Lord,
 Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord!

4 In the work that no gold payeth,
 Where he speedeth best who prayeth,
 Doeth most who little sayeth,
 There, Lord,
 Let me work Thy will, O Lord!

5 In His name who meek and lowly,
 Died to make poor sinners holy,
 Stumbling oft, and creeping slowly,
 Great Lord,
 Guide me by Thy truth, O Lord!

HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844

Lord, give me light to do Thy work, For on - ly, Lord, from Thee

Can come the light, by which these eyes The way of work can see. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.
- 2 In word, and plan, and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work;
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.
- 3 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.
- 4 O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.
- 5 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

ELMHURST 8. 8. 8. 6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887

O God of mer-cy, God of might, In love and pit-y in-fi-nite,
Teach us, as ev-er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee. A-men.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.
- 2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for Thee,
- 4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.
- 5 In sickness, sorrow, want or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.
- 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

Godfrey Thring, 1877

ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1865

O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;

How shall we show our love to Thee Who giv - est all? A - men.

1 **O** LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be;
 How shall we show our love to Thee
 Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air
 Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
 Where harvests ripen, Thou art there
 Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
 Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 Father, what can to Thee be given
 Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend
 Who givest all.

WARD L. M.

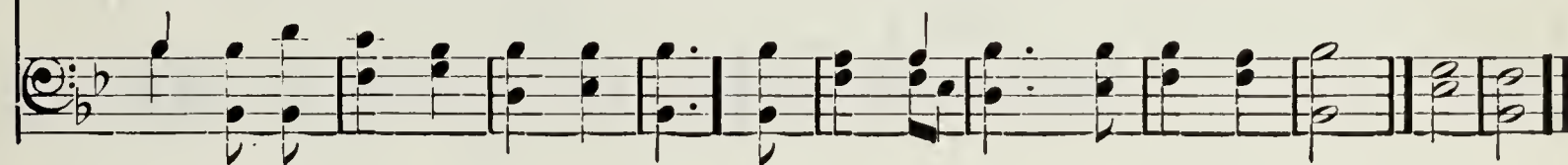
Old Scotch Melody: arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830



Thou Lord of life, our sav - ing Health, Who mak'st Thy suff'ring ones our care,



Our gifts are still our tru- est wealth, To serve Thee our sin- cer- est pray'r. A- men.



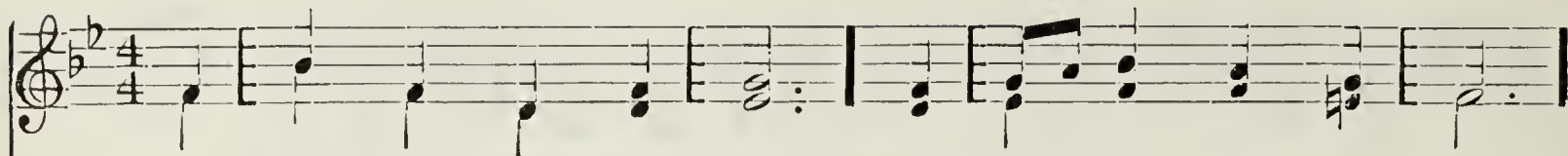
1 **T**HOU Lord of life, our saving Health,
 Who mak'st Thy suffering ones our care,
 Our gifts are still our truest wealth,
 To serve Thee our sincerest prayer.

2 As on the river's rising tide
 Flow strength and coolness from the sea,
 So through the ways our hands provide
 May quickening life flow in from Thee,

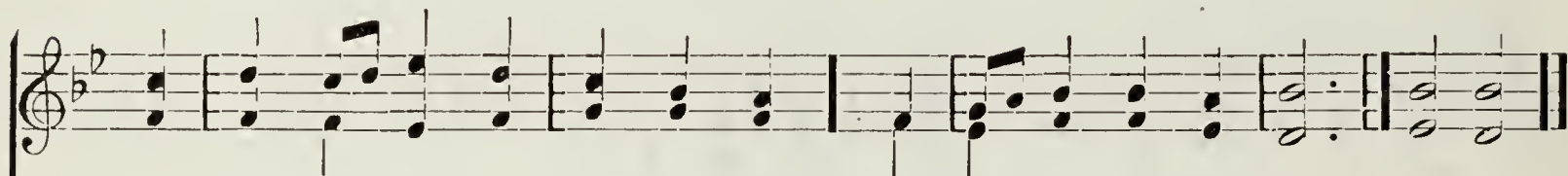
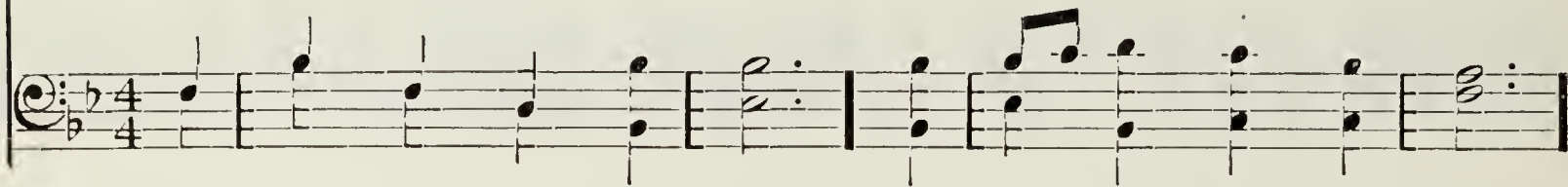
3 To heal the wound, to still the pain,
 And strength to failing pulses bring,
 Till the lame feet shall leap again
 And the parched lips with gladness sing.

4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought;
 Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned.
 Ours is the hope, the will, the thought;
 The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

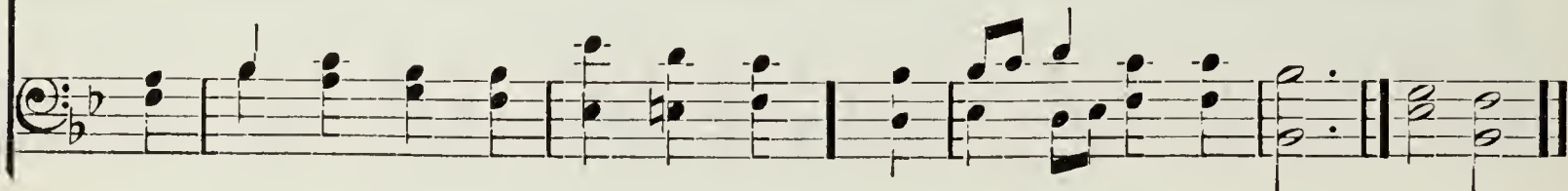
Samuel Longfellow, 1886



Rise up, O men of God! Have done with les - ser things;



Give heart and mind and soul and strength To serve the King of kings. A - men.



1 RISE up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things;
Give heart and mind and soul and strength
To serve the King of kings.

2 Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood,
And end the night of wrong.

3 Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up, and make her great!

4 Lift high the cross of Christ;
Tread where His feet have trod;
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770



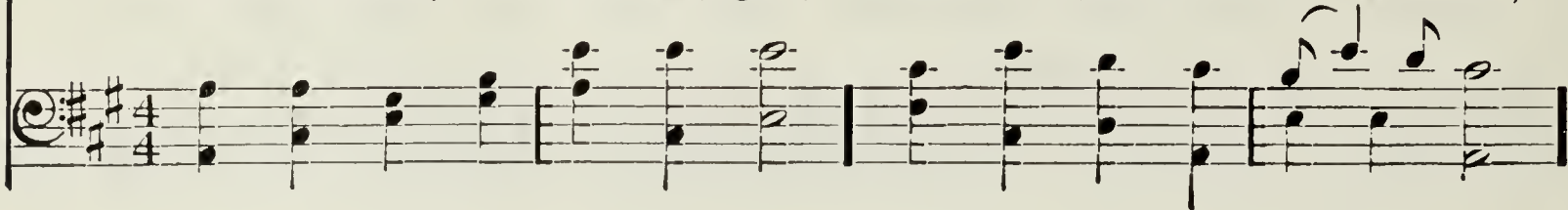
- 1 GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our Strength forever art,—
We come to do Thy will.
- 2 Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God,
- 3 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self and live;
- 4 To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown
The spirit's godlikeness.

NUREMBERG 7. 7. 7. 7.

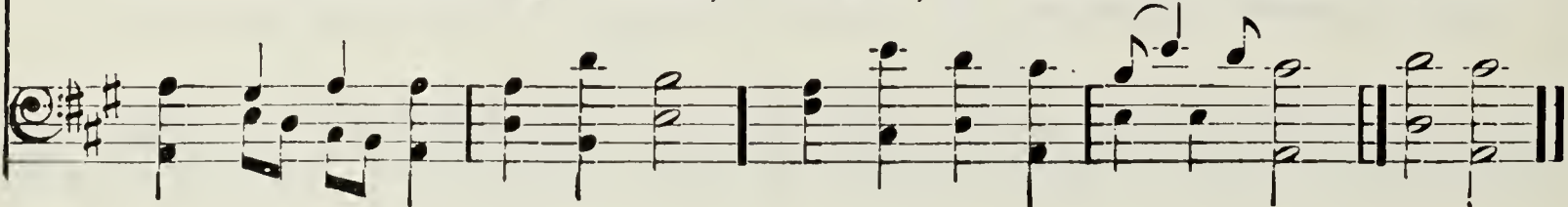
John R. Ahle, 1664



What Thou wilt, O Fa - ther, give; All is gain that I re - ceive;



Let the low-liest task be mine, Grate-ful, so the work be Thine. A - men.



1 **W**HAT Thou wilt, O Father, give;
All is gain that I receive;

Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine.

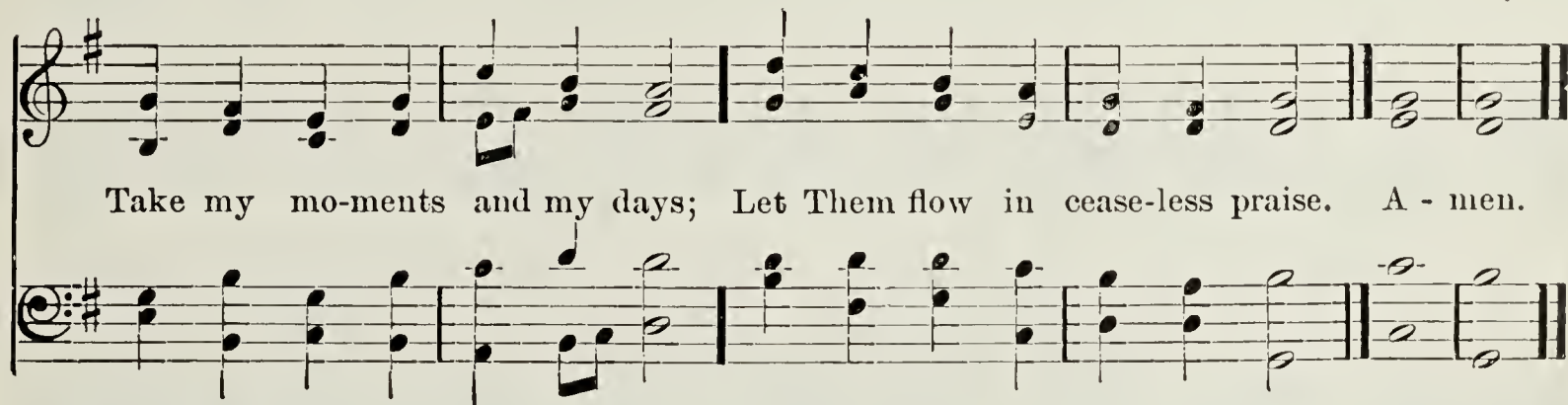
2 If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

3 Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;

4 Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

VIENNA 7. 7. 7. 7.

Justin H. Knecht, 1797



1 **T**AKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
 Take my moments and my days;
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold;
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine;
 It shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own;
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

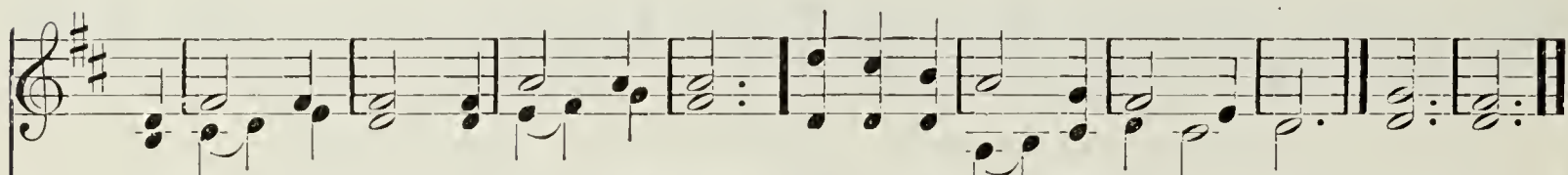
5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure-store.
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

RIVAULX L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1866



Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guid-ing hand Has brought us here be - fore Thy face,



Our spir - its wait for Thy command, Our si-lent hearts implore Thy peace. A - men.



- 1 **T**HOU, Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here before Thy face,
Our spirits wait for Thy command,
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace.
- 2 And now with hymn and prayer we stand
To give our strength to Thee, great God.
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.
- 3 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.
- 4 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;
Be Thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

Times, Services, and Seasons

308

Morning

MORNING HYMN L. M.

Francois II. Barthélémon, 1789

A- wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A-men.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 3 By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light in good works shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, 1695, 1709

DUKE STREET L. M.

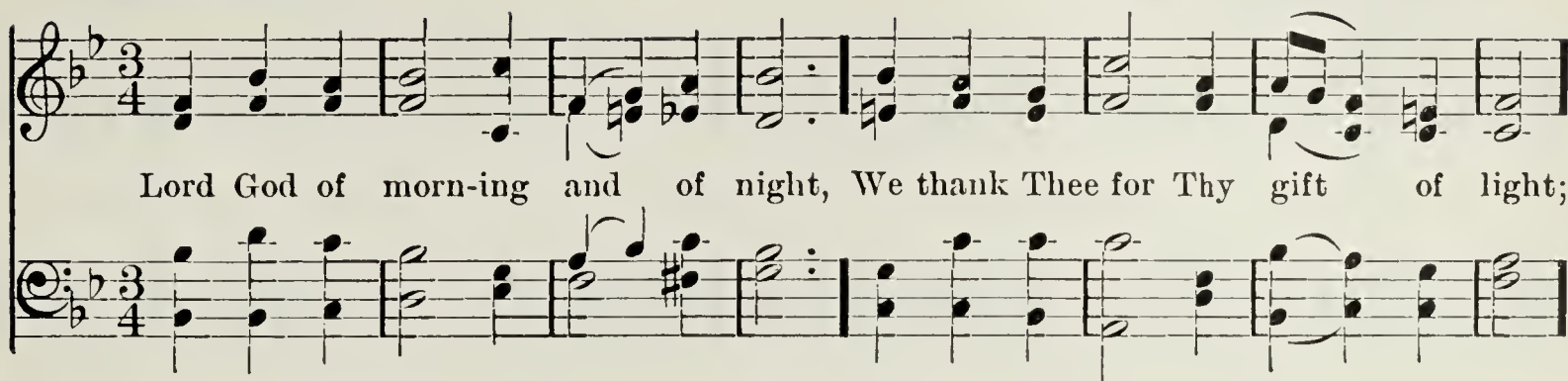
John Hatton, (-1793)

God of the morn - ing at whose voice The cheer-ful sun makes haste to rise,

And like a gi - ant doth re - joice To run his jour - ney thro' the skies. A - men.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

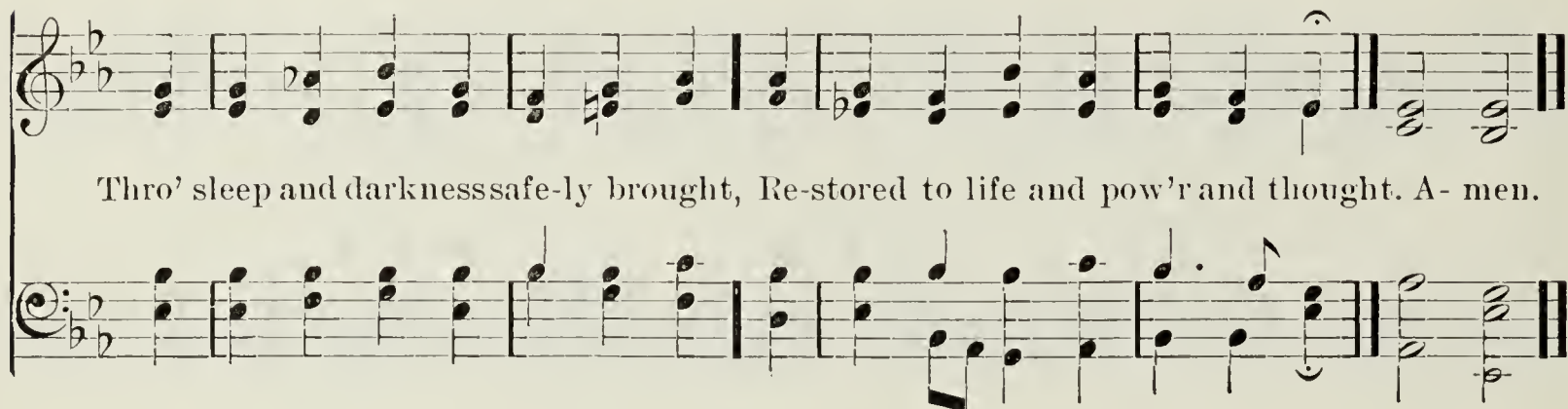
GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

- 1 **L**ORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
- 2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh power to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousandfold to serve Thee more.
- 3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.
- 4 O Lord of light! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God! we cry for Thee.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

MELCOMBE L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1782



- 1 **N**EW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1822

KEBLE L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1874

O Je - sus, Lord of heav'n-ly grace, Thou Brightness of Thy Fa - ther's face,
Thou Fountain of e - ter - nal light, Whose beams dis - perse the shades of night, A-men.

1 **O** JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night,

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

5 O hallowed be th' approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright.

6 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

KELSO Six 7s.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872

Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;

Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;

For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure. A - men.

1 **E**VERY morning mercies new
 Fall as fresh as morning dew;
 Every morning let us pay
 Tribute with the early day;
 For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
 Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
 Daily doth our sins remove;
 Daily, far as east from west,
 Lifts the burden from the breast;
 Gives unbought to those who pray
 Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
 That these gifts may never fail;
 And, as we confess the sin
 And the tempter's power within,
 Every morning, for the strife,
 Feed us with the bread of life.

4 As the morning light returns,
 As the sun with splendor burns,
 Teach us still to turn to Thee,
 Ever-blessèd Trinity,
 With our hands our hearts to raise,
 In unfailing prayer and praise.

RATISBON Six 7s.

Melody in J. Neander's *Choralbuch*, 1680
Adapted in J. J. Werner's *Choralbuch*, 1815

At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day;

Doubt of what it holds in store Makes us crave Thine aid the more;

Lest it prove a time of loss, Mark it, Sav-iour, with Thy cross. A - men.

1 **A**T Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
All is good that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think and speak and do and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

NICÆA 11. 12. 12. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1861

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

LUX PRIMA Six 7s.

Charles F. Gounod, 1872.

Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ the true, the on - ly Light,

Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear. A - men.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by Thee,
 Joyless is the day's return
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1740

HAYDN 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.

Arr. from F. Josef Haydn, 1791

Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing
O'er the earth an - oth - er day. Come to Him, who made this splen - dor,
See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble pow'rs can pay. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 COME, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day.
Come to Him, who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble powers can pay.</p> | <p>3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;—
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.</p> |
| <p>2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.</p> | <p>4 Say, this morn doth aught oppress thee?
Then address thee
To thy God, whose sunlike smile,
When the mountain-tops He brightens,
Yet enlightens
E'en the lowliest vale the while.</p> |
| <p>5 Mayest Thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.</p> | |

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1654-1699;
tr. Henry J. Buckoll, 1841, and others, arr.

LAUS MATUTINA 11. 10. 11. 10.

John Stainer, 1872

Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be - fore the

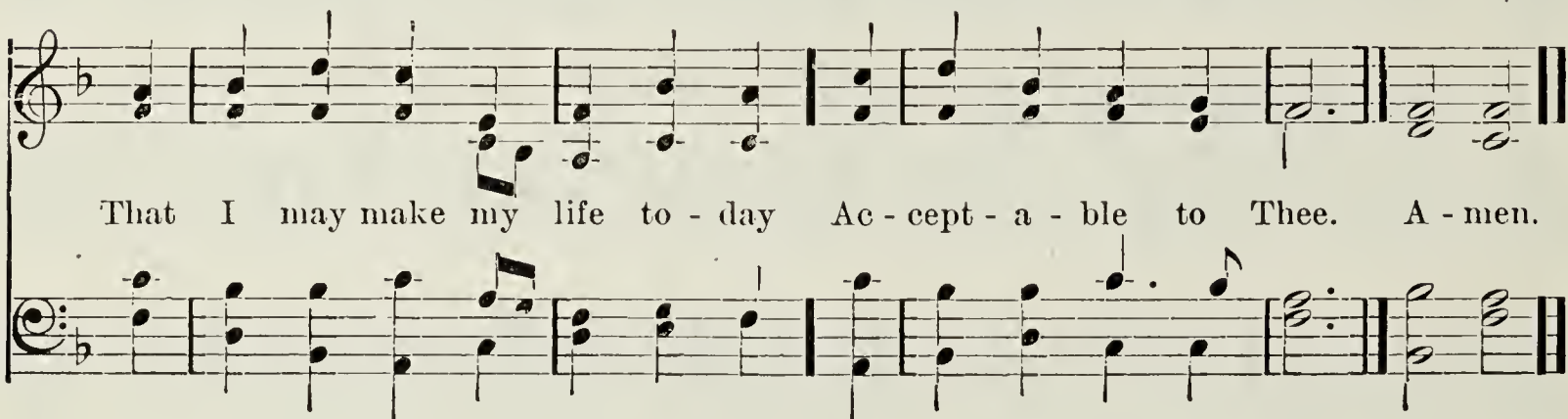
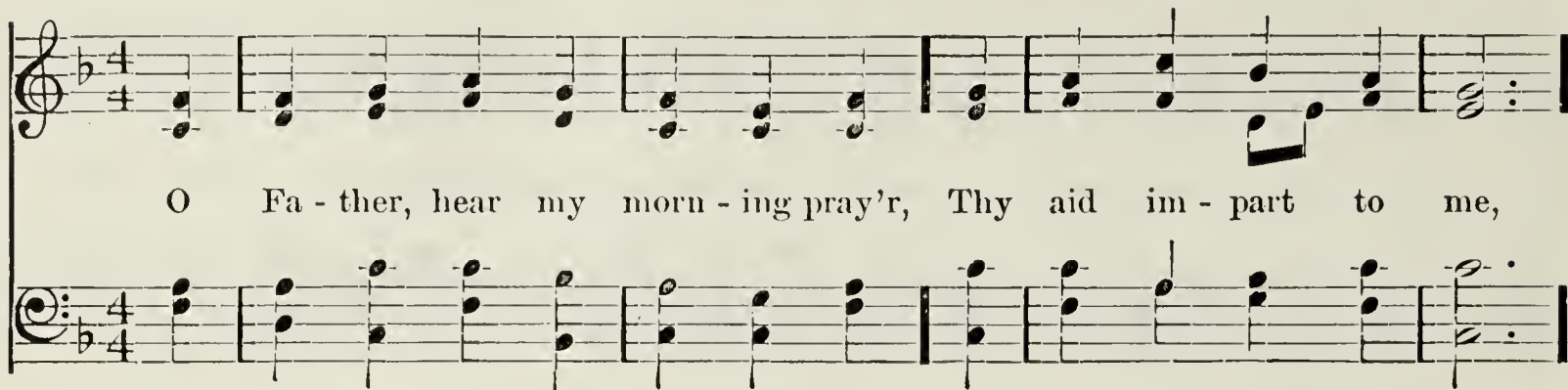
sun's red ban-ner, swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are

fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank-ful hearts to Thee. A - men.

- 1 **N**OW, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
 Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
 Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
 O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee.
- 2 Look from the tower of heaven and send to cheer us
 Thy light and truth, to guide us onward still;
 Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
 And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.
- 3 In vain to labor, unless Thou be with him,
 Man goeth forth through all the weary day;
 In vain his strife, in vain his toil unceasing,
 Unless Thy staff bring comfort on his way.
- 4 Thou, who hast made the north and south, watch o'er us;
 Thou, in whose name the lonely ones rejoice,
 Still let Thy cloudy pillar glide before us,
 Still let us listen for Thy warning voice.
- 5 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
 And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
 Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
 Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

Thomas Turton, 1860



1 O FATHER, hear my morning prayer,
 Thy aid impart to me,
 That I may make my life to-day
 Acceptable to Thee.

2 May this desire my spirit rule;
 And as the moments fly
 Something of good be born in me,
 Something of evil die,—

3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win
 With shining victory meet,
 Some sin that strives for mastery
 Find overthrow complete;—

4 That so throughout the coming day
 The hours shall carry me
 A little farther from the world,
 A little nearer Thee.

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1790

As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn - ing skies,

So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord. A - men.

1 **A**S the sun doth daily rise,
 Brightening all the morning skies,
 So to Thee with one accord
 Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

2 Day by day provide us food,
 For from Thee come all things good:
 Strength unto our souls afford
 From Thy living Bread, O Lord.

3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
 Be the Leader of our life;
 Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
 Stay our wayward feet, O Lord.

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
 All Thy holy will to trace,
 While we daily search Thy word,
 Wisdom true impart, O Lord.

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
 When we seek our beds at night,
 Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
 Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

Anon (Latin) Tr. "O B. C."
 Recast by Horatio Nelson, 1864

Morning or Evening

WEARMOUTH 8. 8. 8.

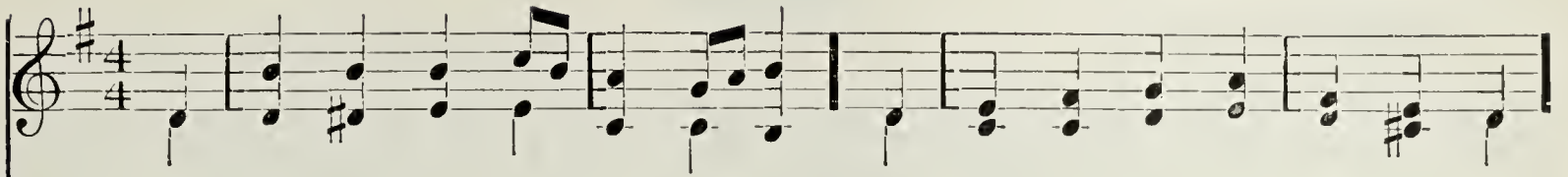
Charles H. Steggall, 1890

O Lord, it is a bless - ed thing To Thee both morn and
night to bring Our wor-ship's low - ly of - fer - ing. A - men.

- 1 **O** LORD, it is a blessèd thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering,
- 2 And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day,
- 3 And night by night for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.
- 4 O Jesus, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed and armor bright.
- 5 And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
O be Thou then our Light once more.
- 6 Light of the world, with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide
At morn, and noon, and eventide.

CANONBURY L. M.

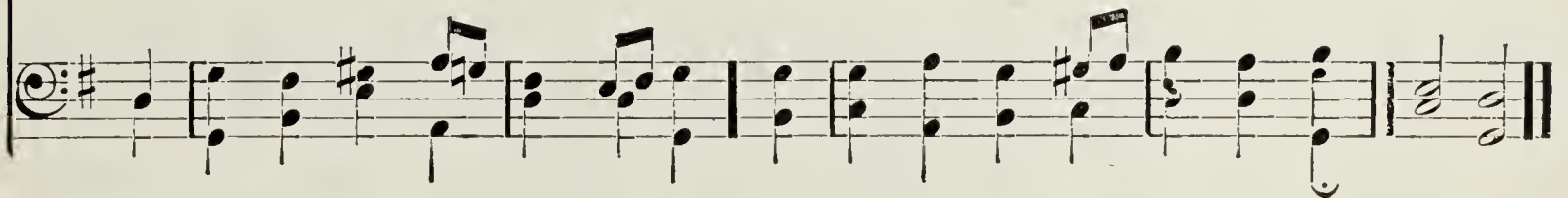
Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839



My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve - ning new;



And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A - men.



1 **M**Y God, how endless is Thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
 To Thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Moon

TRURO L. M.

T. Williams' *Psalmody Evangelica*, 1789

Look up to heav'n! th' in - dust - rious sun Al - read - y

half his course hath run; He can - not halt nor go a -

stray, But our im - mor - tal spir - its may. A - men.

- 1 **L**OOK up to heaven! th' industrious sun
 Already half his course hath run;
 He cannot halt nor go astray,
 But our immortal spirits may.
- 2 Lord, since his rising in the east
 If we have faltered or transgressed,
 Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
 What yet remains of this day's course.
- 3 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
 Our upward and our downward way,
 And glorify for us the west,
 When we shall sink to final rest.

William Wordsworth, 1834

Evening

ST. GABRIEL 8. 8. 8. 4.

Frederick A. G. Ouseley, 1868

The ra - diant morn hath pass'd a - way And spent too soon its gold - en store,

The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more. A - men.

1 **T**HE radiant morn hath passed away
 And spent too soon its golden store,
 The shadows of departing day
 Creep on once more.

3 Our life is but an autumn sun,
 Its glorious noon how quickly past;
 Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
 Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
 Uplift our hearts to realms on high!
 Help us to look to that bright place
 Beyond the sky,

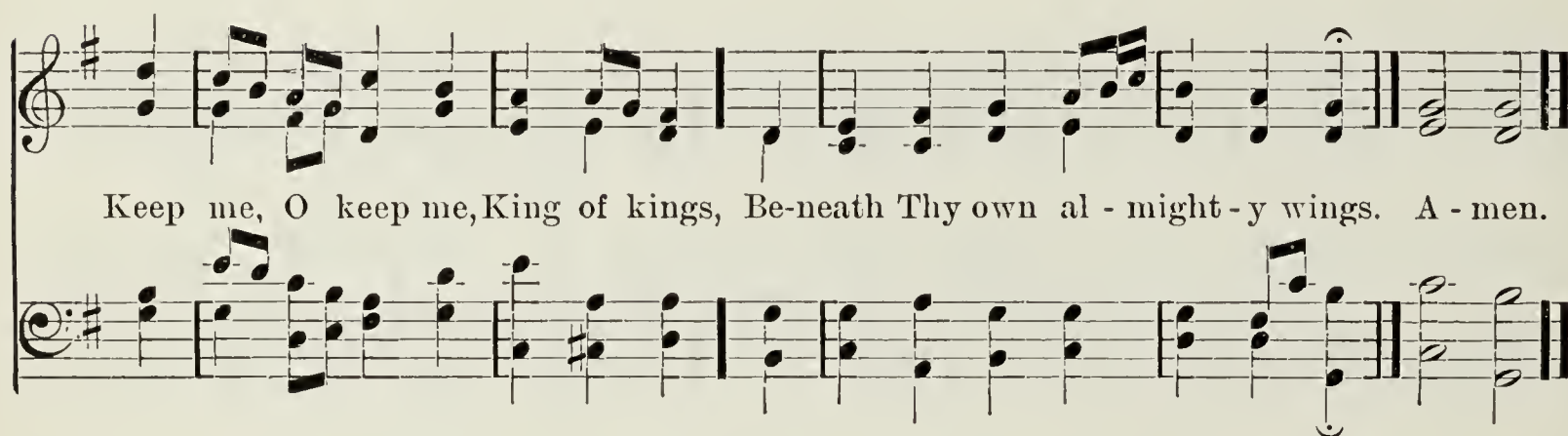
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall;
 Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
 Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring, 1864

TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Arr. from Thomas Tallis, 1567



- 1 **A**LL praise to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed,
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!
- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ALSACE L. M.

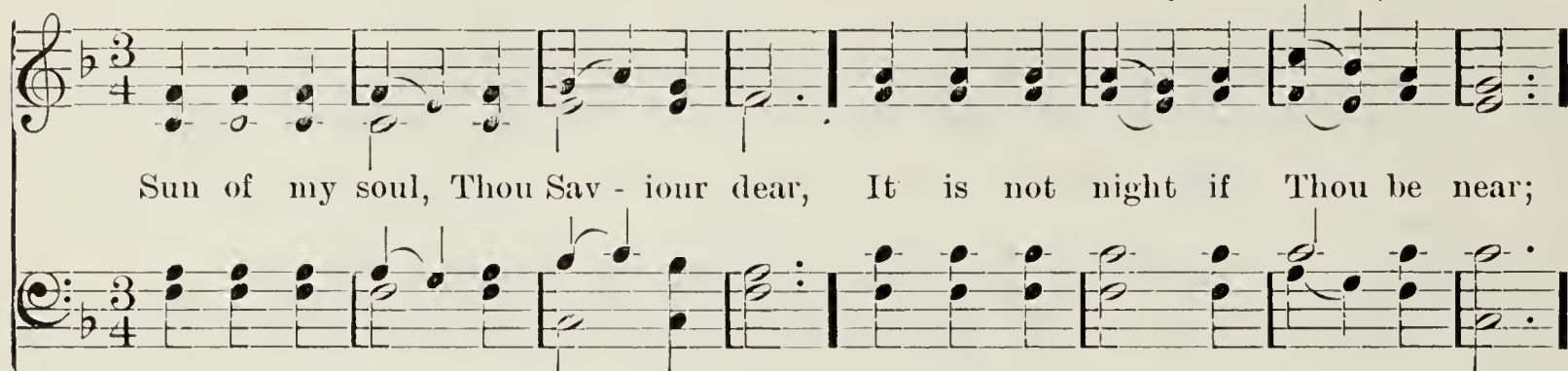
Arr. from Ludwig van Beethoven, 1802

O Light of life, O Sav - iour dear, Be - fore we sleep bow down Thine ear;

Through dark and day, o'er land and sea, We have no oth - er hope but Thee. A - men.

- 1 **O** LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear;
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
- 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart:
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.
- 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.
- 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The sun of God's own paradise.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

HURSLEY L. M.

*Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, c. 1774,
Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861*

Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;



O may no earth born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A - men.

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1820

ABENDS L. M.

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874

A - gain, as eve - ning's shad - ow falls, We gath - er
in these hal - low'd walls; And ves - per hymn and ves - per
pray'r Rise ming - ling on the ho - ly air. A - men.

- 1 **A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861

A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - men.

- 1 **A** BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud, and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. fr. Carl M. von Weber, 1826

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A-men.

1 **S**OFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee.

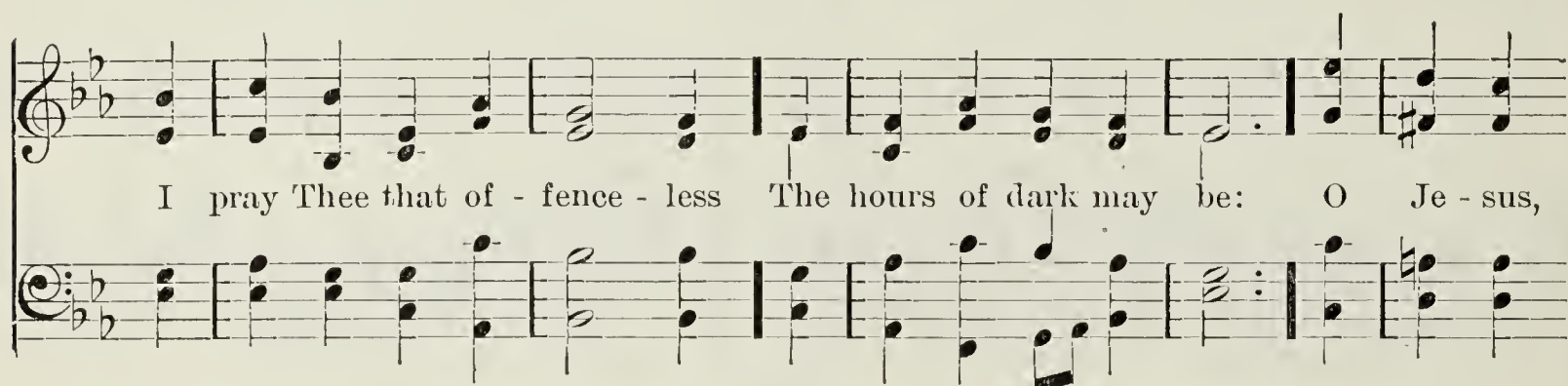
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity,
 Then, from Thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

ST. ANATOLIUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur H. Brown, 1862



1 **T**HE day is past and over;
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
 I pray Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be:
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And save me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And call on Thee that sinless
 The hours of night may be:
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be:
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go:
 Lover of men, O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

ST. COLUMBA 6. 4. 6. 6.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let
love a - wake and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

- 1 **T**HE sun is sinking fast,
The day-light dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;
- 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

INNSBRUCK 7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 8.

Heinrich Isaac, c. 1488
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750

The du - teous day now clos - eth, Each flow'r and tree re -
pos - eth, Shade creeps o'er wild and wood. Let
us, as night is fall - ing, On God, our Mak - er,
call - ing, Give thanks to Him, the Giv - er good. A - men.

1 **T**HE duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree repositeth,
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood.
Let us, as night is falling,
On God, our Maker, calling,
Give thanks to Him, the Giver good.

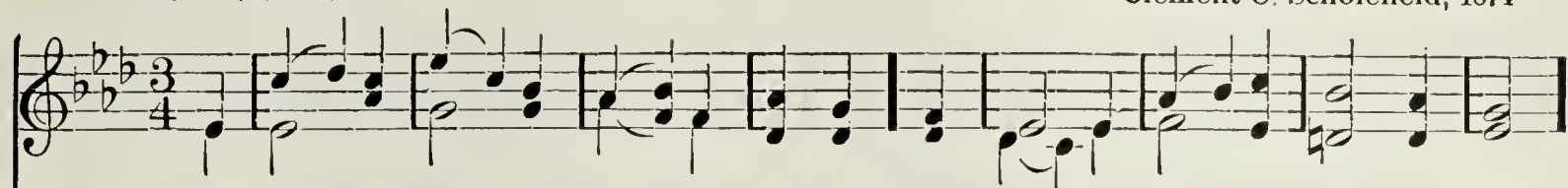
2 Now all the heavenly splendor
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, Thy marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being
For joy of beauty not his own.

3 His care he drowneth yonder
Lost in th' abyss of wonder,
To heaven his soul doth steal.
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

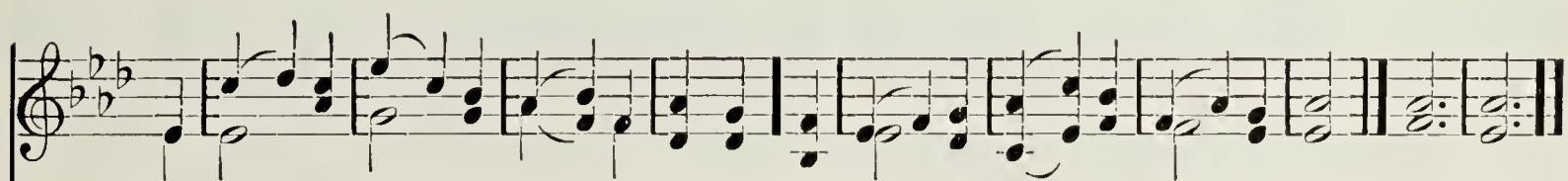
4 Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's lovingkindness,
And grope in faithless strife;
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

ST. CLEMENT 9. 8. 9. 8.

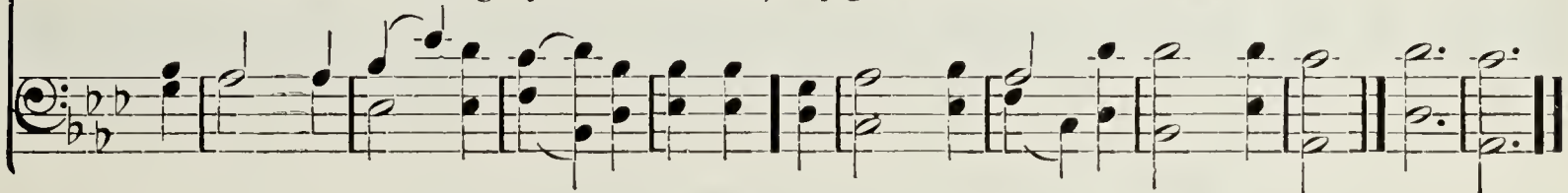
Clement C. Scholefield, 1874



The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness falls at Thy be - hest;



To Thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall hallow now our rest. A - men.



- 1 **T**HE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.
- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand and rule and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

THE BLESSED REST 10. 10. 10. 4.

Joseph Barnby, 1892

The night is come, wherein at last we rest, God order this and all things for the best!

Be - neath His bless - ing fear - less we may lie Since He is nigh. A - men.

- 1 **T**HE night is come, wherein at last we rest,
 God order this and all things for the best!
 Beneath His blessing fearless we may lie
 Since He is nigh.
- 2 Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away;
 Master, watch o'er us till the dawning day,
 Body and soul alike from harm defend,
 Thine angel send.
- 3 Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be;
 Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee,
 In all serve Thee, in every deed and thought
 Thy praise be sought.
- 4 Give to the sick, as Thy belovèd, sleep,
 And help the captive, comfort those who weep,
 Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
 Keep far our foe.
- 5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom come,
 Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home,
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us now and ever.

GLOAMING 8. 4. 8. 4. D.

John Stainer, 1898



The sun de-clines; o'er land and sea Creeps on the night; The twinkling stars come



one by one To shed their light; With Thee there is no dark-ness, Lord;



With us a - bide, And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure This e - ven - tide. A-men.



1 **T**HE sun declines; o'er land and sea
Creeps on the night;
The twinkling stars come one by one
To shed their light;
With Thee there is no darkness, Lord;
With us abide,
And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure
This eventide.

2 Forgive the wrong this day we've done,
Or thought, or said;
Each moment with its good or ill
To Thee has fled;
O Father, in Thy mercy great
Will we confide;
Thy benediction now bestow
This eventide.

3 And when with morning light we rise,
Kept by Thy care,
We'll lift to Thee with grateful hearts
Our morning prayer.
Be Thou through life our Strength and Stay,
Our Guard and Guide
To that dear home where there will be
No eventide.

Robert Walmsley, 1893

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1867

The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark- 'ning sky;

Up - on the frag - rance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve - ning lie:

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy child-ren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

1 **T**HE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dew's of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

EVENING PRAYER 8. 7. 8. 7.

George C. Stebbins, 1878

Sav - iour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ere re -

pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con -

fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A - men.

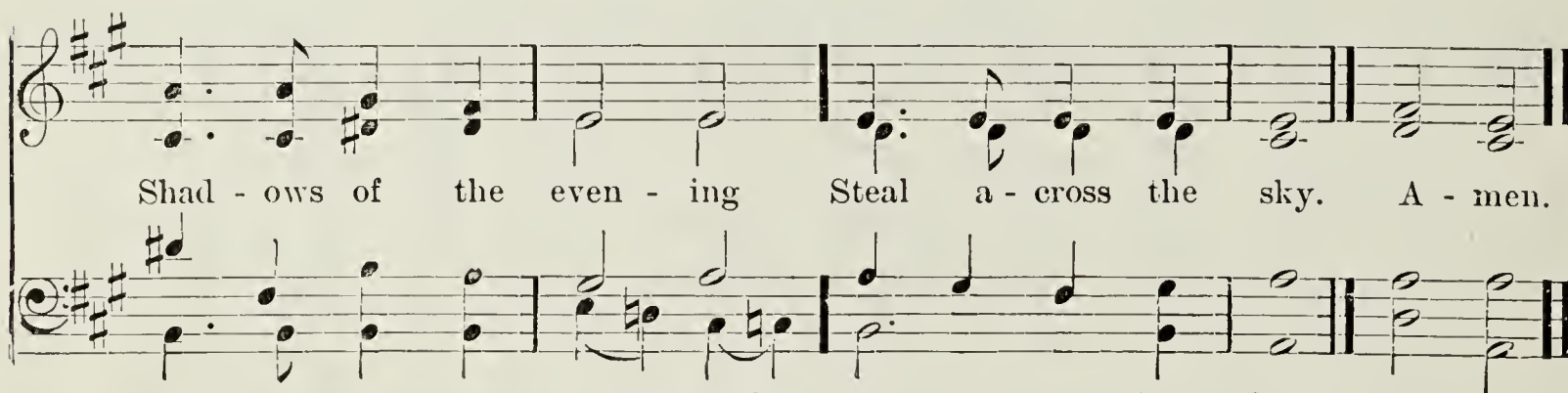
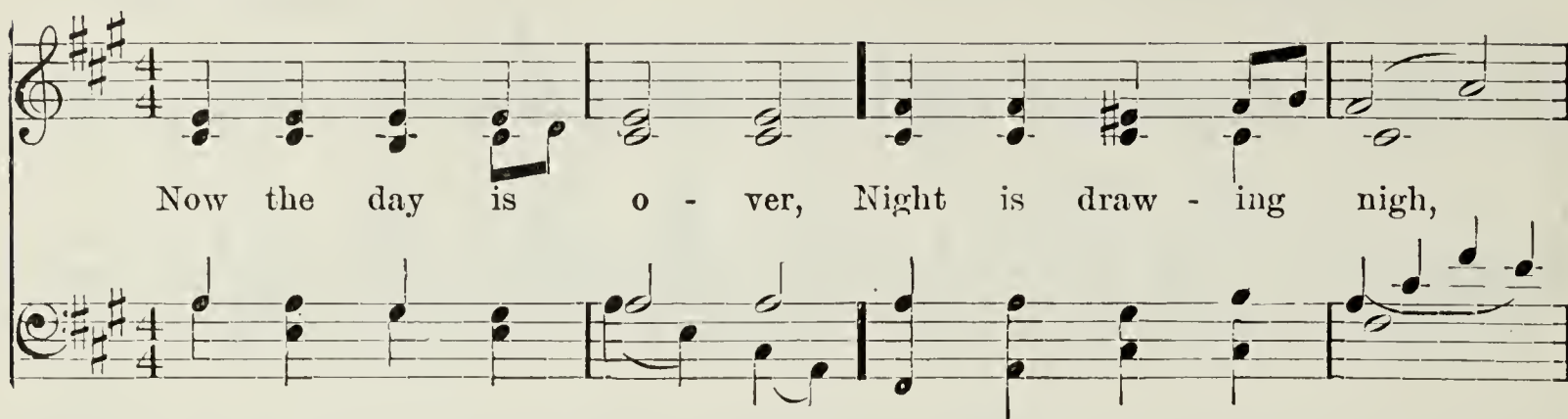
Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

MERRIAL 6. 5. 6. 5.

Joseph Barnby, 1869



Eve-ning steal a - cross the sky.

- 1 **N**OW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Jesus give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
- 5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

CHAUTAUQUA 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. With Refrain

William F. Sherwin, 1877

Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and

wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.

p REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are

cres.

full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High! A - men.

1 DAY is dying in the west;
 Heaven is touching earth with rest;
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Through all the sky.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee;
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord Most High!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
 Of the universe, Thy home,
 Gather us who seek Thy face

To the fold of Thy embrace,
 For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
 Heart of love, enfolding all,
 Through the glory and the grace
 Of the stars that veil Thy face,
 Our hearts ascend.

4 When for ever from our sight
 Pass the stars, the day, the night,
 Lord of angels, on our eyes
 Let eternal morning rise,
 And shadows end.

SUNDOWN Six 10s.

John H. Gower, 1890

Voices in Unison.

The day is gen - tly sink-ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:

Voices in Harmony.

O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou, Eternal Light of Light be with us now:

*Unison.**Harmony*

Where Thou art present darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. Amen.

Copyright by John H. Gower

1 **T**HE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou,
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now:
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

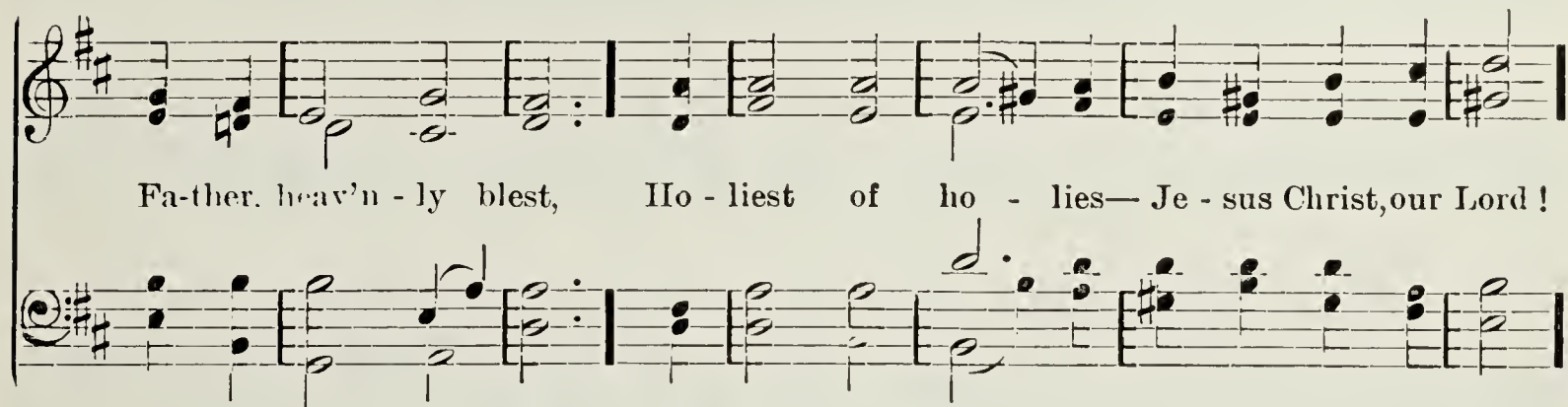
3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I!"

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay:
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

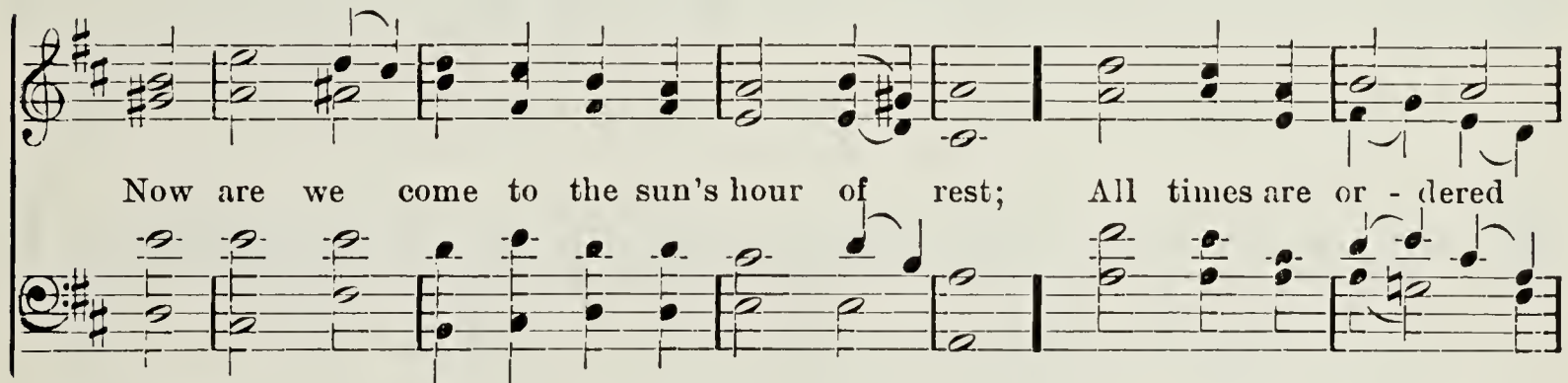
Christopher Wordsworth, 1863



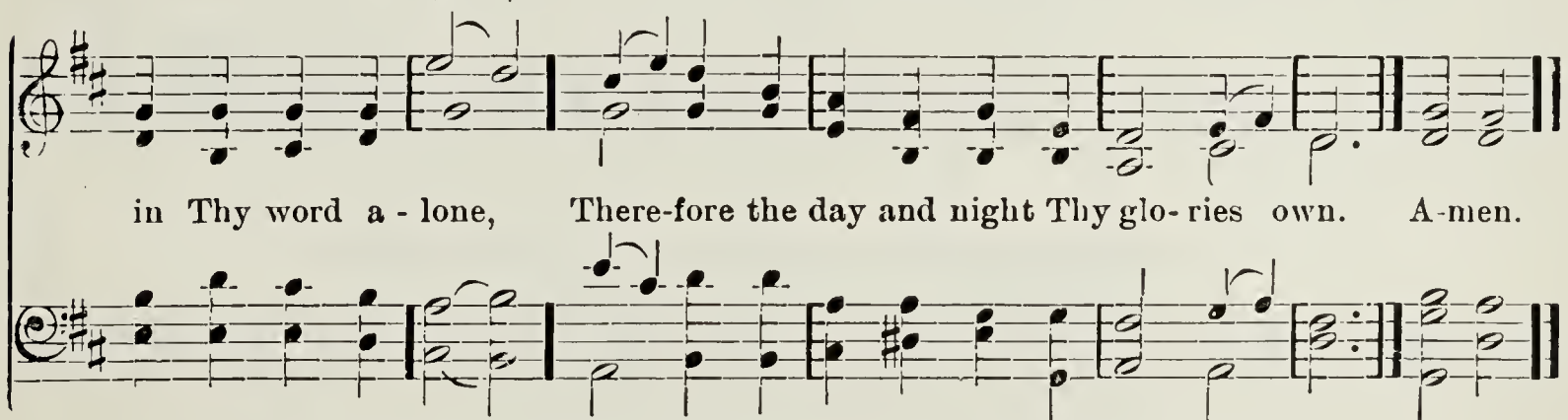
Hail, glad-dening Light, of His pure glo-ry poured, Who is th'im-mor-tal



Fa-ther, heav'n - ly blest, Ho - liest of ho - lies—Je - sus Christ, our Lord !



Now are we come to the sun's hour of rest; All times are or - dered



in Thy word a - lone, There-fore the day and night Thy glo-ries own. A-men.

- 1 **H**AIL, gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured,
 Who is the immortal Father, heavenly blest,
 Holiest of holies—Jesus Christ, our Lord !
 Now are we come to the sun's hour of rest;
 All times are ordered in Thy word alone,
 Therefore the day and night Thy glories own.

- 2 The lights of evening now around us shine;
 We hymn Thy blest humanity divine :
 Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung,
 By grateful hearts, with undefiled tongue,
 Son of our God, Giver of life, alone !
 Therefore shall all the worlds Thy glories own.

NIGHT WATCH 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;

Through the si-lent watches guard us; Let no foe our peace mo - lest;

Je - sus, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A - men.

1 **T**HROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest;
 Through the silent watches guard us;
 Let no foe our peace molest;
 Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers;
 In Thine arms may we repose;
 And, when life's brief day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly, 1806

AR HYD Y NOS 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Welsh Traditional Melody
E. Jones's *Relics of the Welsh Bards*, 1784

Unison.

God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;

Harmony.

May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,

Unison.

Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A - men.

1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;

May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.

From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor 'Thy smile be e'er denied us
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.

When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not 'Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

ANGELUS L. M.

Arr. fr. Georg Joseph, 1657, in *Cantica Spiritualia*, 1847

At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay;

O in what di - vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a - way! A - men.

- 1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!
- 2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
- 3 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt,
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

BISHOPTHORPE C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1670-1707

Now from the al - tar of my heart Let

in - cense - flames a - rise: As - sist me, Lord, to

of - fer up Mine even - ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of my heart
Let incense-flames arise:
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

John Mason, 1683

The Lord's Day

MENDEBRAS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

German Melody Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

1. { O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright! }

On thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,

Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!" To the great God tri - une. A - men.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright!
 On thee the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing, "Holy, holy, holy!"
 To the great God triune.

2 Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of paradise;
 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul refreshing streams.

4 A day of sweet refection
 Thou art,— a day of love,
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.
 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James Walch, 1875

The dawn of God's dear Sabbath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,
As some sweet summer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;
It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,
As shade of clus - tered palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand. A - men.

1 **T**HE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain;
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

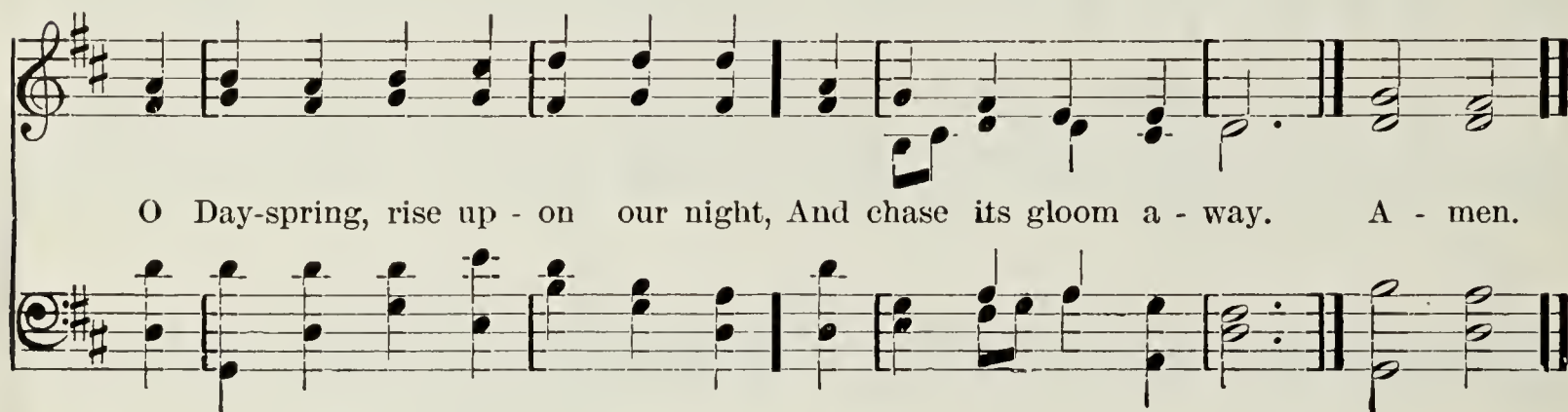
2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won.

4 O Lord, forgive and strengthen:
May we for evermore
Upon Thy peaceful Sabbath
Thy blessed name adore;
Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
Where life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past.

Ada Cambridge Cross, 1866, alt. and arr.

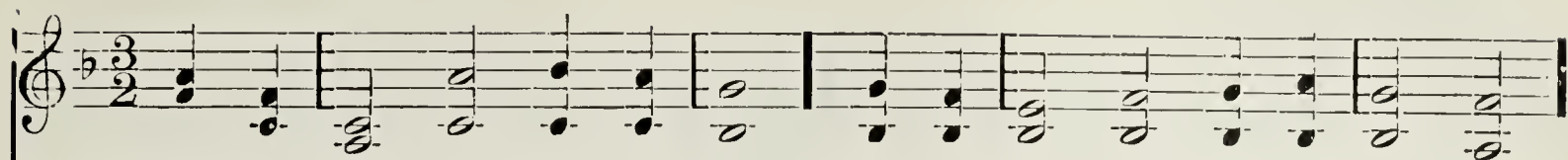
SWABIA S. M.

In J. M. Spiess's *David's Harpffen-Spiel*, 1745
Arr. by William H. Havergal, 1847

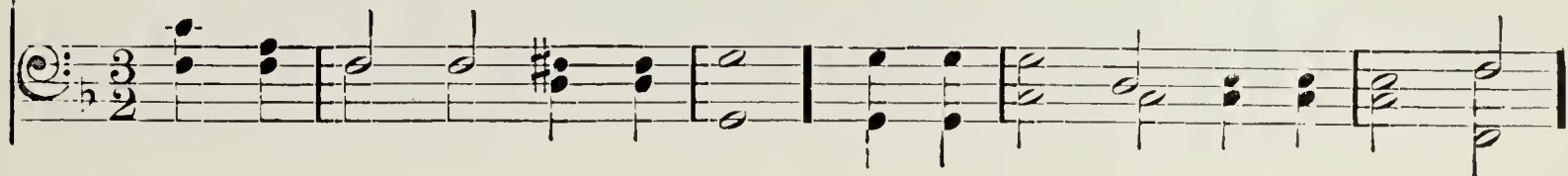
- 1 **T**HIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

HINCHMAN 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1869



Light of Light, en - light - en me, Now a - new the day is dawn - ing;



Sun of grace, the shad - ows flee; Bright - en Thou my Sab - bath morn - ing;



With Thy joy - ous sun - shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest. A - men.



1 **L**IGHT of Light. enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee;
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning;
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

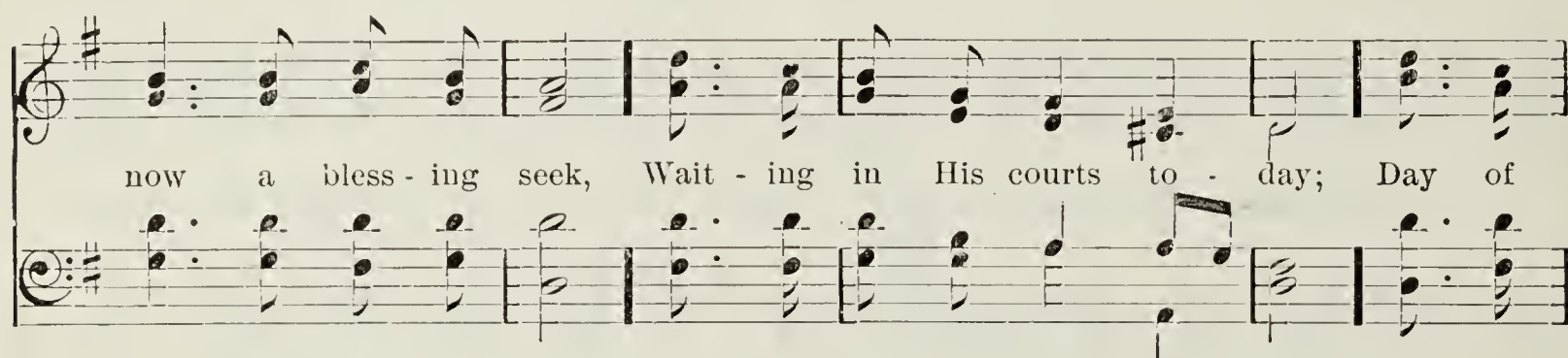
3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying,
Clear the shadows from my eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me, with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Hence all care, all vanity!
For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught today my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

SABBATH Six 7s.

Lowell Mason, 1824



1 SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciled face;
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise,
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 May the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
 Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1774: alt.

GARDEN CITY S. M.

Horatio W. Parker, 1890

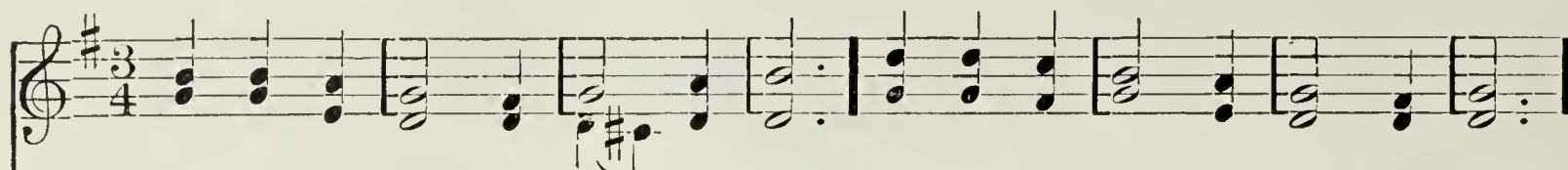
Our day of praise is done,.. The eve - ning shad - ows fall;....

But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all. A - men.


- 1 OUR day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.
- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O the strains how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From Ignace J. Pleyel, 1815



Mil-lions with - in Thy courts have met, Mil-lions this day be - fore Thee bowed;



Their fa - ces Zi - on - ward were set, Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed. A - men.

1 **M**ILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
 Millions this day before Thee bowed;
 Their faces Zionward were set,
 Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.

2 Still as the light of morning broke
 O'er island, continent, or deep,
 Thy far-spread family awoke,
 Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
 From north to south, adoring throngs;
 And still, when evening stretched her shade,
 The stars came out to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
 Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
 To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
 Not one has sought Thy face in vain.

5 Yet one prayer more, and be it one
 In which both heaven and earth accord;
 Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
 Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord!

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Midweek

HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

Thou in whose name the two or three Are met to-day to meet with Thee,

Ful - fil to us Thine own sure word, And be Thou here Thy - self, O Lord. A - men.

1 **T**HOU in whose name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,
Fulfil to us Thine own sure word,
And be Thou here Thyself, O Lord.

2 To-day our week, but now begun,
Already half its course hath run;
To Thee are known its toils and cares,
To Thee its trials and its snares.

3 Thou, by whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive;
Be Thou our Counsel, Help, and Stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

4 Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share;
Give steadfast wills Thy cross to bear;
And when life's working days are past,
Give rest with all Thy saints at last.

The Opening of Worship

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Pseaumes octante trois, Geneva, 1551

All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice. A - men.

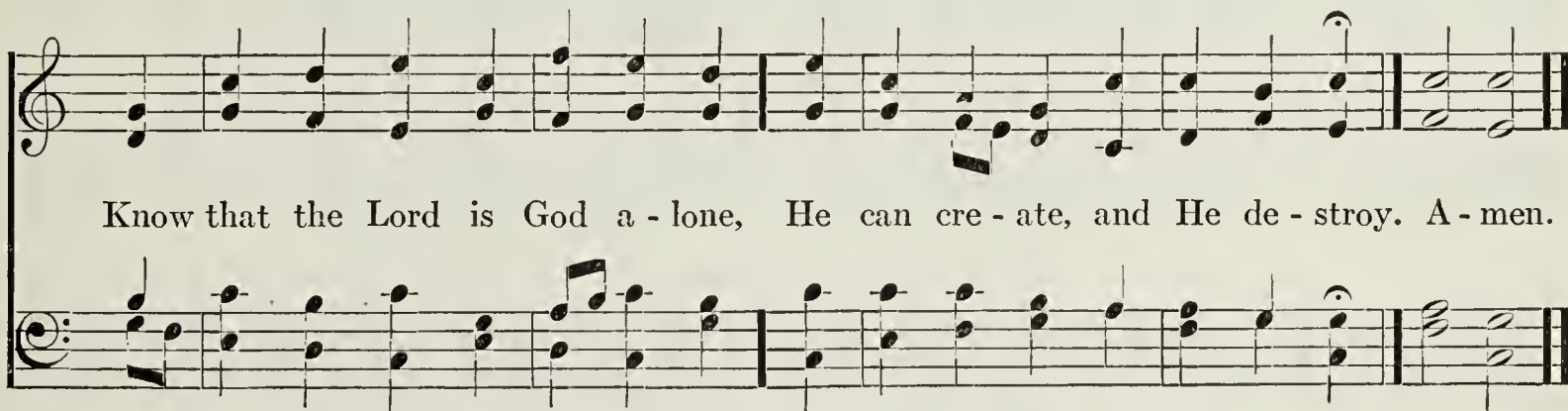
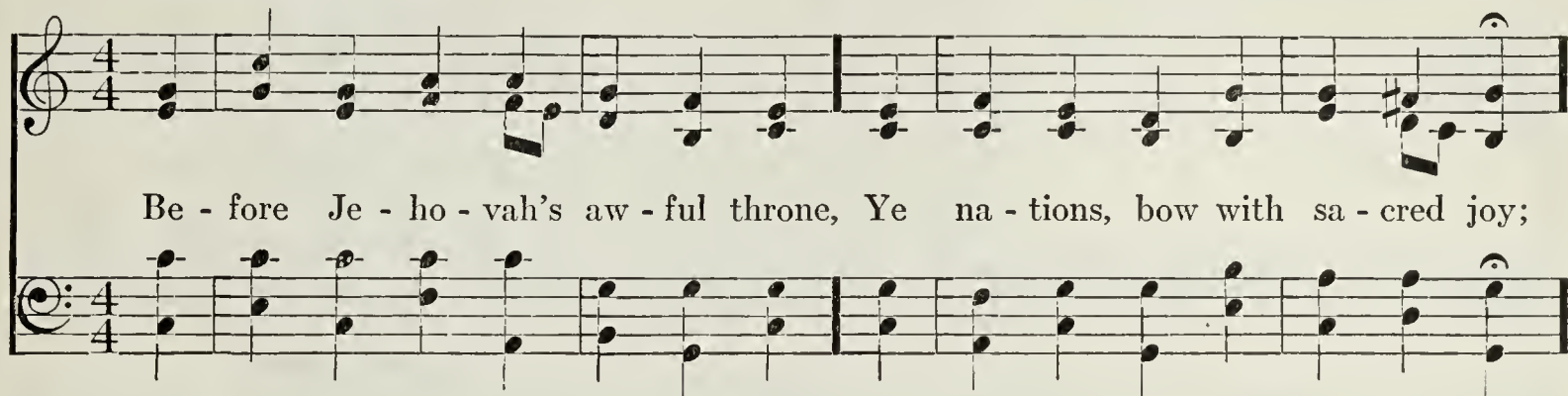
1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WINCHESTER NEW L. M.

Alt. from *Musikalisches Handbuch*, Hamburg, 1690

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

ANCIENT OF DAYS 11. 10. 11. 10.

J. Albert Jeffery, 1886

Voices An - cient of Days, who sit-test throned in glo - ry;

Organ

To Thee all knees are bent, all voic - es pray; Thy love has blest the

wide world's wondrous sto - ry With light and life since E - den's dawning day, A-men.

The Opening of Worship

- 1 **A**NCIENT of Days, who sittest throned in glory;
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.
- 2 O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and eloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase;
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that has crowned our day;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us alway.

William C. Doane, 1886

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KEBLE L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875

Je - sus, wher - e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - 'ry place is hal - lowed ground. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.</p> <p>2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.</p> | <p>3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mereies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.</p> <p>4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten eare,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.</p> |
|--|--|

William Cowper, 1769

MAIDSTONE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Walter B. Gilbert, 1862

Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;

Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.

O my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,

For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace. A - men.

1 **P**LEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1769

Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days. A - men.

1 COME, Thou almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father, all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend:
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

DARWALL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

John Darwall, 1770

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The

dwell-ings of Thy love, Thine earth-ly tem - ples are: To Thine a - bode

my heart as - pires, With warm de - sires to see my God. A - men.

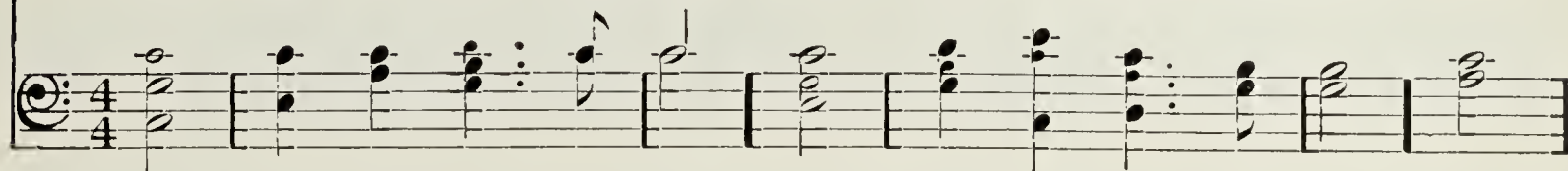
- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are:
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!
- 4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

ST. GREGORY 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Gregorian, arr. by Joseph Barnby, 1883



Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or



through the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com - mand, As - sist our



song, for else the theme Too high doth seem for mor - tal tongue. A - men.



1 YE holy angels bright,
 Who wait at God's right hand,
 Or through the realms of light
 Fly at your Lord's command,
 Assist our song, for else the theme
 Too high doth seem for mortal tongue.

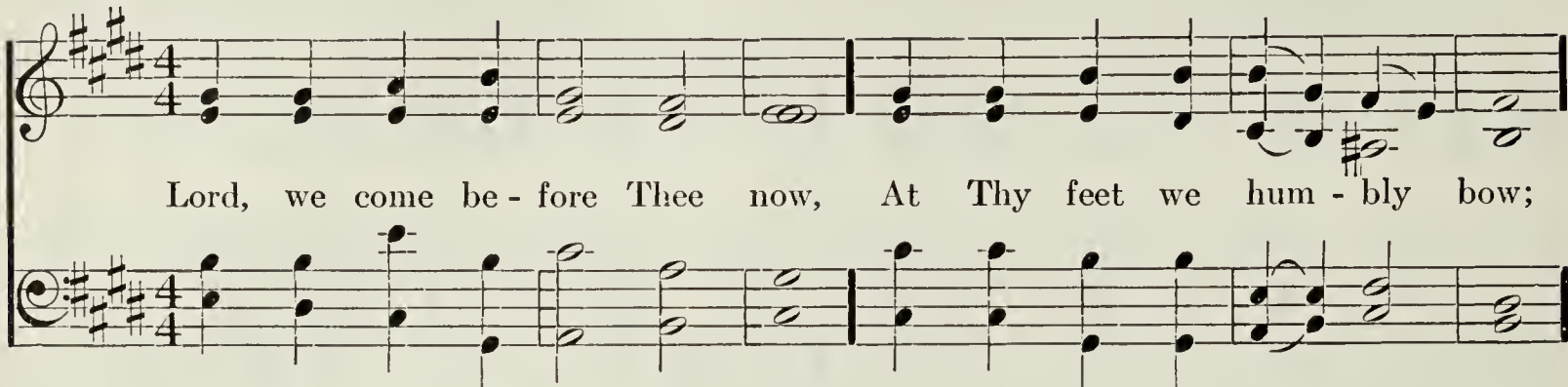
2 Ye blessed souls at rest,
 Who ran this earthly race,
 And now, from sin released,
 Behold your Saviour's face,
 God's praises sound, as in His light
 With sweet delight ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
 Adore your heavenly King,
 And onward as ye go
 Some joyful anthem sing;
 Take what He gives, and praise Him still,
 Through good and ill, who ever lives.

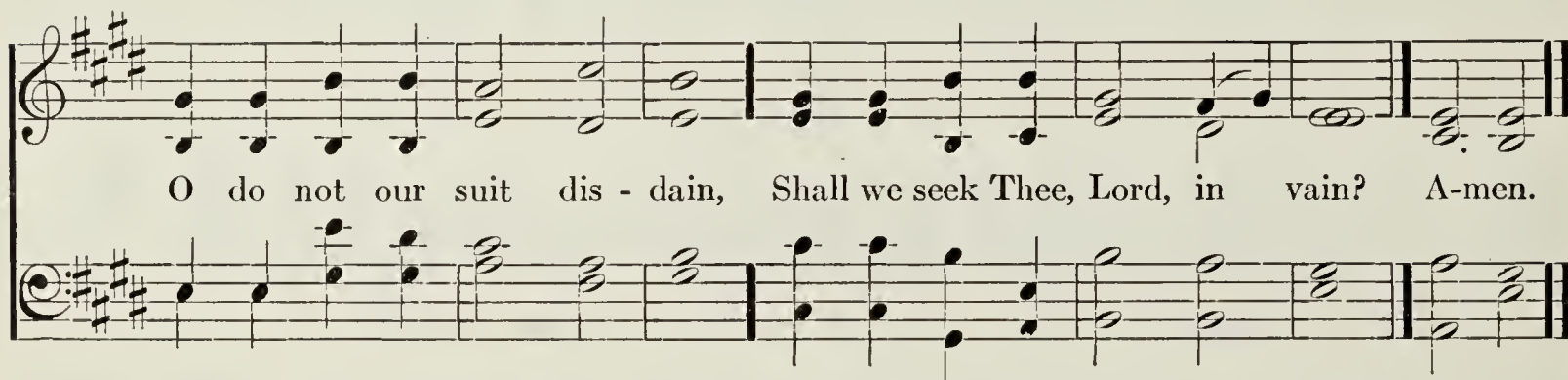
4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
 Triumph in God above,
 And with a well-tuned heart
 Sing thou the songs of love:
 Let all thy days till life shall end,
 Whate'er He send, be filled with praise.

HORSHAM 7. 7. 7. 7.

English Traditional Melody



Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;



O do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A-men.

1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up
Strong in faith, in love and hope.

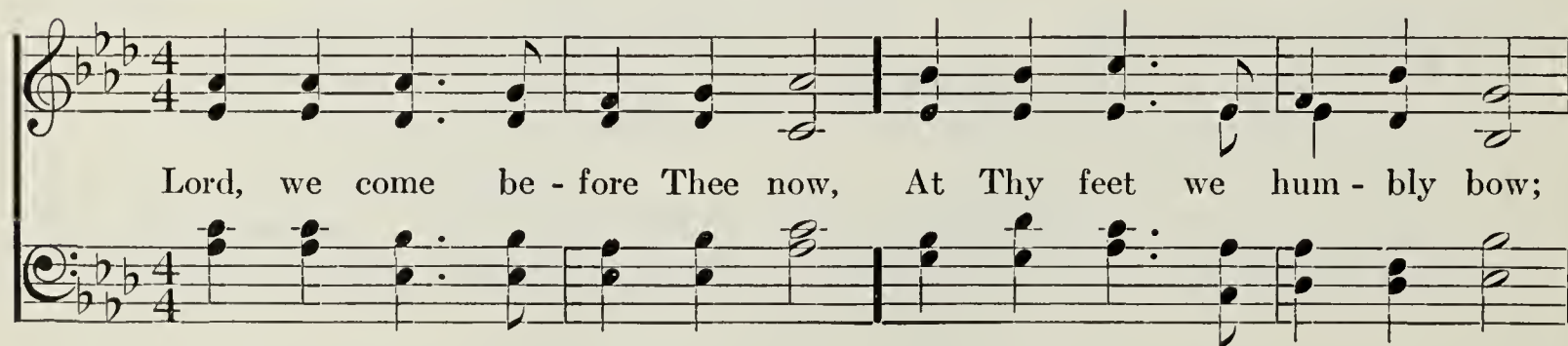
6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond, 1745

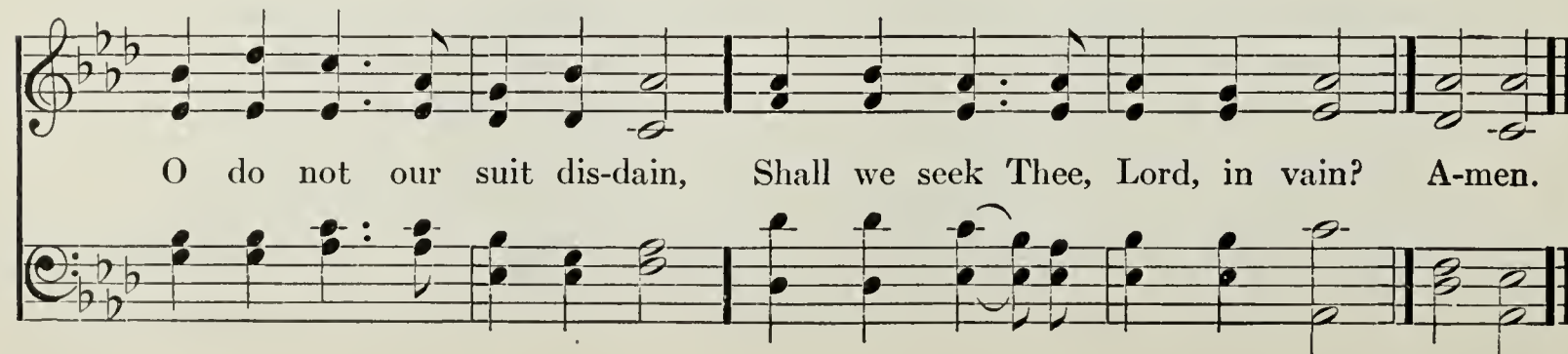
ST. BEES 7. 7. 7. 7.

(Alternate Tune)

John B. Dykes, 1862



Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;



O do not our suit dis-dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A-men.

MOUNT SION C. M. D.

Horatio Parker, 1886

O, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly
say,—.... "Up, Is-rael! to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal
day;..... At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled
pow'rs, In strong and beauteous order ranged, Like her u - nit - ed towers." A-men.

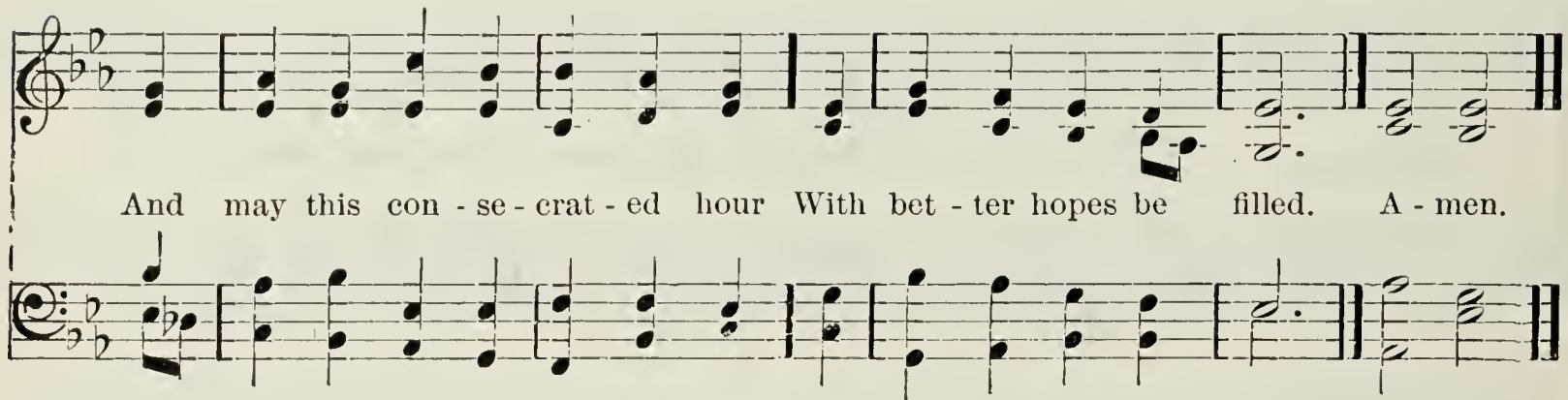
1 O, 'Twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,—
"Up, Israel! to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day;
At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers."

2 O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

3 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.
But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Zion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836



- 1 **W**HILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

ST. FLAVIAN C M.

Abr. from John Daye's *Psalms*, 1562

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.
- 2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.
- 3 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.
- 4 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
- 5 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

WAINRIGHT L. M.

Robert Wainright, c. 1790

O God, Thou art my God a - lone; Ear - ly to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pil-grim in a land un - known, A thirst-y land whose springs are dry. A-men

- 1 **O** GOD, Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 O that it were as it hath been
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace.
- 3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on Thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?
- 6 Praise, with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

HOSANNA L. M. With refrain

John B. Dykes, 1865

Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in - car - nate Word!

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!

Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - est! A - men.

1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!

Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
 Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
 Return to this Thy house of prayer;
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

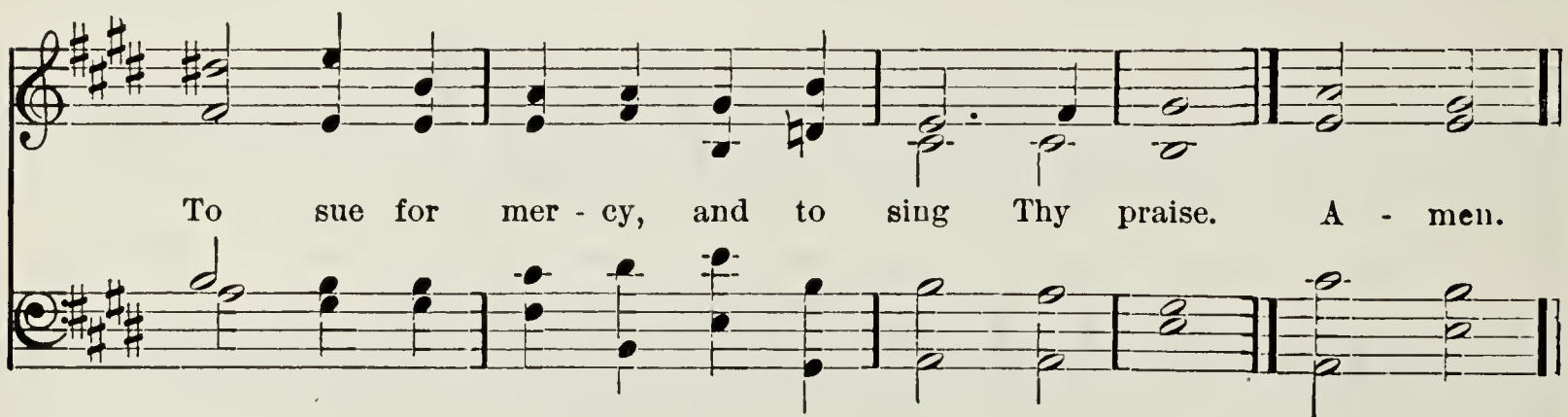
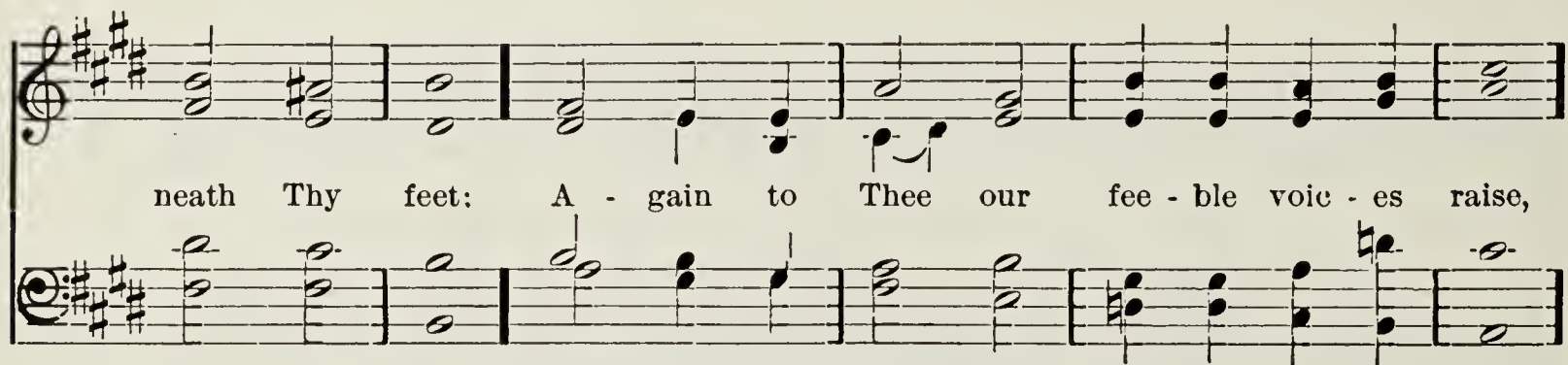
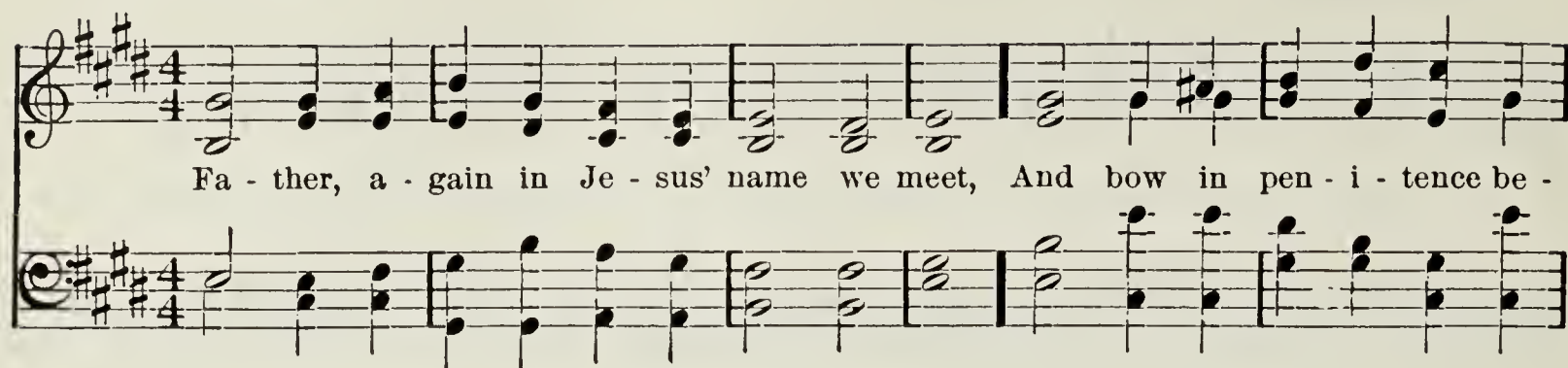
4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
 Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Reginald Heber, 1811 (Text of 1827)

LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1872



- 1 **F**ATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet:
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy and to sing Thy praise.
- 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open sweet mercy's gate and take us in!

Lucy E. G. Whitmore, 1824

MARION S. M. With refrain

Arthur H. Messiter, 1883

Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!

Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King:

REFRAIN.

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing! A-men.

Re - joice, re - joice,

1 **R**EJOICE, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
 Your festal banner wave on high,
 The cross of Christ your King:
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing!

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
 Strong men and maidens meek,
 Raise high your free, exulting song,
 God's wondrous praises speak:

3 With all the angel choirs,
 With all the saints on earth,
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
 True rapture, noblest mirth:

4 Yes, on through life's long path,
 Still chanting as ye go,
 From youth to age, by night and day,
 In gladness and in woe:

5 At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their Father's house,
 Jerusalem the blest:

6 Then on, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
 Your glorious banner wave on high,
 The cross of Christ your King.

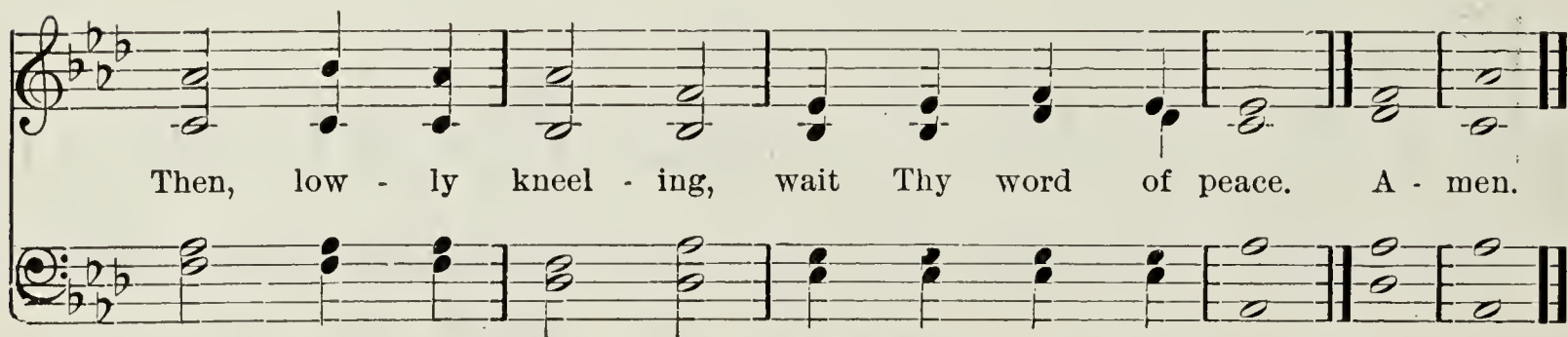
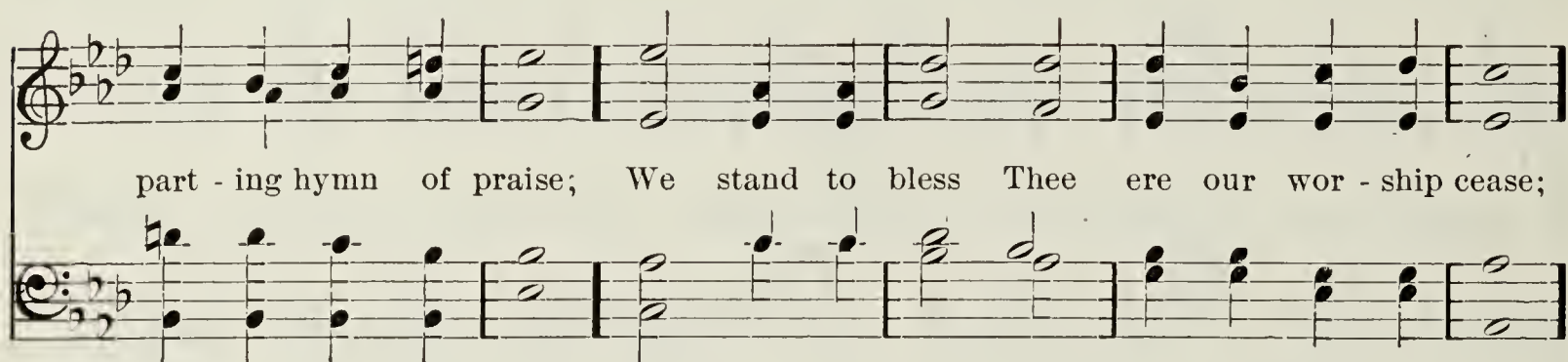
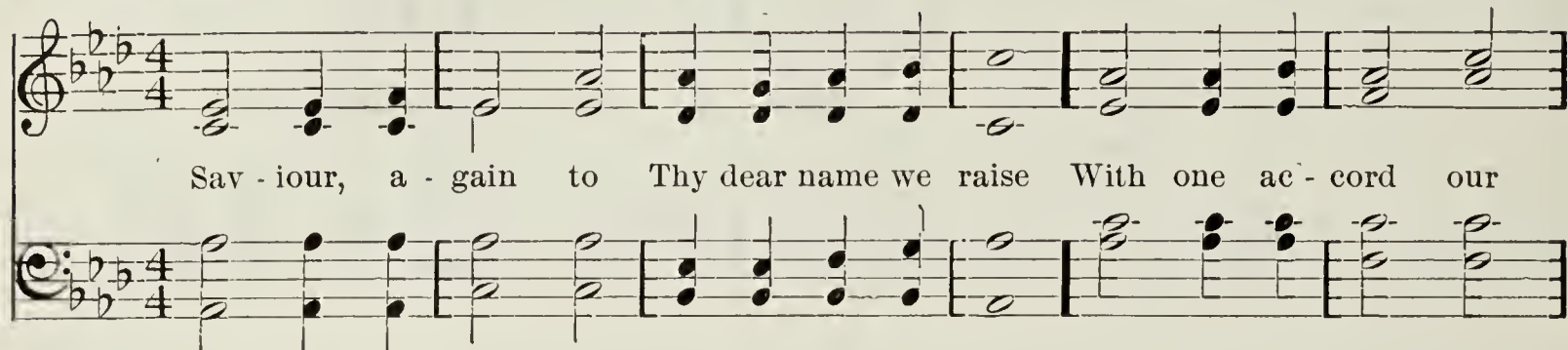
Edward H. Plumptre, 1865

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The Close of Worship

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869



- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

FRANCONIA S. M.

J. B. König's *Harmonischer Liederschatz*, 1738

Still with Thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be;

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee. A - men.

- 1 **S**TILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.
- 4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.
- 5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.
- 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

BELMONT C. M.

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1812

The Lord be with us as ... we bend His blessing
to.... receive;.... His gift of peace upon us
send, Be - fore His courts we leave. A - men.

1 **T**HE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

FINGAL C. M.

James S. Anderson, 1885

And now the wants are told that brought Thy chil-dren to Thy knee; Here
lin-g'ring still, we ask for naught, But sim - ply wor - ship Thee. A - men.

- 1 **A**ND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for naught.
But simply worship Thee.
- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.
- 3 For Thou art God, the one, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine,
To know that naught in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!
- 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;
- 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

ST. MATTHIAS Six 8s.

William H. Monk, 1861

Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in-to our minds in-stil;

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer-vent will.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our Light. A-men.

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
*Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.*
- 2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN 6. 6. 5. 5. 5. 5.

James Tilleard, 1867

Star of morn and e - ven, Sun of heav - en's heav - en,

Sav - iour high and dear, Toward us turn Thine ear; Through what -

e'er may come, Thou canst lead us home. A - men.

1 **S**TAR of morn and even,
 Sun of heaven's heaven,
 Saviour high and dear,
 Toward us turn Thine ear;
 Through whate'er may come,
 Thou canst lead us home.

3 Saviour pure and holy,
 Lover of the lowly,
 Sign us with Thy sign,
 Take our hands in Thine,
 Take our hands and come,
 Lead Thy children home.

2 Though the gloom be grievous,
 Those we leant on leave us,
 Though the coward heart
 Quit its proper part,
 Though the tempter come,
 Thou wilt lead us home.

4 Star of morn and even,
 Shine on us from heaven;
 From Thy glory-throne
 Hear Thy very own:
 Lord and Saviour, come,
 Lead us to our home.

Francis T. Palgrave, 1862

STOCKWELL 8. 7. 8. 7.

Darius E. Jones, 1851



May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the Fa - ther's bound-less love,



With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove. A - men.



- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton, 1779

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QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Melody from a XV Cent. German MSS



Lo, the day of rest de - clin - eth, Gath - er fast the shades of night;



May the Sun which ev - er shin - eth, Fill our souls with heaven-ly light. A - men.



- 1 **L**O, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth,
Fill our souls with heavenly light.
- 2 While Thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant Thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath Thy wing.

Chandler Robbins, 1845

EVAN C. M.

William H. Havergal, 1846

My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. A - men.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.
- 2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.
- 3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

DAY OF REST 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James W. Elliott, 1874

O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
Unison. Nor wan - der from the path - way *Harmony.* If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - men.

1 **O** JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will:
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

John E. Bode, 1869

SPANISH HYMN Six 7s.

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1826

When Thy sol - diers take their swords, When they speak the sol - emn words,

When they kneel be - fore Thee here, Feel - ing Thee, their Fa - ther, near;

These Thy chil - dren, Lord, de - fend; To their help Thy Spir - it send. A-men.

- 1 **W**HEN Thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they kneel before Thee here,
Feeling Thee, their Father, near;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
To their help Thy Spirit send.
- 2 When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.
- 3 When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride;
Lest they grow self-satisfied,
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Teach their souls to Thee to bend.
- 4 When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts;
When their first warm faith departs;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.
- 5 Through life's conflict guard us all,
Or if wounded some should fall
Ere the victory be won,
For the sake of Christ, Thy Son,
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
And in death Thy comfort lend.

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

Now I re - solve with all my heart, With all my pow'rs, to
serve the Lord; Nor from His pre - cepts e'er de - part
Whose serv - ice is a rich re - ward. A - men.

1 **N**OW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O be His service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

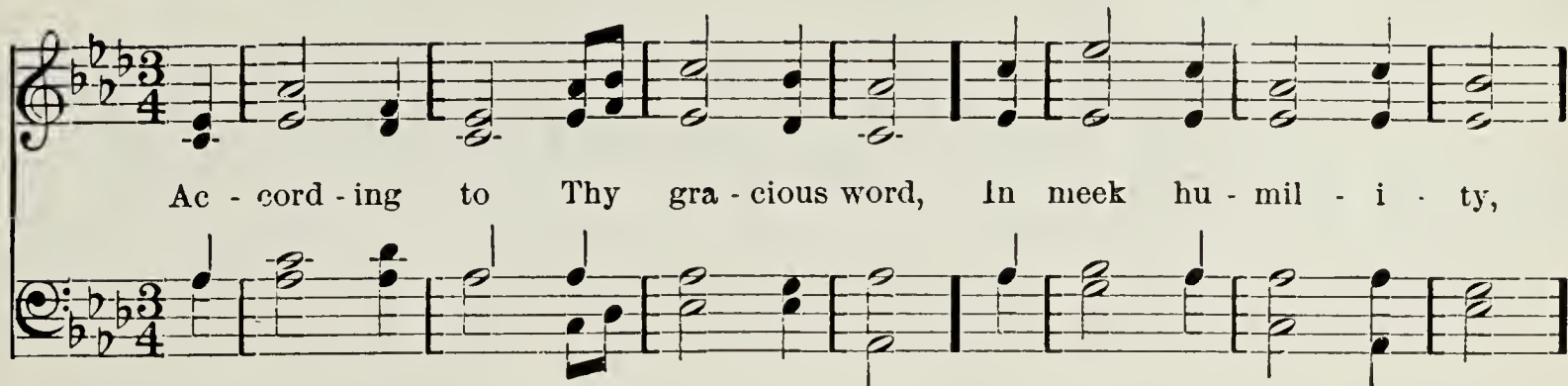
4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760: v. 1, line 1, alt.

The Lord's Supper

MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson, 1825



- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825

HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866



- 1 JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee all in all.
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

LEICESTER C. M.

William Hurst, 1875

I am not wor - thy, ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;

Speak but the word, one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free. A - men.

1 I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word, one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;

How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 O come, in this sweet morning* hour,
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

* Or evening

Henry W. Baker, 1875

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell By faith and love in ev - 'ry breast;

Then shall we know and taste and feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed. A-men.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
 By faith and love in every breast; Make our enlargèd souls possess
 Then shall we know and taste and feel And learn the height, the breadth, and length
 The joys that cannot be expressed. Of Thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done
 By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

Isaac Watts, 1709

UNDE ET MEMORES Six 10s.

William H. Monk, 1875

Our God and Fa - ther, mind - ful of the love That bought us, once for

all, on Cal - vary's tree, We join our wills with His, who reigns a - bove,

And, for His king - dom, here pre - sent to Thee That on - ly of - f'ring

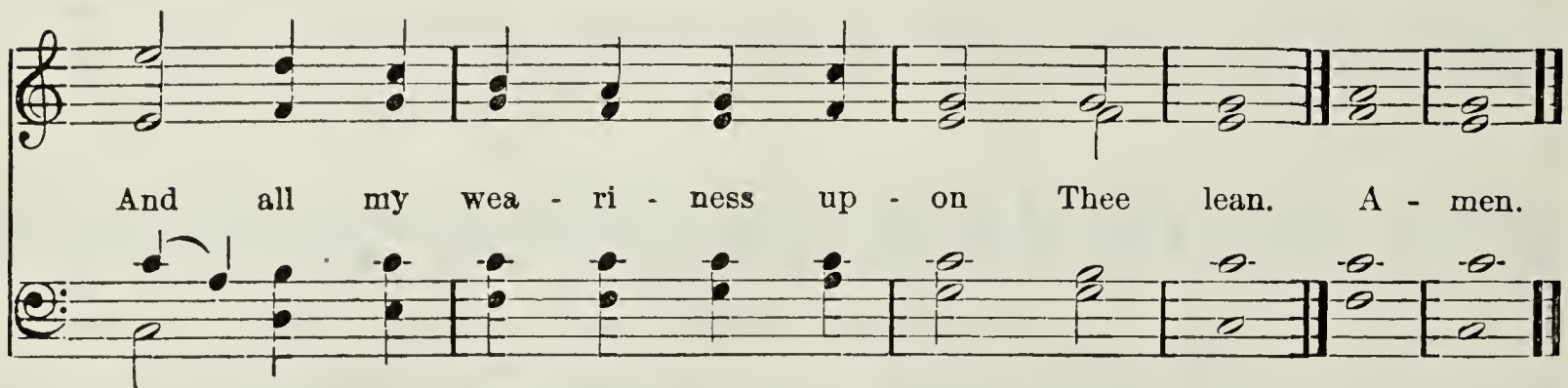
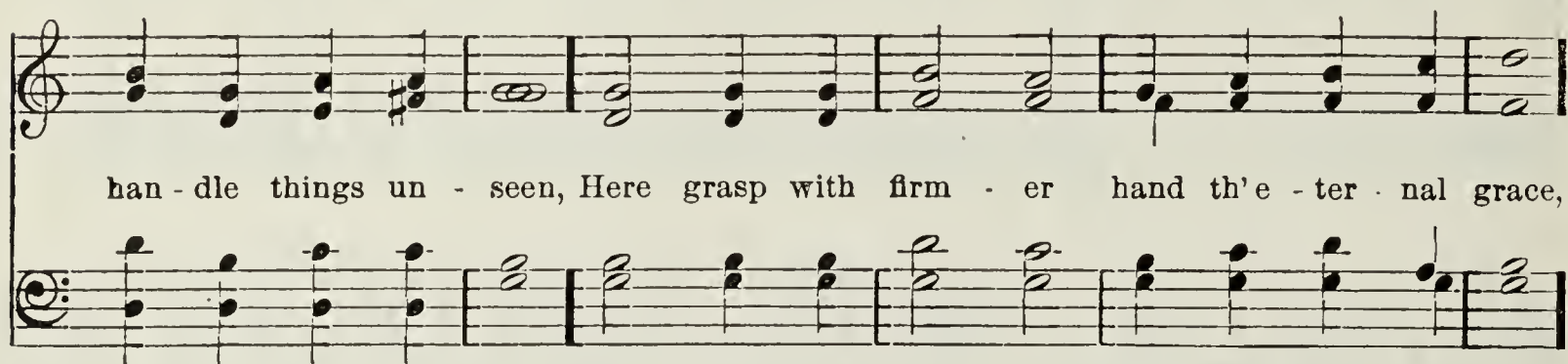
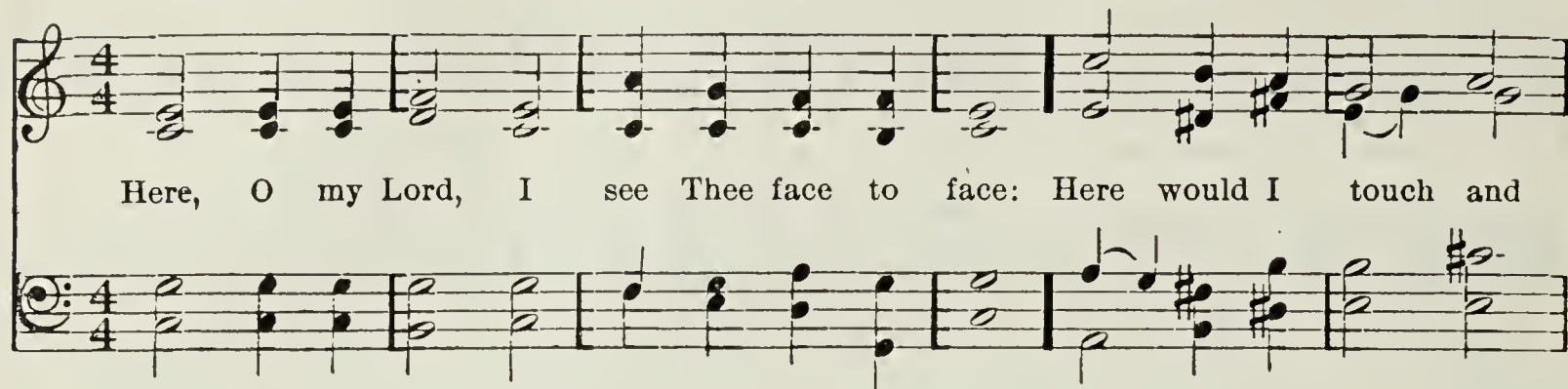
wel - come in Thine eyes, Our - selves,—perforce a will - ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

- 1 **O**UR God and Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Cal - vary's tree,
We join our wills with His, who reigns above,
And, for His kingdom, here present to Thee
That only offering welcome in Thine eyes,
Ourselves,—perforce a willing sacrifice.
- 2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And look on us as dedicate to Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:
For lo, between our sins and their reward
We set Thy love revealed in Christ, our Lord.
- 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By these, Thy heartening tokens, we ap - peal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear.
And crown Thy gifts with grace to persevere.
- 4 And not for them alone, O Lord, we plead,
But for the world Thou gav'st Thyself to win;
Prepare us by this feast to meet its need,
To succor weakness and to conquer sin;
In this Thy service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

William Bright, 1874
Rewritten by the Editors, 1909

MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10 10.

Frederick C. Atkinson, 1870



1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face:
 Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
 This is the heavenly table spread for me:
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1855

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

Too soon we rise; the sym-bols dis-ap-pear; The feast, though not the love, is past and gone. The bread and wine re-move, but Thou art here,—

Near-er than ev-er,—still my Shield and Sun. A-men.

- 1 **T**OO soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone.
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever,—still my Shield and Sun.
- 2 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon.
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My strength is in Thy might—Thy might alone.
- 3 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.
- 4 I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee,—
Thou, O my Christ, art Buckler, Sword and Spear.
- 5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran, 1861

Not wor - thy, Lord, to gath - er up the crumbs With trem - bling hand that

from Thy ta - ble fall, A wea - ry, heav - y - la - den sin - ner comes

To plead Thy prom - ise and o - bey Thy call. A - men.

- 1 **N**OT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from Thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.
- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 I hear Thy voice: Thou bidd'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced feet;
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
- 4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee, sup Thou with me.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1872

LACRYMÆ 7. 7. 7.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry

heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A - men.

- 1 JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.
- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine out-poured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.
- 5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
- 6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

MEINHOLD 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Lüneburgisches Gesangbuch, 1686

Let Thy blood in mer - cy poured, Let Thy gra - cious bod - y bro - ken,



Be to me, O gra - cious Lord, Of Thy bound - less love the to - ken:



Thou didst give Thy - self for me, Now I give my - self to Thee. A - men.



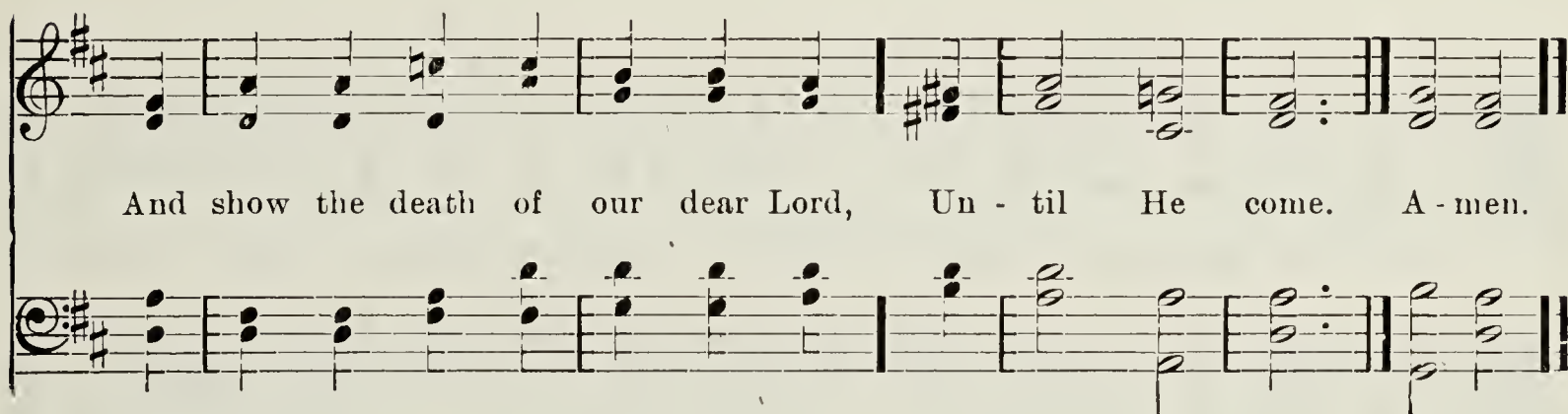
1 **L**ET Thy blood in mercy poured,
Let Thy gracious body broken,
Be to me, O gracious Lord,
Of Thy boundless love the token:
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

3 By the thorns that crowned Thy brow,
By the spear wound and the nailing,
By the pain and death, I now
Claim, O Christ, Thy love unfailing:
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

2 Thou didst die that I might live;
Blessed Lord Thou cam'st to save me;
All that love of God could give
Jesus by His sorrows gave me:
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

4 Wilt Thou own the gift I bring?
All my penitence I give Thee;
Thou art my exalted King,
Of Thy matchless love forgive me:
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

John Brownlie, 1907: based on the Greek



1 **B**Y Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
 We keep the memory adored,
 And show the death of our dear Lord,
 Until He come.

2 His body, broken in our stead
 Is here, in this memorial bread,
 And so our feeble love is fed
 Until He come.

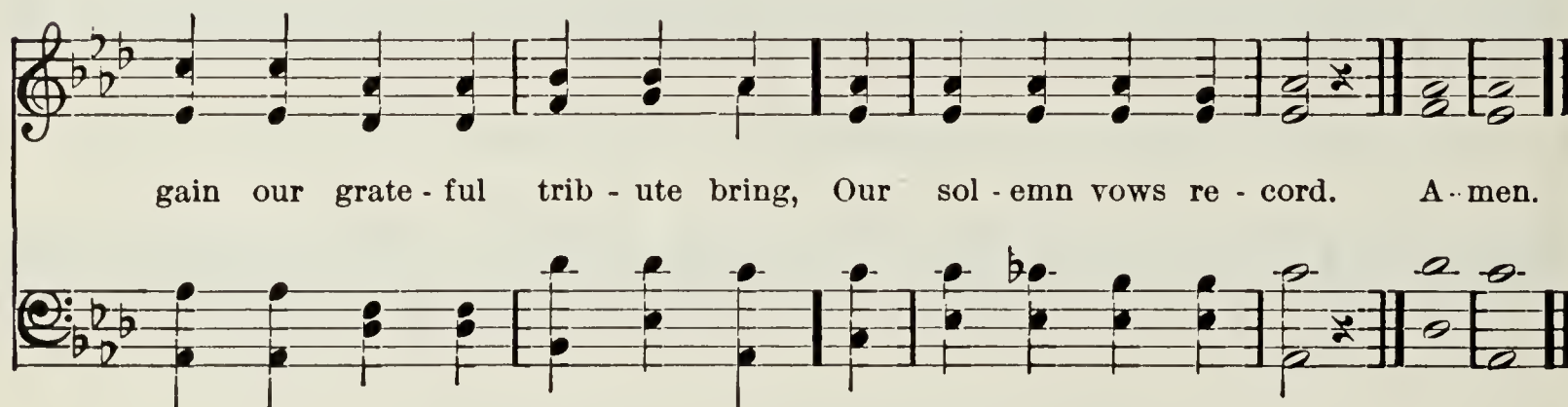
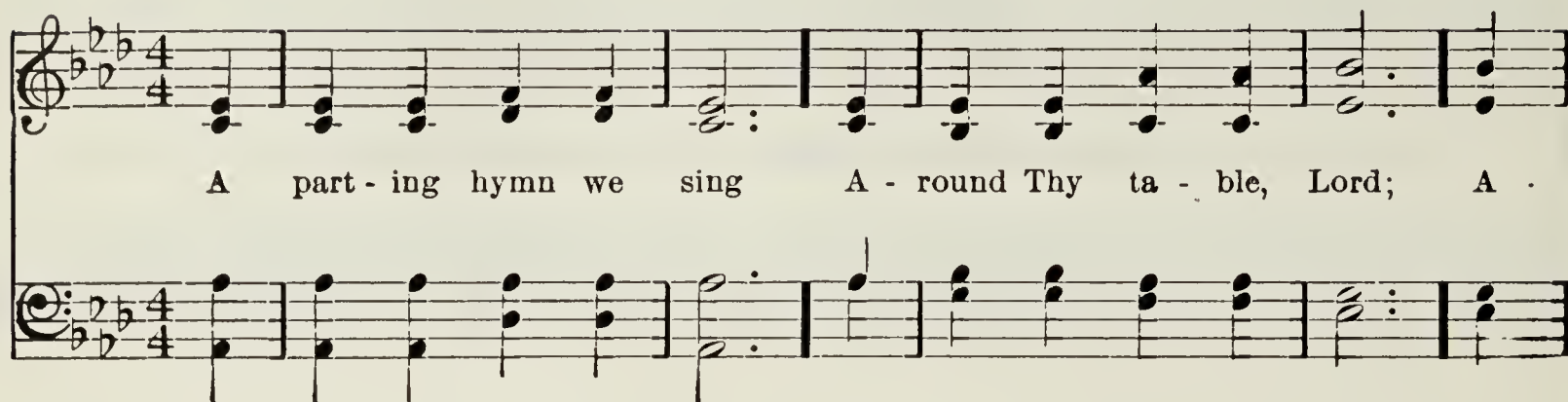
3 His fearful drops of agony,
 His life-blood shed for us, we see;
 The wine shall tell the mystery
 Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
 With the last advent we unite,
 By one blest chain of loving rite,
 Until He come.

5 O blessèd hope! with this elate
 Let not our hearts be desolate,
 But, strong in faith, in patience wait
 Until He come.

GORTON S. M.

Arr. from Ludwig van Beethoven, c. 1804



- 1 **A** PARTING hymn we sing
 Around Thy table, Lord;
 Again our grateful tribute bring,
 Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen Thy face,
 And felt Thy presence here;
 So may the savor of Thy grace
 In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of Thy blood,
 By sin no longer led,
 The path our dear Redeemer trod
 May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love
 Be our communion shown,
 Until we join the Church above,
 And know as we are known.

DORRNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848



From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the Lord hath spread;



May our souls, re-fresh-ment find-ing, Grow in all things like their Head. A - men.



1 **F**ROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread;
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like their Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

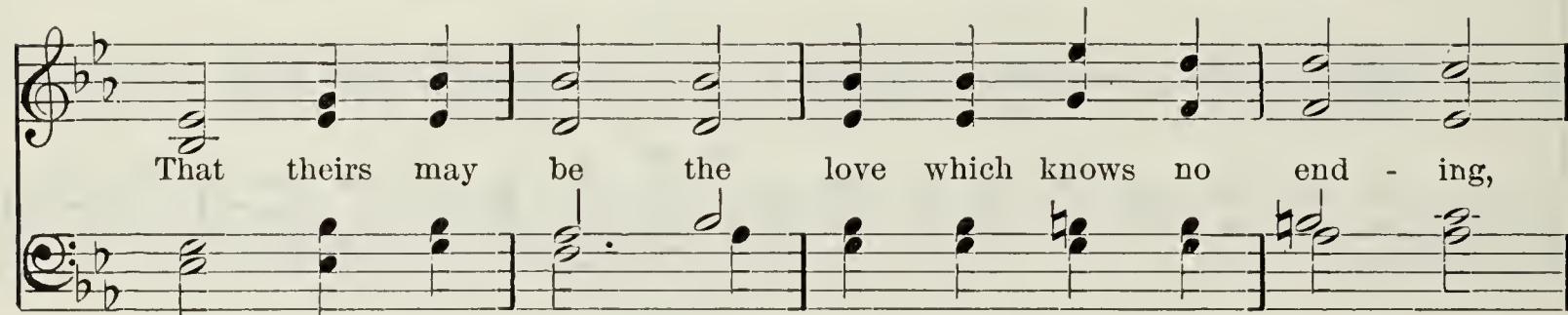
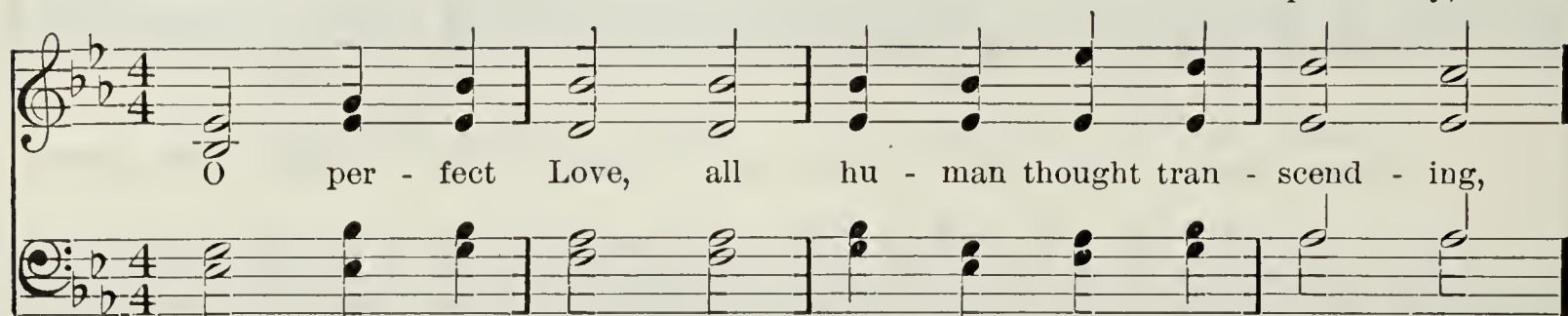
3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

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Marriage

O PERFECT LOVE 11. 10. 11. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1889



1 O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
 That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
 Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
 Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883

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Burial of the Dead

REQUIESCAT 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

John B. Dykes, 1875

Now the la-b'rer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past:

Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last. Fa-ther,

in Thy gra-cious keep-ing Leave we now Thy serv-ant sleep-ing. A-men.

1 **N**OW the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace:
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

John Ellerton, 1871

REST L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843

A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none

ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis - turbed re -

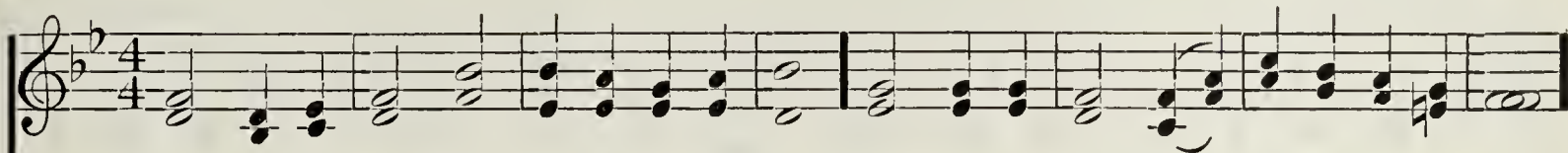
pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. A - men.

- 1 **A**SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost the venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832

ERNAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

Lowell Mason, 1850



Rest in the Lord, O ser-vant by His grace; Dwell in His courts, and gaze up-on His face;



Know naught of toil, of wear-i-ness, or woe: They rest who serve, not weary, as be-low. A-men.



1 **R**EST in the Lord, O servant by His grace;
Dwell in His courts, and gaze upon His face;
Know naught of toil, of weariness, or woe;
They rest who serve, not weary, as below.

2 Rest in the Lord: the strife of war is past;
Wear now the wreath of victory at last;
E'en death is slain—the cross of Christ sufficed,
Death is not death to those who live in Christ.

3 Rest in the Lord: the goal of life is won;
To thee 'tis given to hear the glad "Well done;"
Great their reward who, till the Lord appear,
Serve in the vineyard of the Master here.

4 Rest in the Lord: none can His honor claim,
They honor have who honor most His name;
Thine this reward, who counted gain but loss,
Nor felt it shame to glory in the cross.

5 Rest in the Lord: swift comes the happy time
When we who strive shall reach thy fairer clime;
Christ, give us welcome when the toil is past,
And bring us to the bliss of heaven at last.

CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

Joseph Barnby, 1893

Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there

be no moan - ing of the bar, When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and

foam, When that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a - gain

home. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark!

home. Twi - - - light and evening bell,

Burial of the Dead

And may there be no sad - ness of fare-well, When I em - bark;

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *rit.*

For, though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far,

f

I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crossed the bar. A - men.

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

The Old and New Year

MOZART L. M.

Arr. from the *Kyrie* in the XII Mass,
Mozart, 1756-1791

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring hap-py bells, a - cross the snow;

The year is go - ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. A - men.

- 1 **R**ING out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
- 2 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
- 3 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
- 4 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
- 5 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson, 1849

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, (-1793)

Great God, we sing that might - y hand By which sup - port - ed

still we stand; The op - 'ning year Thy mer - cy shows;

That mer - cy crowns it till it close. A - men.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Samuel Webbe, 1782

While with cease-less course the sun Hast-ed through the for-mer year,
 Ma-ny souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;
 We a lit-tle lon-ger wait, But how lit-tle none can know. A-men.

1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below.
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind—

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view;
 Bless Thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton, 1774

ST. ALBAN 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With refrain

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1774, by J. B. Dykes, 1868

Stand-ing at the por-tal Of the op-'ning year, Words of com-fort meet us,
Hush-ing ev-'ry fear; Spok-en thro' the si-lence By our Fa-ther's voice,
Ten-der, strong and faith-ful, Mak-ing us re-joice. On-ward, then, and fear not,
Chil-dren of the day; For His word shall nev-er, Nev-er pass a-way. A men.

REFRAIN.

1 **S**TANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

*Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.*

2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;

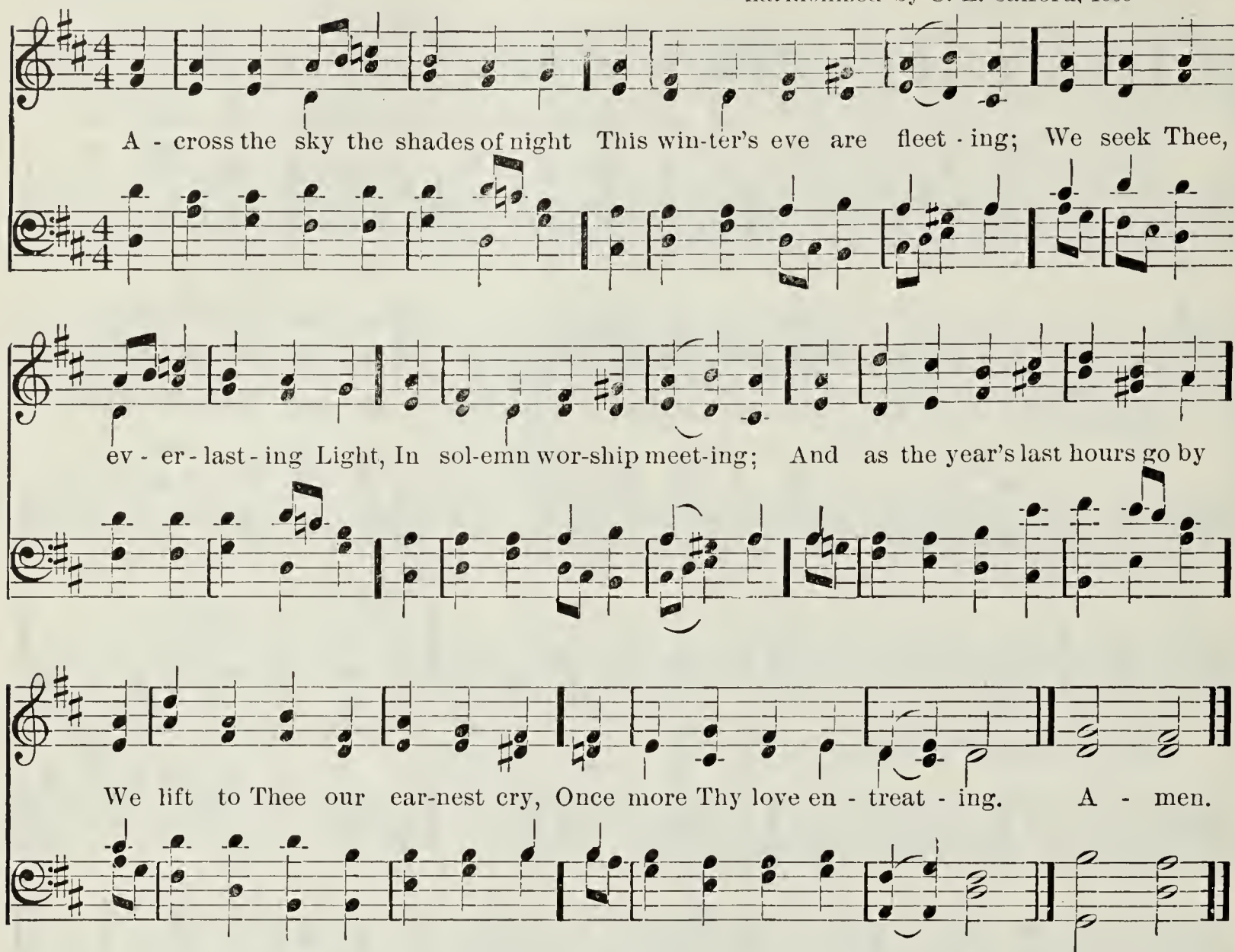
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.'

3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

ES IST DAS HEIL 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

German melody in *Ellich Cristliche Lyeder*, 1524,
harmonized by C. L. Safford, 1909


A - cross the sky the shades of night This win-ter's eve are fleet - ing; We seek Thee,
ev - er - last - ing Light, In sol - emn wor - ship meet - ing; And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our ear - nest cry, Once more Thy love en - treat - ing. A - men.

1 **A** CROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
We seek Thee, everlasting Light,
In solemn worship meeting;
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us;
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

4 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.

5 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us,
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil and strife,
Heaven shall enfold and hide us.

Spring

SOHO C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1881

The glo - ry of the spring how sweet! The new - born life how glad!

What joy the hap - py earth to greet In new, bright raiment clad! A - men.

- 1 **T**HE glory of the spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new, bright raiment clad!
- 2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless,
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewéd earth.
- 3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine,
- 4 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer!
- 5 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine,
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.
- 6 Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given;
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven.

Summer

RUTH 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Samuel Smith, 1865

Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea; Hap - py light is
flow - ing, Boun - ti ful and free. Ev - 'ry-thing re - joic - es In the
mel - low rays; All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. A - men.

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting,
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Wm. Walsham How, 1871

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

George J. Elvey, 1858

Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home!

All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;

God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home! A-men.

1 **C**OME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home!
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied:
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home!

2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:—
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home;
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To Thy final harvest-home;
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,
 There for ever purified,
 In Thy presence to abide:
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest-home!

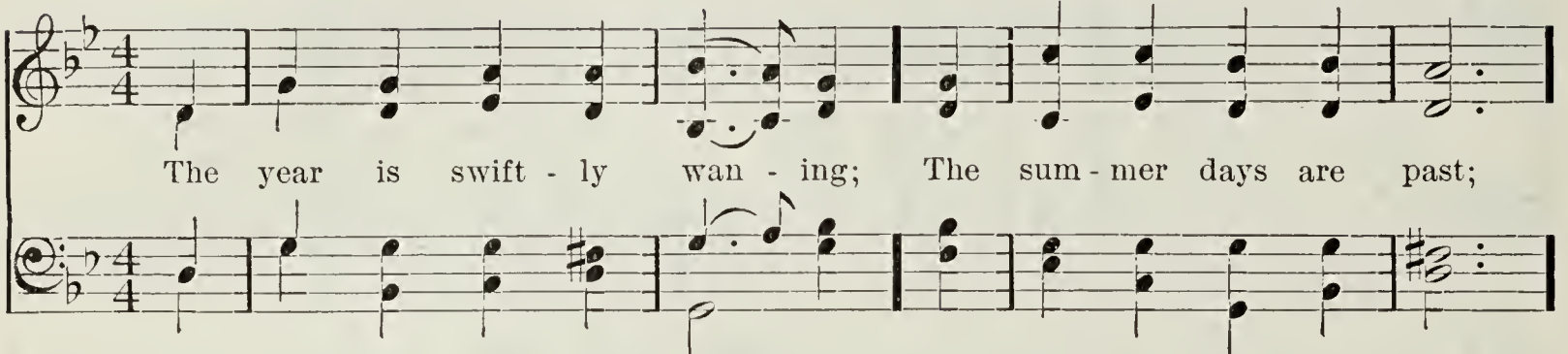
Henry Alford, 1844 (text of 1867)

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Autumn

LLANGLOFFAN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Welsh Melody,
in D. Evans' *Hymnau a Thonau*, 1865



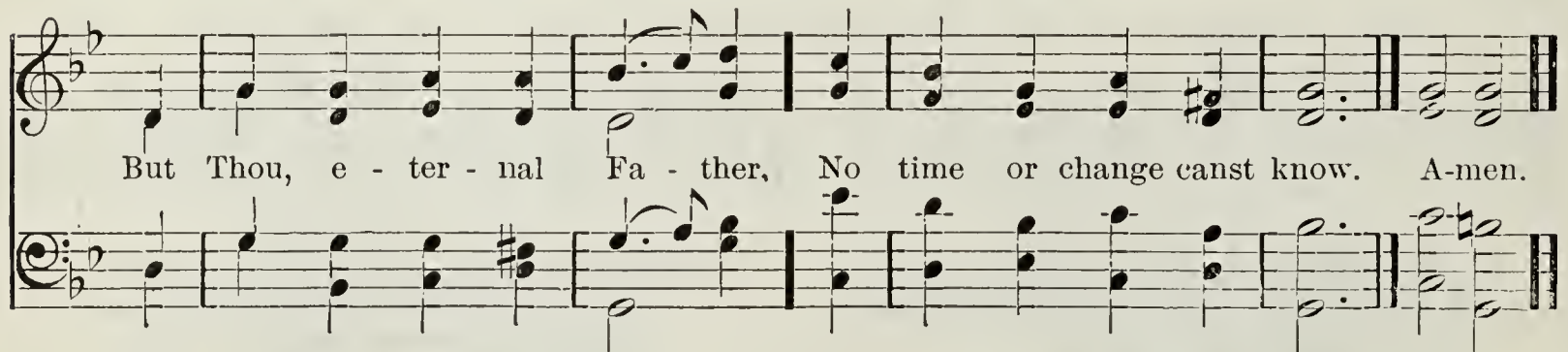
The year is swift - ly wan - ing; The sum - mer days are past;



And life, brief life, is speed - ing; The end is near - ing fast.



The ev - er - chang - ing sea - sons In si - lence come and go;



But Thou, e - ter - nal Fa - ther, No time or change canst know. A-men.

1 **T**HE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.
The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

2 O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

3 O, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—
Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

Wm. Walsham How, 1871

NETHERLANDS 13. 12. 13. 12.

Old Dutch melody in the *Collection*
by Adrianus Valerius, 1625

In our day of thanks-giv-ing one psalm let us of - fer For the saints who be -

fore us have found their re-ward; When the shad - ow of death fell up - on.... them, we

sor-row'd, But now.. we re - joice that they rest in the Lord. A - men.

- 1 **I**N our day of thanksgiving one psalm let us offer
For the saints who before us have found their reward;
When the shadow of death fell upon them, we sorrowed,
But now we rejoice that they rest in the Lord.
- 2 In the morning of life, and at noon, and at even,
He called them away from our worship below;
But not till His mercy and tender compassion
Had girt them with grace for the way they should go.
- 3 These stones that have echoed their praises are holy,
And dear is the ground where their feet have once trod;
Yet here they confessed they were strangers and pilgrims,
And still they were seeking the city of God.
- 4 Sing praise, then, for all who here sought and here found Him,
Whose journey is ended, whose perils are past;
They believed in the Light; and its glory is round them,
Where the clouds of earth's sorrow are lifted at last.

William H. Draper, 1894, 1910

For Those at Sea

MELITA Six 8s.

John B. Dykes, 1861

E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest - less wave,

Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap-point - ed lim - its keep:

O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea! A - men.

1 **E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep:
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
 The winds and waves submissive heard,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,
 Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
 And gavest light and life and peace:
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
 And ever let there rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860 (text of 1869)

SWEET STORY Irregular

Traditional English Melody

I..... think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
 lambs to His fold, I should like.. to have been with them then. A - men.

- 1 **I** THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
 That His arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,
- 4 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest and brightest and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

PLEASANT PASTURES 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

{ Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us,.. Much we need Thy ten - der care; }
 { In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us,.. For our use Thy folds pre - pare. }

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, 'Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,

Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tender care;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Hear the children when they pray!

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still!

SAMUEL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The
 lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den -
 ly a voice di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

1 **H**USHED was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark;
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark;
 When suddenly a voice divine
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
 The priest of Israel slept;
 His watch the temple-child,
 The little Levite kept;
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
 The open ear, O Lord,
 Alive and quick to hear
 Each whisper of Thy word,
 Like him to answer at Thy call,
 And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
 A lowly heart, that waits
 Where in Thy house Thou art,
 Or watches at Thy gates;
 By day and night, a heart that still
 Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
 A sweet un murmuring faith,
 Obedient and resigned
 To Thee in life and death,
 That I may read with childlike eyes
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

James D. Burns, 1857

THEODORA 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1749

Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. A-men.

- 1 **G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.
- 2 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.
- 3 Let me above all fulfil
God, my heavenly Father's, will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.
- 4 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.
- 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.
- 6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

BROCKLESBY 8. 7. 8. 7.

C. A. Barnard, c. 1868

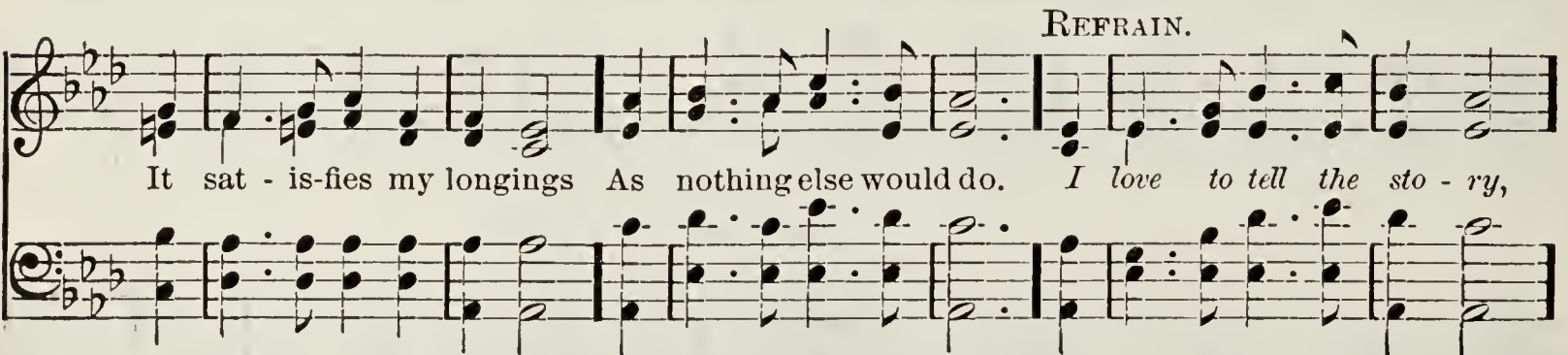
Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle
lamb to - night, Through the dark - ness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morn - ing light. A - men.

- 1 **J**ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.
- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer:—
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

7. 6. 7. 6. D. With refrain

William G. Fischer, 1869



1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.
*I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.*

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;

And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

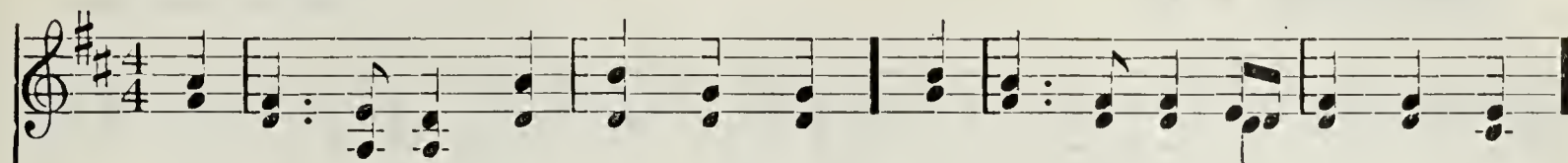
3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Katherine Hankey, 1866: refrain added

HE LEADETH ME L. M. with Refrain

William B. Bradbury, 1864



He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thought! O words with heavenly com-fortfraught!



What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.



REFRAIN.



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead - eth me;



His faith ful fol lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-men.



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1 **H**E leadeth me: O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.*

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1861; lines 3, 4, of refrain added.

PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, 1868

Fa - ther in heav'n, who lov - est all, O help Thy

chil - dren when they call; That they may build from age to

age An un - de - fil - ed her - it - age. A - men.

1 **F**ATHER in heaven, who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

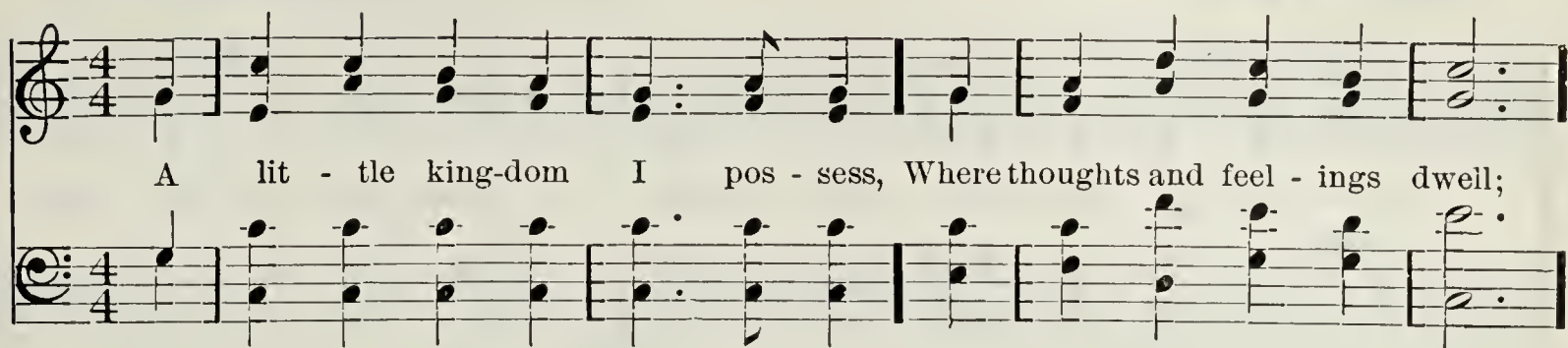
4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

BETHLEHEM C. M. D.

G. W. Fink, 1842, arr. by Arthur Sullivan



1 **A** LITTLE kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my will and deeds.

2 How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

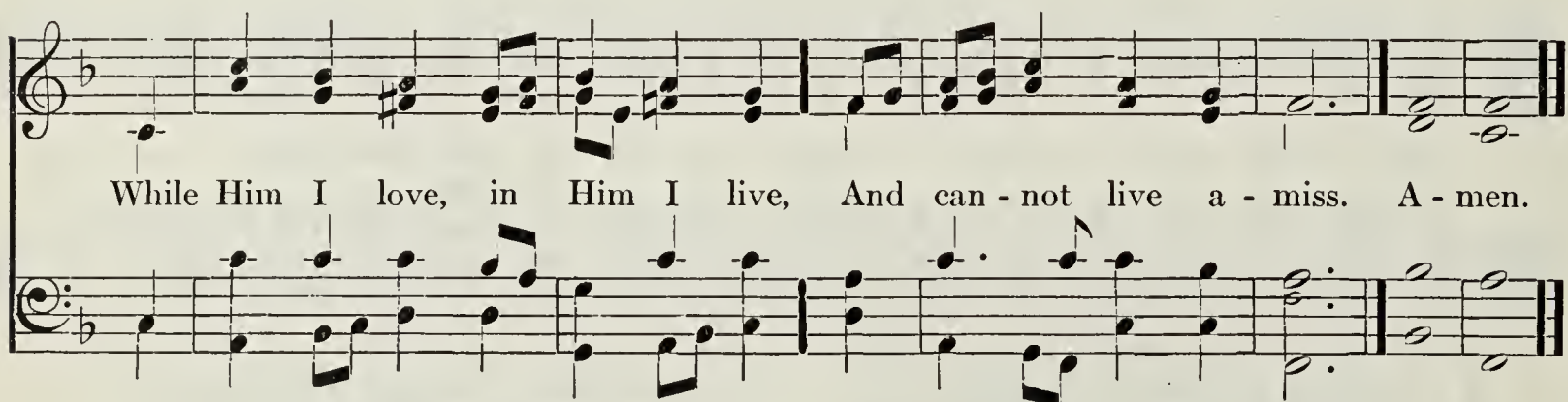
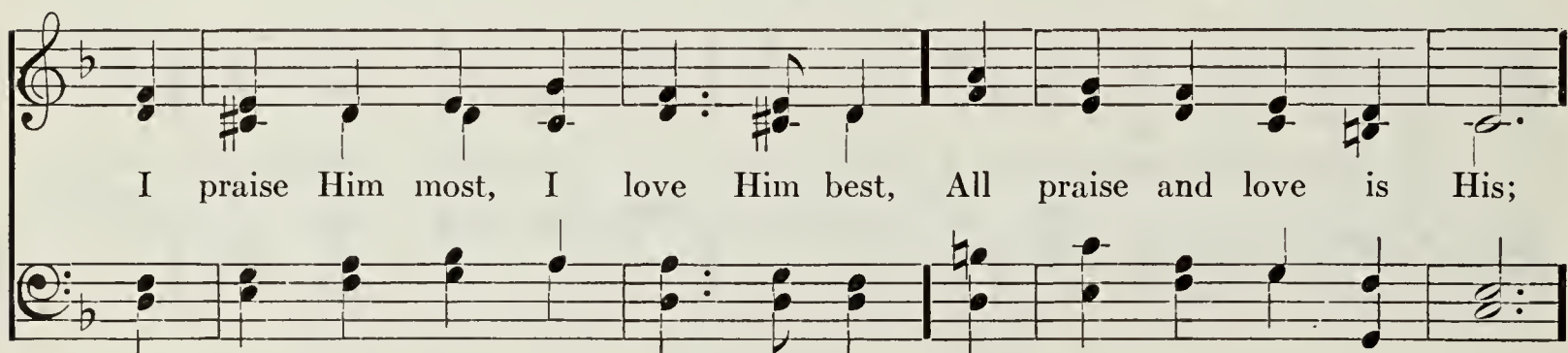
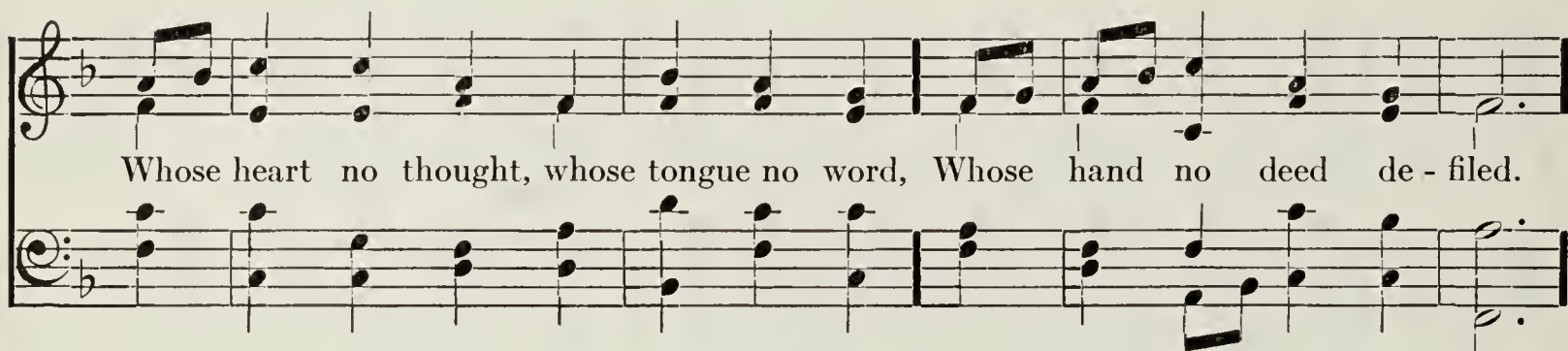
3 Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near,
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

4 I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my Guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

Louisa M. Alcott, 1846

NOEL C. M. D.

Traditional Air, arr. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874

May be sung in unison

1 **L**ET folly praise that fancy loves,
 I praise and love that Child
 Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,
 Whose hand no deed defiled.
 I praise Him most, I love Him best,
 All praise and love is His;
 While Him I love, in Him I live,
 And cannot live amiss.

2 Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
 Man's most desired light,
 To love Him life, to leave Him death,
 To live in Him delight.
 He mine by gift, I His by debt,
 Thus each to other due,
 First Friend He was, best Friend He is,
 All times will try Him true.

3 Though young yet wise, though small yet strong,
 Though man yet God He is;
 As wise He knows, as strong He can,
 As God He loves to bless:
 His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
 His love doth cherish all;
 His birth our joy, His life our light,
 His death our end of thrall.

4 Alas, He weeps, He sighs, He pants!
 Yet do His angels sing;
 Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs,
 Doth bud a joyful spring.
 Almighty Babe, whose tender arms
 Can force all foes to fly,
 Correct my faults, protect my life,
 Direct me when I die.

TOURS 7. 6. 7. 7. D.

Berthold Tours, 1872

When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name;

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song. A - men.

1 **W**HEN, His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His name;
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But, as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,

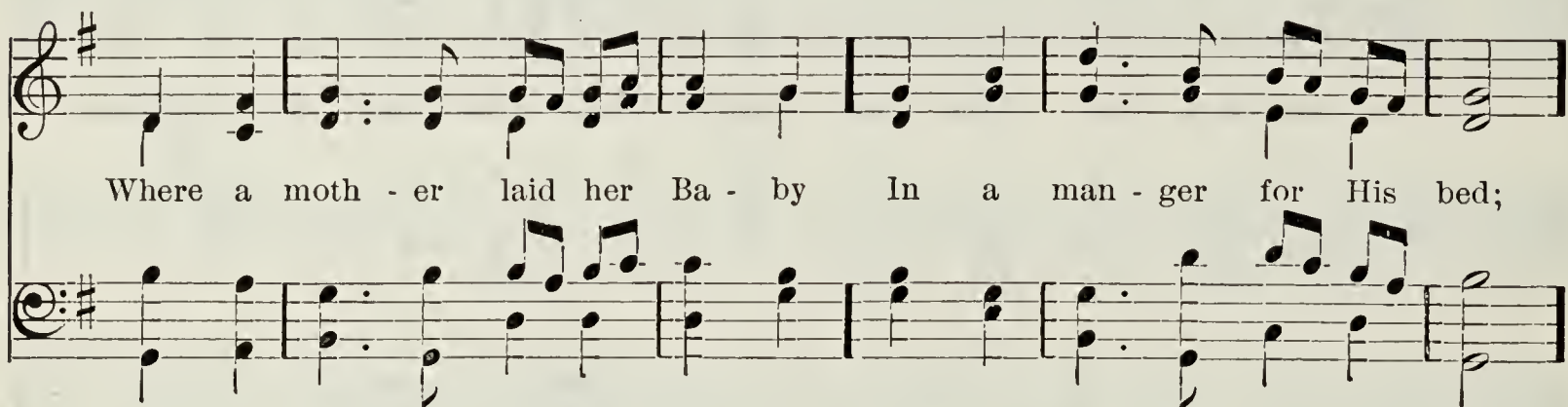
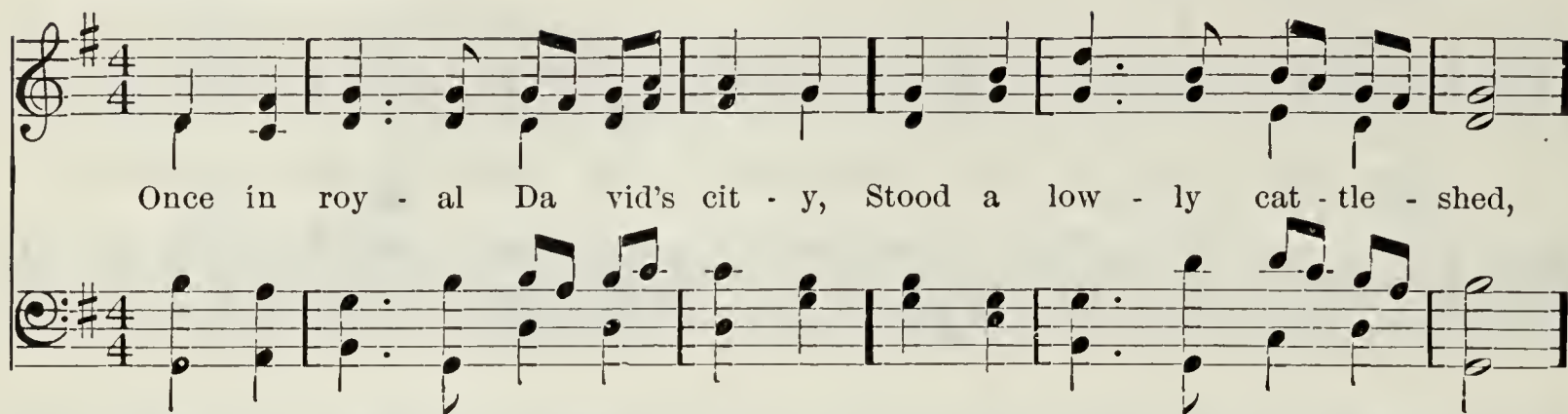
We'll flock around His banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son!"

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.

John King, 1830

IRBY 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1853



1 **O**NCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her Baby
 In a manger for His bed:
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall:
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
 He would honor and obey,
 Love and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay:
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew,
 He was little, weak and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew,
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above,
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him, but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high;
 When like stars His children crowned
 All in white shall wait around.

Cecil F. Alexander. 1848

SILENT NIGHT Irregular

Franz Gruber, 1818

Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der
 where they sweet vig - ils keep O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
 Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace. A - men.

- 1 **H**OLY night! peaceful night!
 All is dark, save the light
 Yonder where they sweet vigils keep
 O'er the Babe who in silent sleep
 Rests in heavenly peace,
 Rests in heavenly peace.
- 2 Holy night! peaceful night!
 Only for shepherds' sight
 Came blest visions of angel throngs,
 With their loud alleluia songs,
 Saying, Christ is come,
 Saying, Christ is come.
- 3 Holy night! peaceful night!
 Child of heaven, O how bright
 Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born!
 Blest indeed was that happy morn;
 Full of heavenly joy,
 Full of heavenly joy.

Joseph Mohr, 1818, tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1863

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6. With Refrain

Traditional Melody, Harmonized by John Stainer, 1867

God rest you mer-ry, gen-tle-men, Let noth-ing you dis-may, Re-mem-ber Christ our

Sav - iour Was born on Christ-mas Day; To save us all from Sa-tan's pow'r

REFRAIN.

When we were gone a - stray. O ti - dings of com - fort and joy,

Com - fort and joy; O ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

1 **G**OD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.

2 In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessèd Babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessèd morn;
The which His mother, Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.

3 From God our heavenly Father,
A blessèd angel came;
And unto certain Shepherds

Brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.

4 "Fear not, then," said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might."

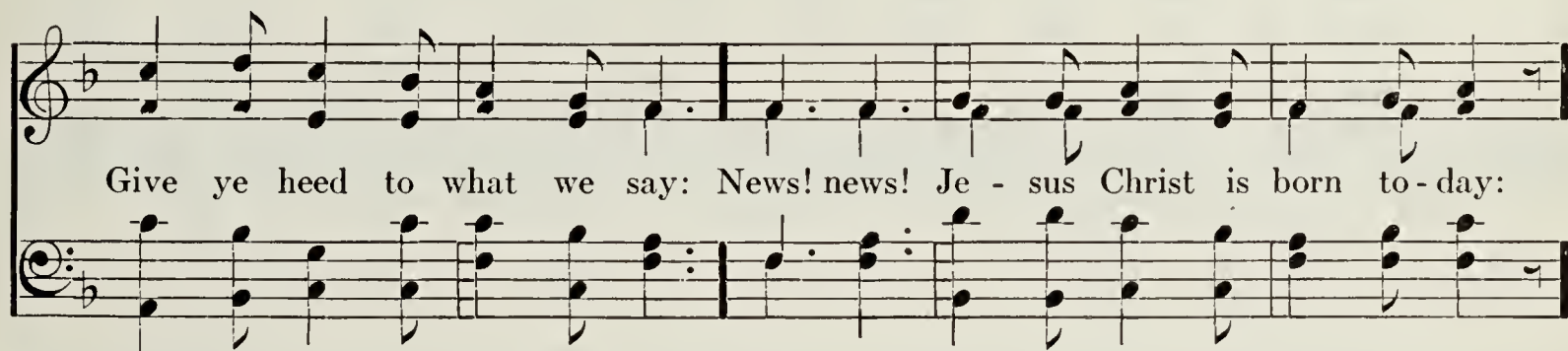
5 Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas,
All others doth deface.

Traditional

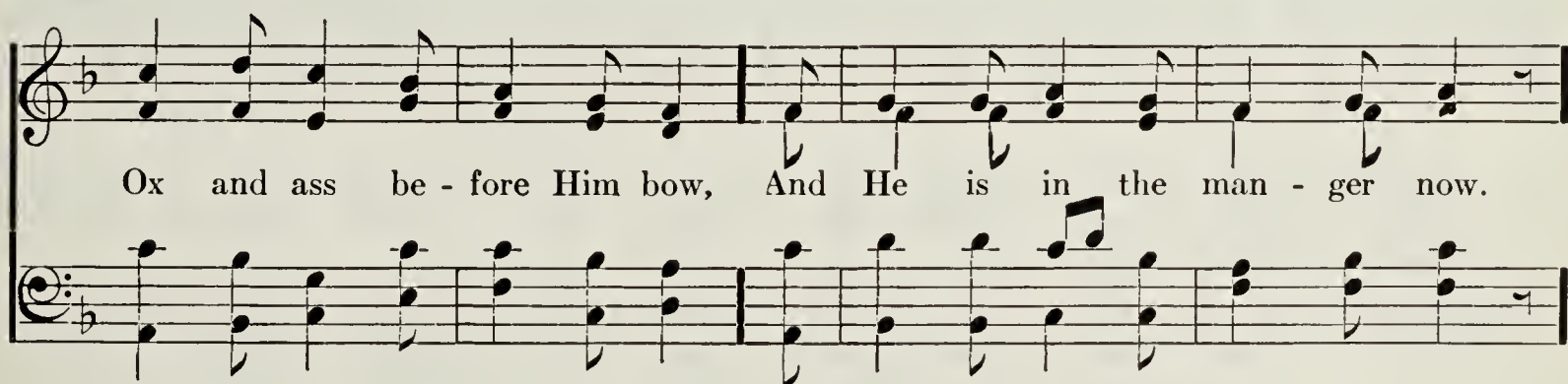
IN DULCI JUBILO 6. 6. 7. 9. 7. 8. 5.

XIV Cent. German Melody,
Harmonized by John Stainer, 1867


Good Chris-tian men, re - joice... With heart, and soul, and voice;...



Give ye heed to what we say: News! news! Je - sus Christ is born to-day:



Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, And He is in the man - ger now.



Christ is born to - day!..... Christ is born to - day!

1 **G**OOD Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
News! news! Jesus Christ is born today:
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today!
Christ is born today!

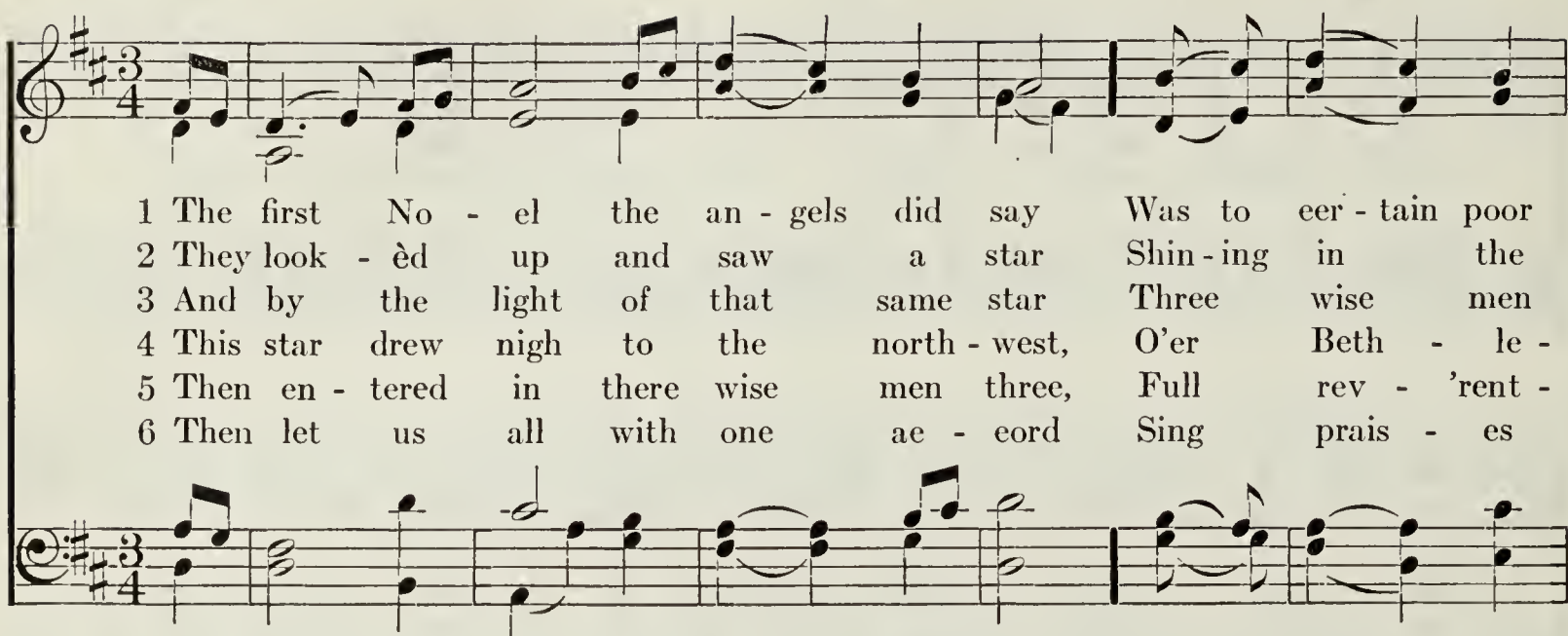
2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss;
Joy! joy! Jesus Christ was born for this!

He has oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd ever more.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave: [save!
Peace! peace! Jesus Christ was born to
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save!
Christ was born to save!

Latin (Mediæval); tr. John Mason Neale, 1853

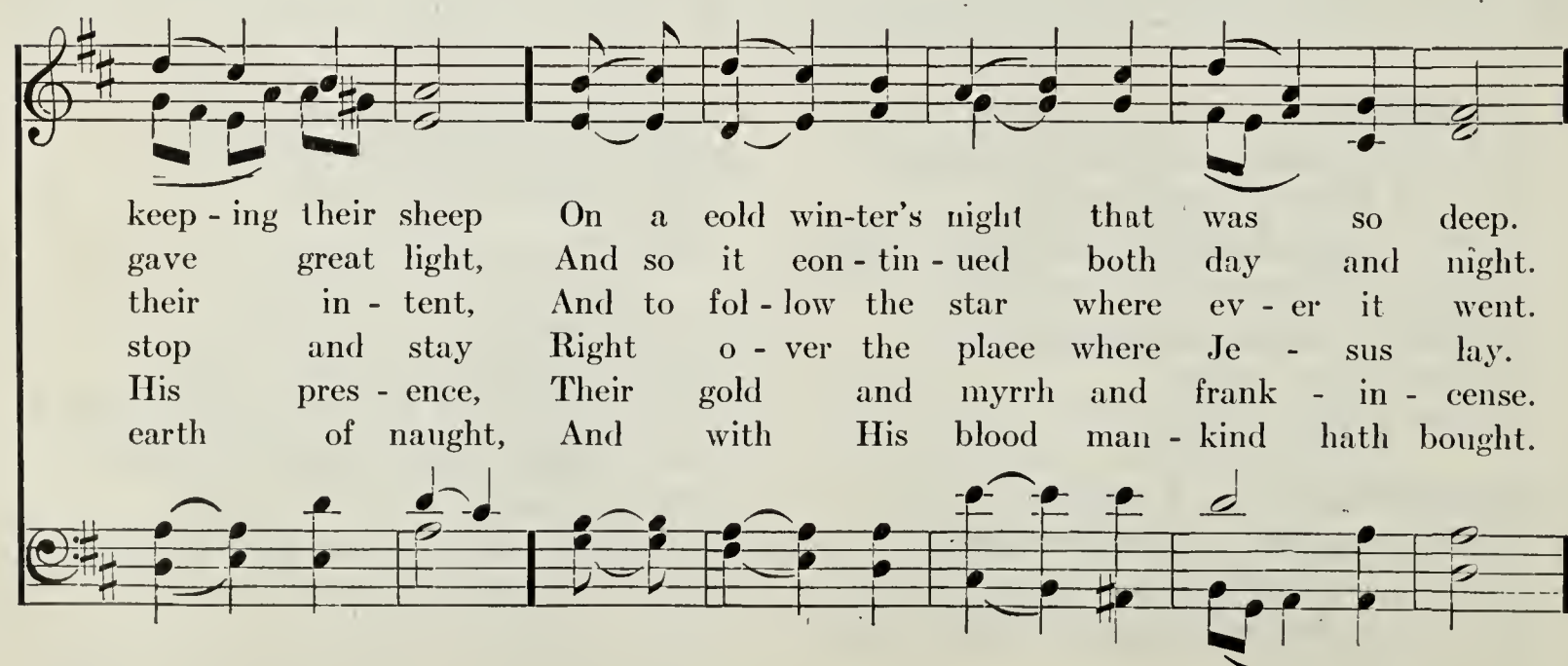
THE FIRST NOEL Irregular

Traditional Melody
Harmonized by John Stainer, 1867


1 The first No - el the an - gels did say Was to eer - tain poor
 2 They look - èd up and saw a star Shin - ing in the
 3 And by the light of that same star Three wise men
 4 This star drew nigh to the north - west, O'er Beth - le -
 5 Then en - tered in there wise men three, Full rev - 'rent -
 6 Then let us all with one ae - eord Sing prais - es



shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
 East, be - yond them far, And to the earth it
 came from eoun - try far, To seek for a king was
 hem it took its rest, And there it did both
 ly up - on their knee, And of - fer'd there in
 to our heav'n - ly Lord; That hath made heav'n and



keep - ing their sheep On a eold win-ter's night that was so deep.
 gave great light, And so it eon - tin - ued both day and night.
 their in - tent, And to fol - low the star where ev - er it went.
 stop and stay Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.
 His pres - ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank - in - cense.
 earth of naught, And with His blood man - kind hath bought.

Carols

REFRAIN.

No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

436

AWAY IN A MANGER 11. 11. 11. 11.

Arr. fr. J. E. Spilman, 1838

A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord

Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky looked

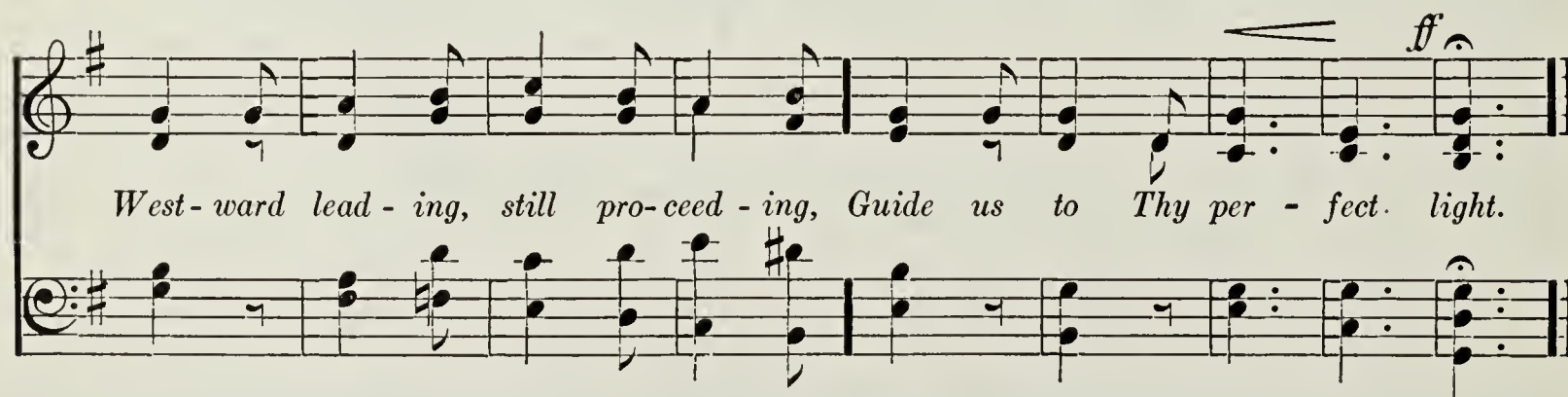
down where He lay— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.

1 **A**WAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my side till the morning is nigh.

Author Unknown

THREE KINGS OF ORIENT 8. 8. 8. 6. With Refrain John Henry Hopkins, Jr., 1857

REFRAIN. *In Unison.*

1 **W**E three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

2 Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

3 Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising all men raising,
Worship Him, God most High.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom:
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Earth to the heavens replies.

SURREXIT CHRISTUS HODIE

8. 8.

With Alleluia

Arr. fr. a XIV Cent. Melody

May be sung in unison.

A - risen is Je - sus Christ to - day! Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

The Com-fort of man-kind al - way. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

1 **A**RISEN is Jesus Christ today! *Alleluia*
The Comfort of mankind always.

2 A death most cruel suffered He
That thralls of sin might be set free.

3 At break of dawn the women come
With spices to His rocky tomb.

4 And lo! an angel clad in white
With news to give them great delight:

5 "O women, gazing fearsomely,
Haste ye away to Galilee;

6 "To His disciples tidings bring:
He lives again, their glorious King!"

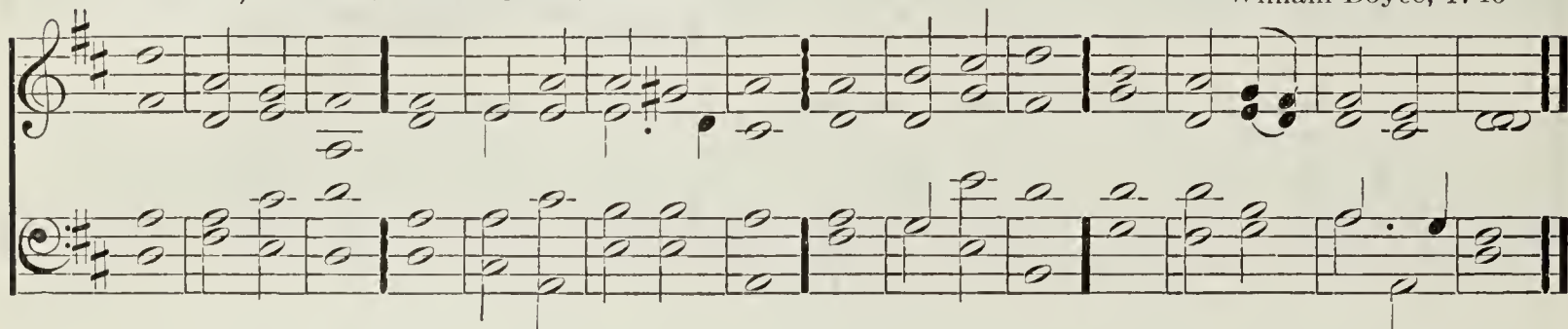
7 Wherefore with Easter gladness
This ever-conquering Lord we bless.

Canticles and Ancient Hymns

439

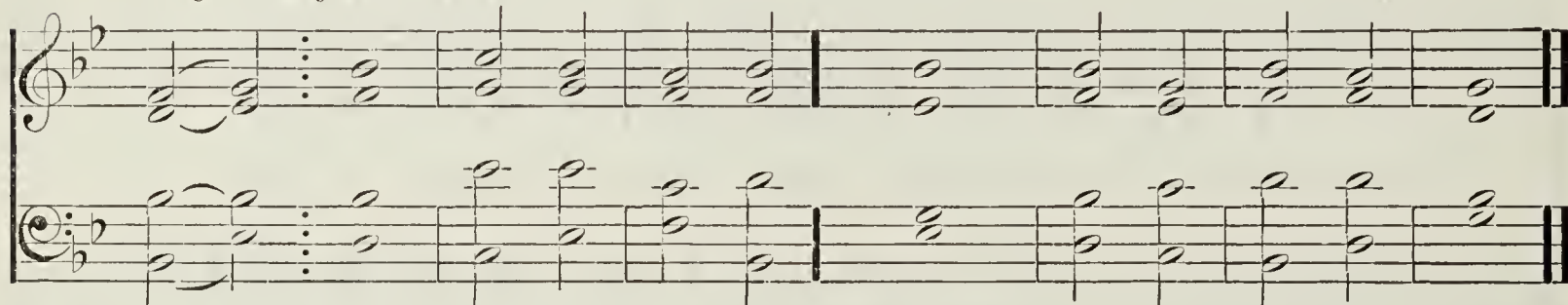
VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

William Boyce, 1740



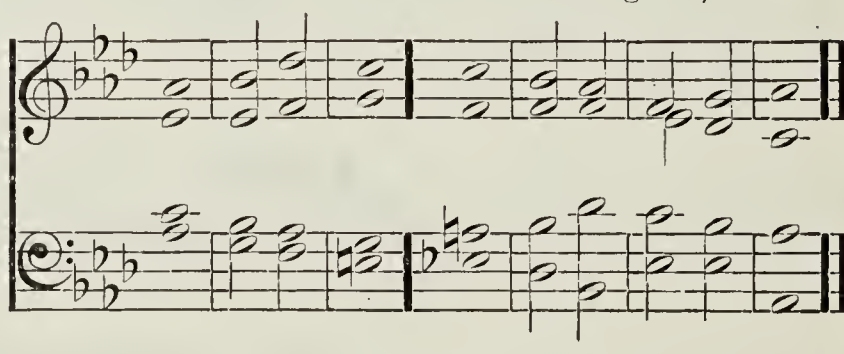
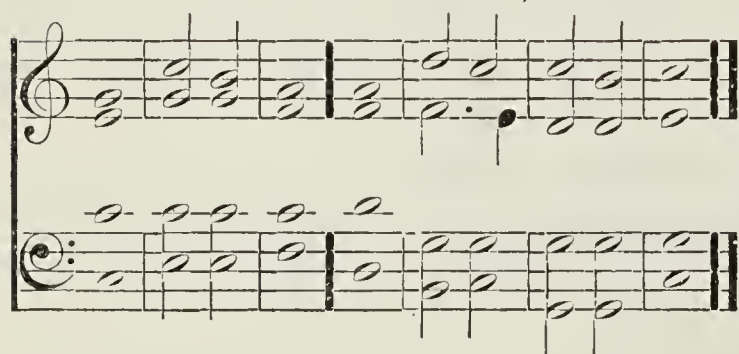
May be sung in Unison.

Tone III³



Richard Goodson, 1655-1718

Seth Bingham, 1923



Psalm xcv

- 1 O come let us *sing* | unto • the | Lord || let us heartily *rejoice* in the | strength of | our
sal- | vation.
 - 2 Let us come before His *presence* with | thanks- — | giving || and *show* our-• selves | glad
in | Him with | psalms.
 - 3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
 - 4 In His hand are all the *corners* | of the | earth || and the *strength* of the | hills is | His — |
also.
 - 5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || and His *hands* pre- | pared • the | dry — | land.
 - 6 O come, let us *worship* and | fall — | down || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
 - 7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of His pasture, *and* the | sheep
of | His — | hand.
 - 8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty • of | holiness || let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of |
Him.
 - 9 *For He cometh, for He *com-* • eth to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to
judge the world, *and* the | peo-ple | with His | truth.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end. — | A- — | men.

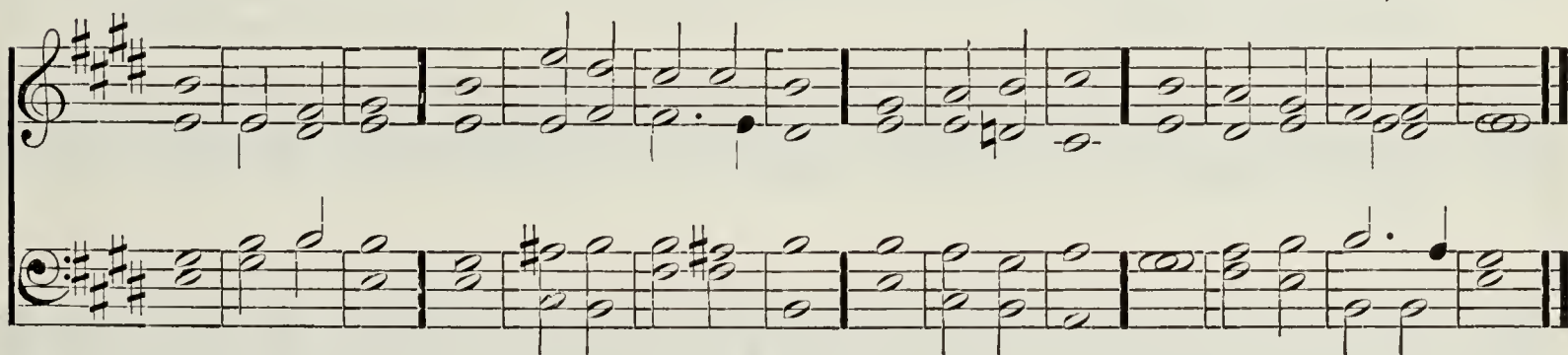
* Last half of Double Chant

DOMINI EST TERRA

James Turle, 1802-82



John Randall, 1715-99



Psalm xxiv

- 1 The earth is the *Lord's* and the | fulness • there- | of; || the *world*, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
- 2 For He hath *founded* it up- | on the | seas || and *established* | it up- | on the | floods.
- 3 Who shall ascend into the *hill* | of the | *Lord*? || or who shall *stand* | in His | ho-ly | place?
- 4 He that hath clean *hands* and a | pure — | heart; || who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, *nor* | sworn de- | ceit-ful- | ly.
- 5 He shall receive the *blessing* | from the | *Lord* || and righteousness *from* the | *God* of | his sal- | vation.
- 6 This is the generation of | them that | seek Him, || *that* seek Thy | face O | Jacob.
- 7 Lift up your heads O ye gates, and be lifted up ye *ever-* | lasting | doors || and the *King* of | glory | shall come | in.
- 8 Who *is* this | *King* of | glory? || The *Lord* strong and mighty, the *Lord* | migh- — | ty in | battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads O ye gates, even lift them up ye *ever-* | lasting | doors || and the *King* of | glory | shall come | in.
- 10 Who *is* this | *King* of glory? || the *Lord* of *hosts* He | is the | *King* of | glory.

Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | *Son* || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end.— | A— | men.

CANTATE DOMINO

John Robinson, 1682-1762

*May be sung in Unison.*Tone V^b (Rouen Mediation)

Psalm xeviii

- 1 O sing unto the *Lord* a | new — | song || for *He* hath | done — | mar-velous | things.
 - 2 With His own right hand, and *with* His | ho-ly | arm || *hath* He | gotten • Him- | self the | victory.
 - 3 The *Lord* declared | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in the | sight — | of the | heathen.
 - 4 He hath remembered His merey and truth *toward* the | house of | Isreal || and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
 - 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *sing*, re- | joice and | give — | thanks.
 - 6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- — | giving.
 - 7 With *trumpets* | also • and | shawms || O show yourselves *joyful* be- | fore the | *Lord* the | King.
 - 8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || the round *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.
 - 9 Let the floods elap their hands, and let the hills be joyful *together* be- | fore the | *Lord* || for He | cometh • to | judge the | earth.
 - 10 With righteousness *shall* He | judge the | world || and the | peo-ple | with — | equity.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end. — | A- — | men.

DEUS MISEREATUR

Arranged from Beethoven, 1770-1827



Lewis T. Downes, 1827-1907

*May be sung in Unison.*Tone I¹

Seth Bingham, 1923



Psalm lxxvii

- 1 God be merciful *unto* | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance, *and*
be | merci- • ful | un-to | us;
 - 2 That Thy *way* may be | known up- • on | earth || Thy *saving* | health a- | mong all | nations.
 - 3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
 - 4 O let the nations *rejoice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and
govern the | nations • up- | on — | earth.
 - 5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
 - 6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God* shall |
give — | us His | blessing.
 - 7 **God* | shall — | bless us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with- • out | end. — | A- — | men.

* Last half of Double Chant

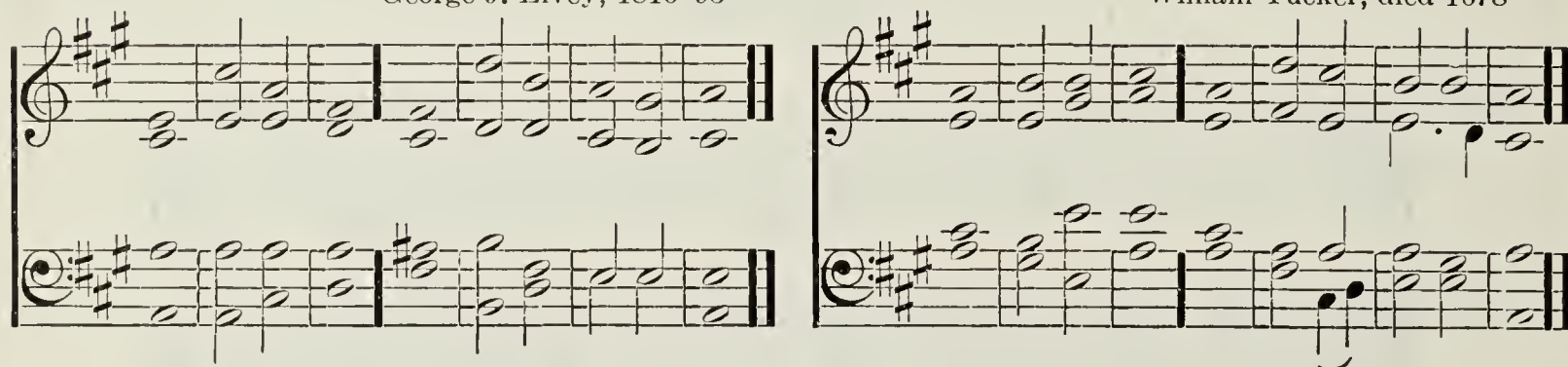
JUBILATE DEO

Richard Woodward, 1771

*May be sung in Unison.*Tone VII¹

George J. Elvey, 1816-93

William Tucker, died 1678

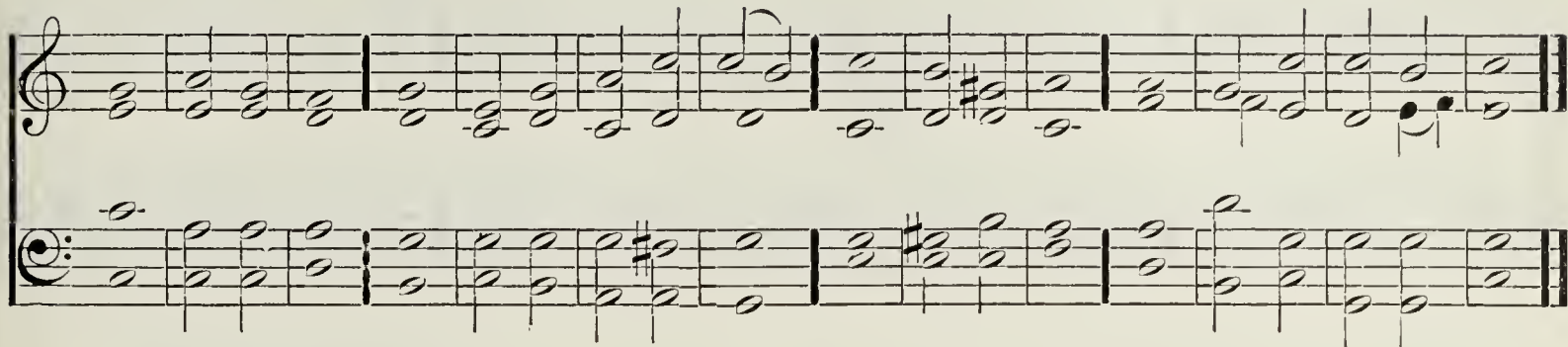


Psalm c

- 1 O be joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness, and come before
His | presence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves,
we are His people *and* the | sheep of | His — | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and *into* His | courts with | praise || be
thankful unto *Him* and | speak good | of His | Name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mercy* is | ev-er- | lasting || and His truth endureth from
gener- | ation • to | gen-er- | ation.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end.— | A- — | men.

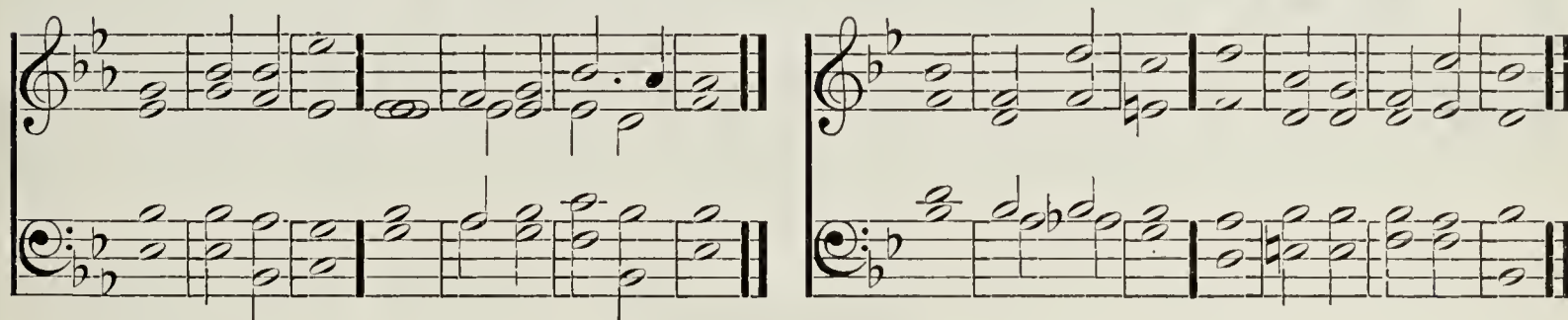
LEVAVI OCULOS

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867

*May be sung in Unison.*Tone V⁸

Edward J. Hopkins, 1818-1901

Seth Bingham, 1923



Psalm cxxi

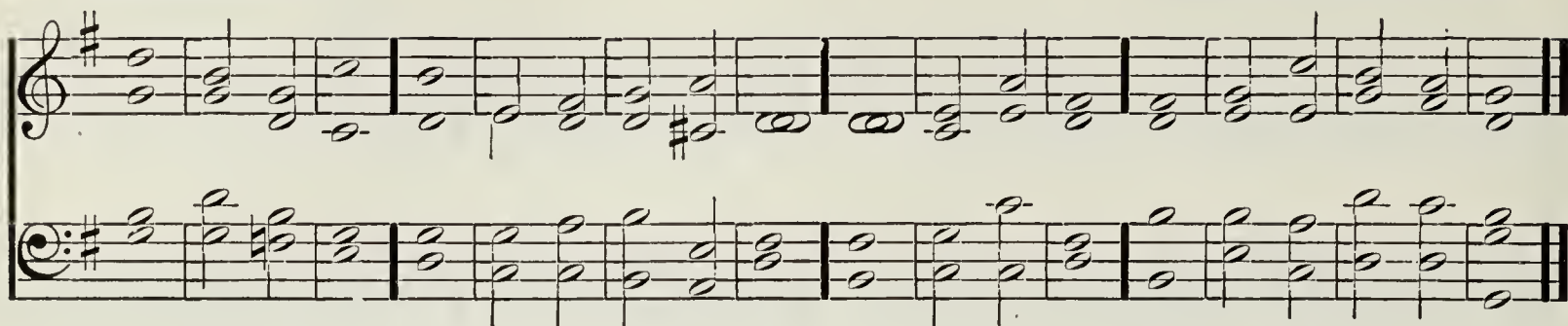
- 1 I will lift up mine *eyes* un- | to the | hills || from *whence* | cometh | my — | help.
- 2 My help *cometh* | from the | Lord || *which* | made — | heaven and | earth.
- 3 He will not *suffer* thy | foot to • be | moved || *He* that | keepeth • thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold *He* that | keepeth | Israel || *shall* | neither | slumber • nor | sleep.
- 5 The *Lord* | is thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy *shade* up- | on thy | right — | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not *smite* | thee by | day || *nor* | — the | moon by | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve *thee* | from all | evil || *He* | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, *and* thy | coming | in || from this time *forth* and | even • for | ever | more.

Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end.— | A— | men.

MAGNIFICAT

Henry Smart, 1813-79



Charles E. Kettle, 1833-95



May be sung in Unison.

Tone III⁴

Luke i, 46-55

- 1 My soul doth *magni-* | fy the | Lord || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced • in | God my | Saviour.
- 2 For He | hath re- | garded || the *lowli-* | ness of | His hand- | maiden.
- 3 For be- | hold from | henceforth || *all* gener- | ations • shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 For He that is *mighty* hath | magni- • fied | me || *and* | ho-ly | is His | Name.
- 5 And His *mercy* is on | them that | fear Him | *through-* | out all | gen-er- | ations.
- 6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm || He hath scattered the proud in the imag-in- |
a-tion | of their | hearts.
- 7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat || and *hath* ex- | alted • the | humble •
and | meek.
- 8 He hath filled the *hungry* with | good— | things || and the *rich* He hath | sent — | emp-ty •
a- | way.
- 9 *He remembering His mercy hath *holpen* His | ser-vant | Israel || as He promised to
our forefathers, *Abra-•* ham | and his | seed for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end.— | A— | men.

* Last half of Double Chant

BENEDICTUS

William Crotch, 1775-1847



May be sung in Unison.

Tone I⁶

Joseph Barnby, 1838-96



Luke 1, 68-79

- 1 Blessed be the *Lord* | God of | Israel || for He hath *visit*-• ed | and re- | deemed • His | people:
 - 2 And hath raised up a *might*-y sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* | of His | ser-vant David;
 - 3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan;
 - 4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies || and *from* the | hand of | all that | hate us;
 - 5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers || and to remember His | ho-ly | Cov-e- | nant;
 - 6 To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He would | give — | us;
 - 7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* | of our | enemies || might *serve* | Him with- | out — | fear;
 - 8 In holiness and *righteous*- | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days — | of our | life.
 - 9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Prophet* | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways:
 - 10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto • His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of their | sins,
 - 11 Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high hath | visit- • ed | us;
 - 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow • of | death || and to guide our *feet* | into • the | way of | peace.
- Glory be to the *Fa*-ther | and • to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end.— | A— | men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI

Seth Bingham, 1923



May be sung in Unison.

Tonus Peregrinus

Richard Farrant, 1530-85



Psalm xcii

- 1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto • the | Lord || and to sing praises unto Thy |
Name — | O Most — | Highest.
- 2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in the | morning || and of Thy *truth* | in the | night — |
season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, *and* up- | on the | lute || upon a loud *instrument* | and
up- | on the | harp.
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving
praise for the *oper-* | a-tions | of Thy | hands.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end.— | A— | men.

448

NUNC DIMITTIS

May be sung in Unison.

Tonus Regius

Joseph Barnby, 1838-96



Luke ii, 29-32

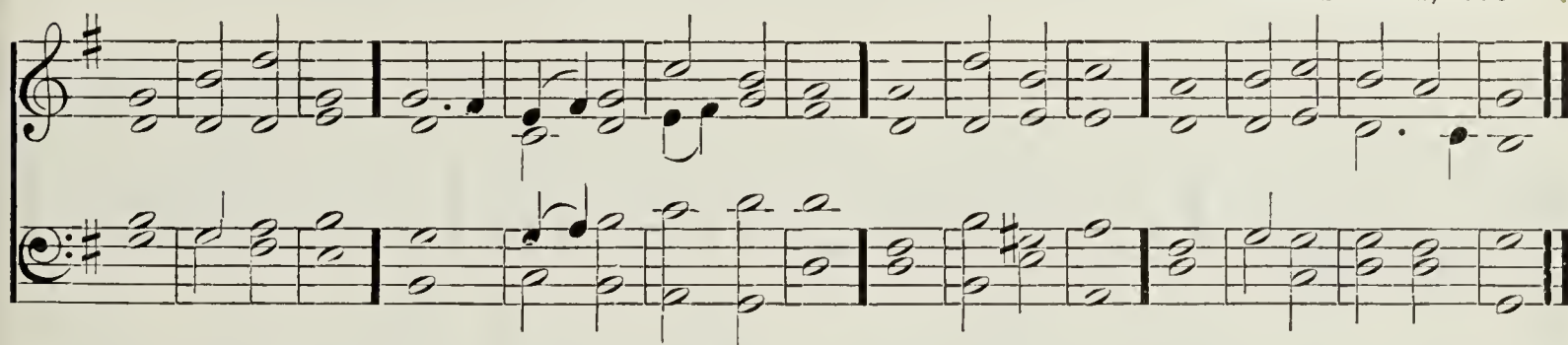
- 1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy *servant* de- | part in | peace || ac- | cord-ing | to Thy | word.
- 2 For mine | eyes have | seen || Thy | — sal- | va- — | tion,
- 3 Which Thou | hast pre- | pared || before the | face of | all — | people;
- 4 To be a *light* to | lighten • the | Gentiles || and to the *glory* | of Thy | peo-ple | Israel.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end.— | A— | men.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA

Isaac Barrow, 1712-89



Thomas Norris, 1770

*May be sung in Unison.*Tone VIII⁷

W. Savage



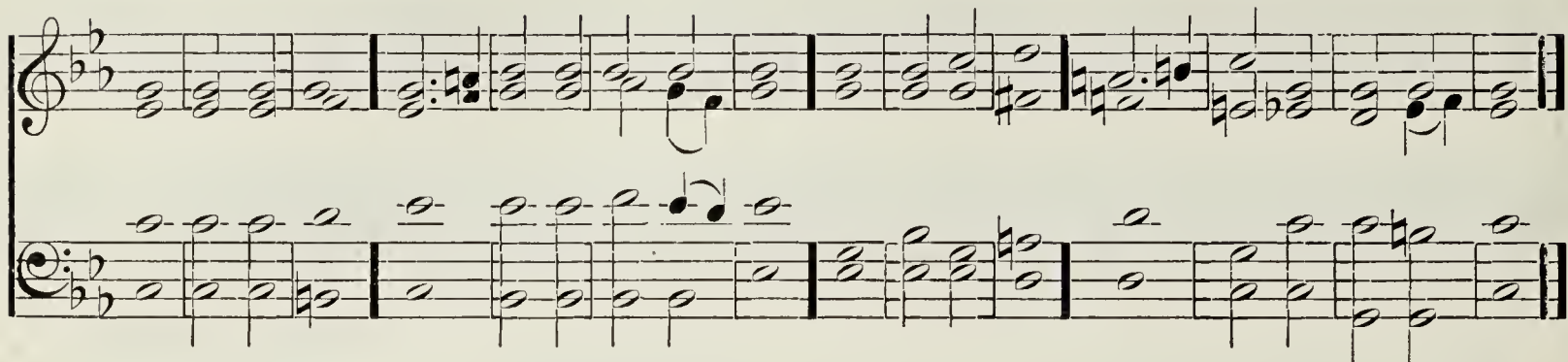
Psalm ciii, 1-4; 20-22

- 1 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is within me | praise His | ho-ly | Name.
 - 2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || and for- | get not | all His | benefits;
 - 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and healeth | all — | thine in- | firmities;
 - 4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || and crowneth thee with | mercy • and | lov-
ing- | kindness;
 - 5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil His
commandment, and hearken unto the | voice — | of His | word.
 - 6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.
 - 7 *O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of | His do- | minion || praise
thou the | Lord — | O my | soul.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is now and | ev-er | shall be || world with- • out | end. — | A- — | men.

* Last half of Double Chant

DOMINE REFUGIUM

Beethoven, arr. by John Goss, 1800-80



William Morley, 1700



Psalm xc, 1-6; 12, 14, 16, 17

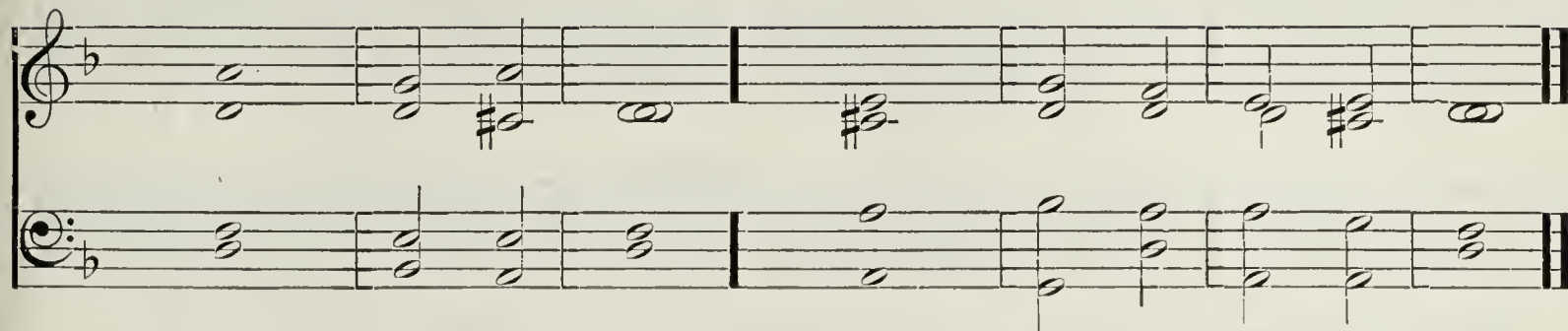
- 1 Lord, *Thou* hast | been our | refuge || from *one* gener- | a-tion | to an- | other.
- 2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the *earth* and the | world were | made ||
Thou art God from everlasting and | world with- | out — | end.
- 3 Thou turnest *man* | to de- | struction; || again Thou sayest, *Come* a- | gain ye | children •
of | men.
- 4 For a thousand years in Thy *sight* are | but as | yesterday || seeing that is *past* as a |
watch — | in the | night.
- 5 As soon as Thou scatterest them, they are *even* | as a - | sleep || and *fade* a- • way |
sudden-ly | like the | grass.
- 6 In the morning it is *green* and | groweth | up || but in the evening it is cut *down* | dried— |
up and | withered.
- 7 So *teach* us to | number • our | days || that we may *apply* our | hearts — | unto | wisdom.
- 8 O satisfy us with thy *mer-•cy* and | that right | soon || so shall we rejoice and be *glad*
all the | days — | of our | life.
- 9 *Show* Thy | servants • Thy | work || and their | children | Thy — | glory.
- 10 And the glorious majesty of the Lord our *God* | be up- | on us || prosper Thou the work
of our hands upon us; O *prosper* | Thou our | handy- | work.

Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

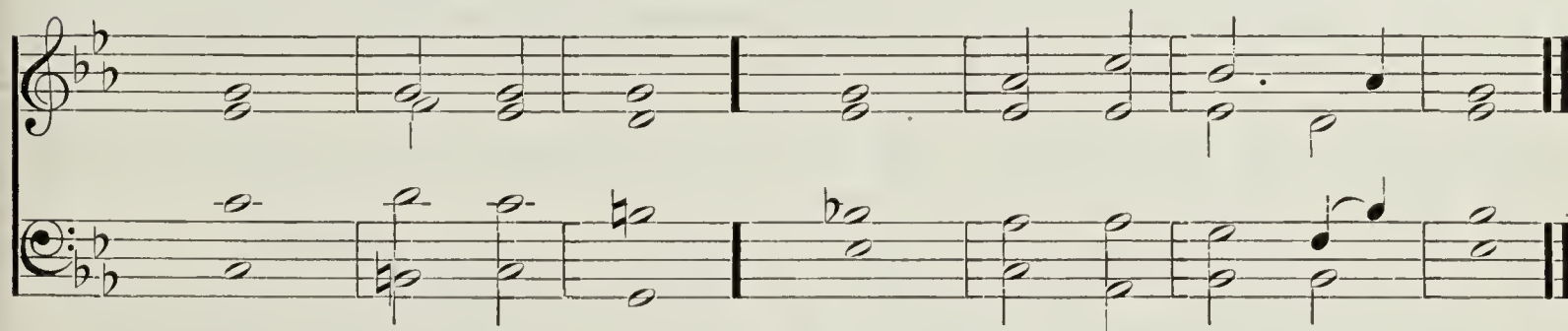
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end. — | A- — | men.

FAC NOTUM MIHI

Gregorian



William Felton, 1740



Lewis T. Downes, 1827-1907



Psalm xxxix, 4-13

- 1 Lord, let me know mine end, and the *number* | of my | days || that I may be certified
how | long I | have to | live.
- 2 Behold Thou hast made my days as it *were* a | span — | long || and mine age is even as
nothing in respect of Thee, and verily every man *living* is | al-to- | gether | vanity.
- 3 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him- | self in vain; || he heapeth up
riches, and cannot *tell* | who shall | gather | them.
- 4 And now *Lord* what | is my | hope? || *tru-ly* my | hope is | even • in | Thee.
- 5 Deliver me from *all* | mine of- | fences || and make me *not* a re- | buke — | unto the | foolish.
- 6 When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, Thou makest his beauty to consume
away, like as it were a *moth* | fretting a | garment || *every* • man | therefore | is but |
vanity.
- 7 Hear my prayer O Lord, and with Thine *ears* con- | sider • my | calling; || *hold* not Thy |
peace — | at my | tears.
- 8 For I am a stranger with *Thee* | and a | sojourner || *as* | all my | fathers | were.
- 9 O spare me a little, that I *may* re- | cover • my | strength || before I go *hence* | and be | no
more | seen.

Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with-• out | end.— | A- — | men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

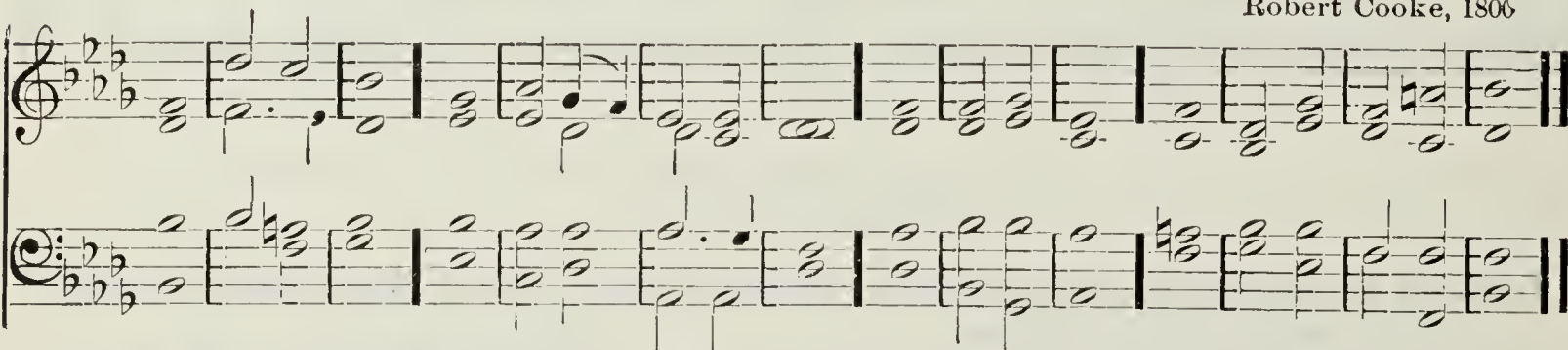
Henry Lawes, 1596-1662



- 1 We *praise* | Thee O | God || we *acknowledge* | Thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee || *the* | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.
- 3 To Thee all *Angels* | cry a- | loud || the *Heavens* and | all the | Powers there- | in.
- 4 To Thee *Cherubim* and | Ser-a- | phim || *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 *Holy* | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || *Lord* | God. of | Sab-a- | oth;
- 6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-es- | ty || *of* | Thy — | glo- — | ry.
- 7 The glorious *company* | of · the A- | postles || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 8 The goodly *fellowship* | of the | Prophets || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 9 The *noble* | army · of | Martyrs || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *doth* | — ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
- 11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || *of* an | in- · finite | Maj-es- | ty;
- 12 *Thine* a- | dor- · able | true || *and* | on- — | ly — | Son;
- 13 *Also the | Holy | Ghost || the | Com- — | fort- — | er.
- 14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory || O | — — | — — | Christ.
- 15 Thou art the *ever-* | last-ing | Son || *of* | — the | Fa- — | ther.

*Last half of Chant

Robert Cooke, 1806



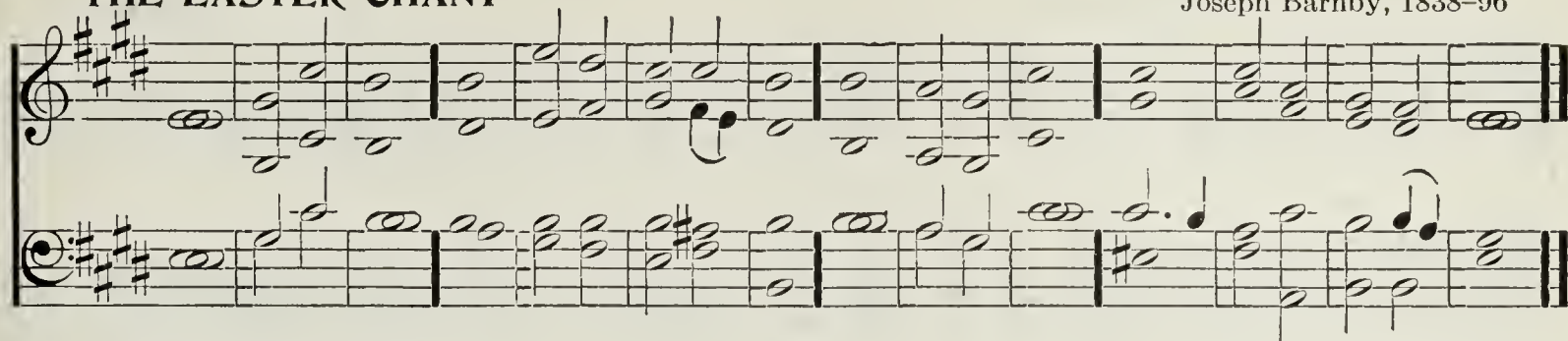
- 16 When 'Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man || 'Thou didst humble Thy-self to
be | born — | of a | Virgin.
- 17 When 'Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death || 'Thou didst open the *King-*
dom of | Heaven · to | all be- | lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *in* the glo ry | of the | Father.
- 19 We *believe* that | Thou shalt | come || *to* | be — | our — | Judge.
- 20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast *redeemed* | with Thy
| pre-cious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be *numbered* | with Thy | Saints || *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
- 22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || *and* | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
- 23 *Gov-* | — ern them || *and* | lift them | up for- | ever.

Return to chant in B♭ at the top of page.

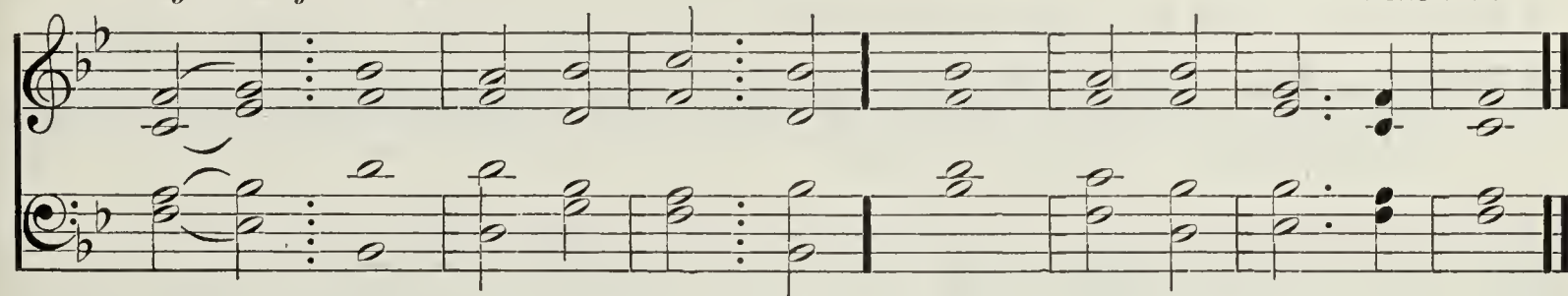
- 24 *Day* | by — | day || *we* | mag-ni- | fy — | Thee;
- 25 *And* we | worship · Thy | Name || *ever* | world with- | out — | end.
- 26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord || to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.
- 27 O *Lord* · have | mercy · up- | on us || *have* | mercy · up- | on — | us.
- 28 O Lord, Let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on us || *as* our | trust — | is in | Thee.
- 29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted! || *let* me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

THE EASTER CHANT

Joseph Barnby, 1838-96



May be sung in Unison.

Tone VIII¹

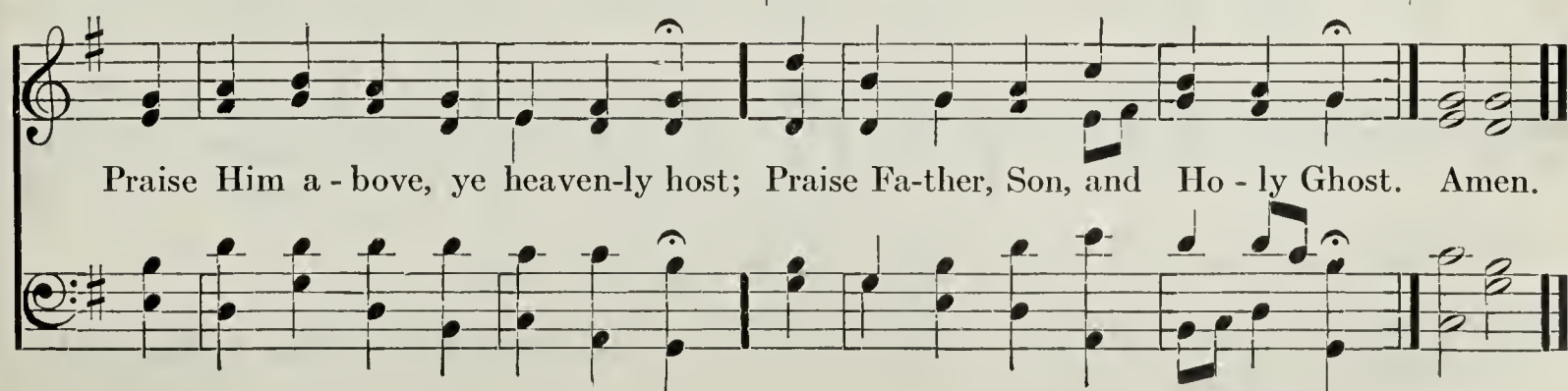
I Corinthians v, 7, 8; Romans vi, 9-11; I Corinthians xv, 20-22

- 1 Christ our Passover is *sacri-* ficed * for | us || *therefore* | let us | keep the | feast,
 2 Not with old leaven, neither with the *leaven* of | malice * and | wickedness || but with the
 unleavened *bread* of sin- | eer-i- | ty and | truth.
 3 Christ being raised from the *dead* | dieth no | more || death hath no *more* do- | min-ion |
 ov-er Him.
 4 For in that He died, He *died* unto | sin — | once || but in that He *liveth*, He | liv-eth | unto |
 God.
 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead *indeed* | un-to | sin || but alive unto *God*
 through | Je-sus | Christ our | Lord.
 6 Now is Christ *risen* | from * the | dead || and become the *first* | fruits of | them that | slept.
 7 For *since* by | man came | death || by man came also the *resur-* | ree-tion | of the | dead.
 8 For as in *Adam* | all — | die || even so in *Christ* shall | all be | made a- | live.
 Glory be to the *Father* | and * to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* with- * out | end.— A- — | men.

454

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Pseaumes octante trois, Geneva, 1551



Thomas Ken, 1697

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

Old Chant



1 Glory *be* to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace good | will · towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | wor-ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give *thanks*
to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



3 O Lord *God* | heaven- · ly | King || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* | Son
— | of the | Father,

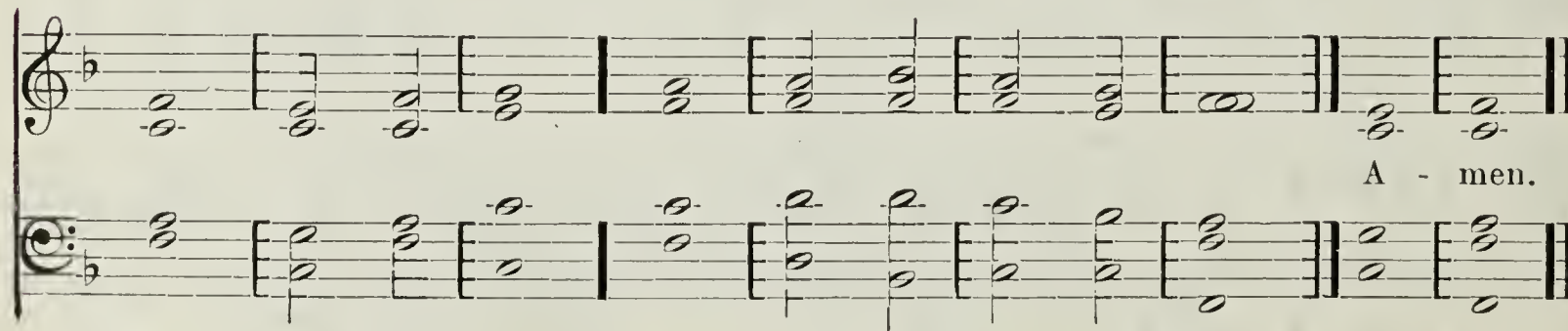


5 That takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.

6 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.

7 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || *re-* | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.



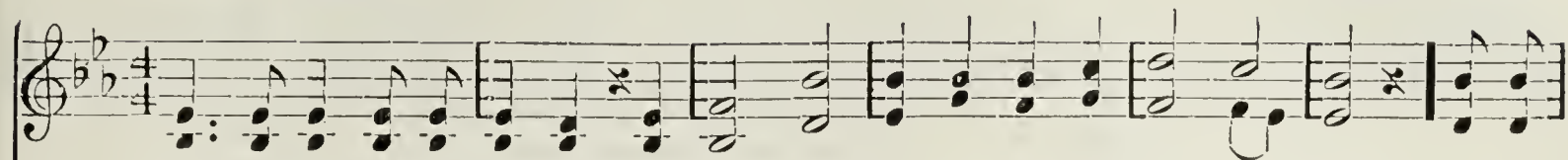
A - men.

9 For Thou *only* | art — | holy || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.

10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory · of |
God the | Father. A-men.

GLORIA PATRI

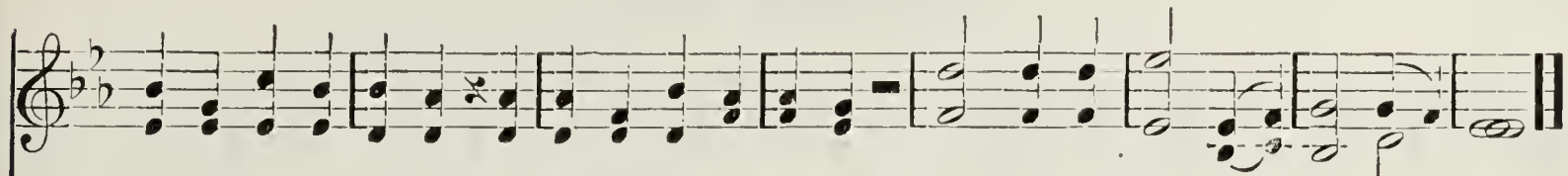
Henry W. Greatorex, 1851



Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it

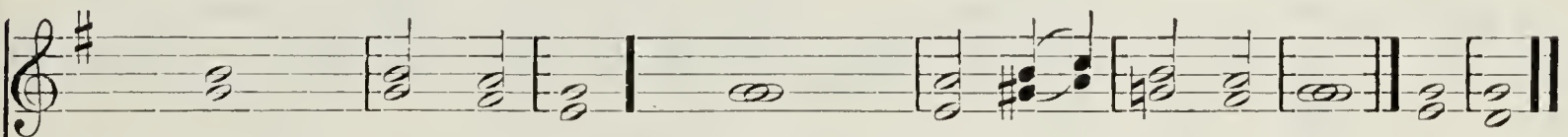


was in the be - ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

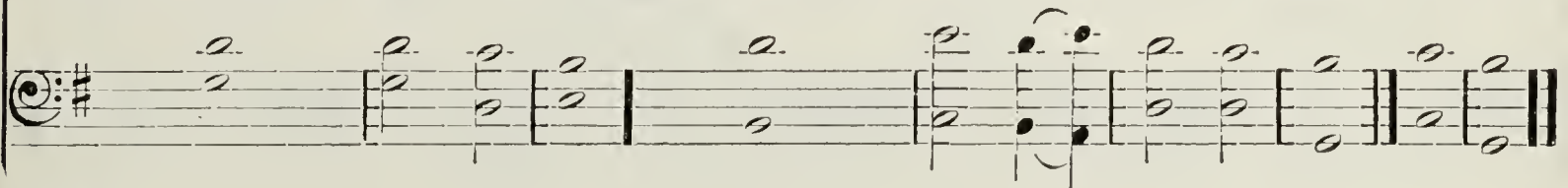


AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE OFFERING

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1770-1827

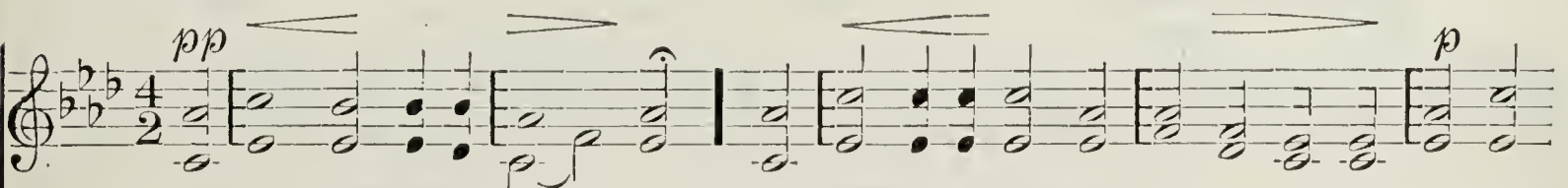


All things *come* of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine *own* have we giv - en Thee. A - men.

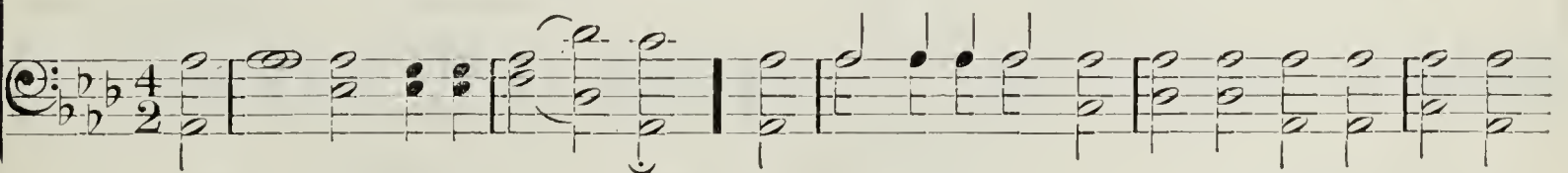


THE BLESSING

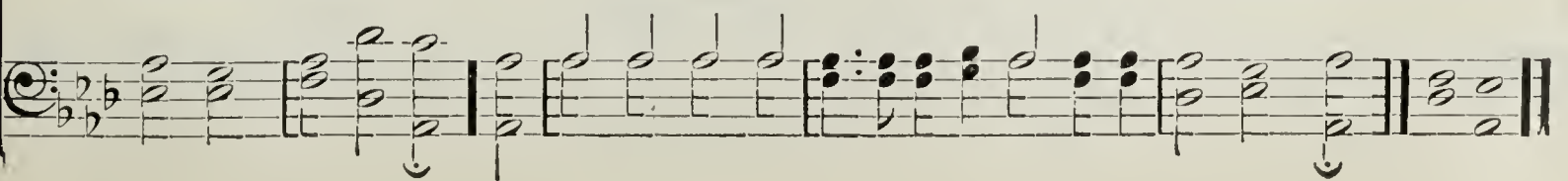
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872



The Lord bless you, and keep you; The Lord make His face to shine up-on you, and be



gra - cious un-to you; The Lord lift up His coun - te - nance up-on you, and give you peace. A - men.



Dresden Amen

pp *cres.*
A - - men, A - - - - - men.

Threefold Amen

A - men, A - men, A - - - - - men.

Fourfold Amen

John Stainer

p *cres.* *mf* *dim.*
A - - men, A - . men, A - - - men, A - - men.
A - - - men,

Sevenfold Amen

J. Stainer

Slow and sustained. *pp* *cres.* *f*
A - men, A - men, A - - men, A - - - men, A -
A - - - men, A - - - men, *ppp* *Slower.*
men. A - - - men, A - - men.
f A - - - men.





The Psalter

According to the Revised Version, arranged
in sixty-two selections for

Morning and Evening Worship
for each day of the month

Together with

Portions from the Prophets

for Special Seasons

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THE PSALTER

SELECTION 1

THE FIRST DAY

PSALM 1

BLESSED is the man that walketh
not in the counsel of the wicked,

Nor standeth in the way of sin-
ners, nor sitteth in the seat of the
scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the
LORD;

And in his law doth he meditate
day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted
by the streams of water,

That bringeth forth its fruit in
its season,

Whose leaf also doth not wither;

And whatsoever he doeth shall
prosper.

The wicked are not so;

But are like the chaff which the
wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not
stand in the judgment.

Nor sinners in the congregation of
the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of
the righteous:

But the way of the wicked shall
perish.

PSALM 3:1-7a, 8

LORD, how are mine adversaries
increased!

Many are they that rise up against
me.

Many there be which say of my
soul,

There is no help for him in God.

But thou, O LORD, art a shield
about me;

My glory, and the lifter up of mine
head.

I cry unto the LORD with my voice,

And he answereth me out of his
holy hill.

I laid me down and slept;

I awaked; for the Lord sustain-
eth me.

I will not be afraid of ten thou-
sands of the people, that have set
themselves against me round about.

Arise, O Lord; save me, O my
God:

Salvation belongeth unto the
LORD:

Thy blessing be upon thy people.

SELECTION 2

THE FIRST DAY

PSALM 2

WHY do the nations rage,
And the peoples imagine a vain
thing?

The kings of the earth set them-
selves,

And the rulers take counsel to-
gether, against the Lord and against
his anointed, saying,

Let us break their bands asunder,
And cast away their cords from
us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall
laugh:

The Lord shall have them in de-
rision.

Then shall he speak unto them in
his wrath,

And vex them in his sore dis-
pleasure:

Yet I have set my king upon my
holy hill of Zion.

I will tell of the decree: The
Lord said unto me, Thou art my
son;

This day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I will give thee
the nations for thine inheritance,

And the uttermost parts of the
earth for thy possession.

Thou shalt break them with a
rod of iron;

Thou shalt dash them in pieces
like a potter's vessel.

Now therefore be wise, O ye
kings:

Be instructed, ye judges of the
earth.

Serve the Lord with fear,

And rejoice with trembling.

Lay hold of instruction lest he be
angry, and ye perish in the way,

For his wrath will soon be kin-
dled.

Blessed are all they that put their
trust in him.

PSALM 4

ANSWER me when I call, O God
of my righteousness;

Thou hast set me at large when
I was in distress: have mercy upon
me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long shall
my glory be turned into dishonour?

How long will ye love vanity, and
seek after falsehood?

But know that the LORD hath set
apart him that is godly for himself:

The Lord will hear when I call
unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not:

Commune with your own heart
upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteous-
ness,

And put your trust in the Lord.

Many there be that say, Who will
shew us any good?

Lord, lift thou up the light of thy
countenance upon us.

Thou hast put gladness in my
heart,

More than they have when their
corn and their wine are increased.

In peace will I both lay me down
and sleep:

For thou, Lord, alone makest me
dwell in safety.

SELECTION 3

THE SECOND DAY

PSALM 8

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent
is thy name in all the earth!

Who hast set thy glory upon the
heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and
sucklings hast thou established
strength, because of thine adversa-
ries,

That thou mightest still the ene-
my and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the
work of thy fingers,

The moon and the stars, which
thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mind-
ful of him?

And the son of man, that thou
visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little
lower than God,

And crownest him with glory and
honour.

Thou madest him to have domin-
ion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his
feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the
beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of
the sea, whatsoever passeth through
the paths of the seas.

O LORD, our Lord,

How excellent is thy name in all
the earth!

SELECTION 4

THE SECOND DAY

PSALM 9:1, 2, 3-15a, 17b-20

I WILL give thanks unto the LORD
with my whole heart;

I will shew forth all thy marvel-
lous works.

I will be glad and exult in thee:

I will sing praise to thy name, O
thou Most High.

For thou hast maintained my right
and my cause;

Thou satest in the throne judging
righteously.

Thou hast rebuked the nations,
thou hast destroyed the wicked.

Thou hast blotted out their name
for ever and ever.

The enemy are come to an end,
they are desolate for ever;

And the cities which thou hast
overthrown, their very memorial is
perished.

But the LORD sitteth as king for
ever:

He hath prepared his throne for
judgment.

And he shall judge the world in
righteousness,

He shall minister judgment to
the peoples in uprightness.

The LORD also will be a high tower
for the oppressed,

A high tower in times of trouble;

And they that know thy name will
put their trust in thee;

For thou, Lord, hast not forsaken
them that seek thee.

Sing praises to the LORD, which dwelleth in Zion:

Declare among the peoples his doings.

For he that maketh inquisition for blood remembereth them:

He forgetteth not the cry of the poor.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD; behold my affliction which I suffer of them that hate me,

Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death;

That I may shew forth all thy praise:

In the gates of the daughter of Zion I will rejoice in thy salvation.

The nations are sunk down in the pit that they made:

Even all the nations that forget God.

For the needy shall not always be forgotten,

Nor the expectation of the poor perish for ever.

Arise, O LORD; let no man prevail:

Let the nations be judged in thy sight.

Put them in fear, O LORD:

Let the nations know themselves to be but men.

SELECTION 5

THE THIRD DAY

PSALM 11:1-2, 4, 5, 7

IN the LORD put I my trust:

How say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?

For, lo, the wicked bend the bow,
They make ready their arrow upon
the string, that they may shoot in
darkness at the upright in heart.

The LORD is in his holy temple,
The Lord, his throne is in heaven;
His eyes behold, his eyelids try,
the children of men.

The Lord trieth the righteous:
But the wicked and him that
loveth violence his soul hateth.

For the Lord is righteous;
He loveth righteousness:
The upright shall behold his face.

PSALM 15

LORD, who shall sojourn in thy
tabernacle?

Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly, and
worketh righteousness,

And speaketh truth in his heart.
He that slandereth not with his
tongue,

Nor doeth evil to his friend, nor
taketh up a reproach against his
neighbour.

In whose eyes a reprobate is de-
spised;

But he honoureth them that fear
the Lord.

He that sweareth to his own hurt,
and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money
to usury,

Nor taketh reward against the in-
nocent.

He that doeth these things shall
never be moved.

SELECTION 6

THE THIRD DAY

PSALM 16

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

I have said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: I have no good beyond thee.

As for the saints that are in the earth,

They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that exchange the LORD for another god:

Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take their names upon my lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:

Thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;

Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel:

Yea, my reins instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the LORD always before me:

Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:

My flesh also shall dwell in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul to the grave;

Neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life:

In thy presence is fulness of joy: in thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

SELECTION 7

THE FOURTH DAY

PSALM 18:1-6; 16-33, 35

I LOVE thee, O LORD, my strength.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;

My God, my strong rock, in him will I trust;

My shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower.

I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praised:

So shall I be saved from mine enemies.

The cords of death compassed me,

And the floods of ungodliness made me afraid.

The cords of Sheol were round about me:

The snares of death came upon me.

In my distress I called upon the LORD,

And cried unto my God:

He heard my voice out of his temple,

And my cry before him came into his ears.

He sent from on high, he took me;

He drew me out of many waters.

He delivered me from my strong enemy,

And from them that hated me, for they were too mighty for me.

They came upon me in the day of
my calamity:

But the Lord was my stay.

He brought me forth also into a
large place;

He delivered me, because he de-
lighted in me.

The LORD rewarded me according
to my righteousness;

According to the cleanness of my
hands hath he recompensed me.

For I have kept the ways of the
LORD,

And have not wickedly departed
from my God.

For all his judgments were before
me,

And I put not away his statutes
from me.

I was also perfect with him,

And I kept myself from mine in-
iquity.

Therefore hath the LORD recom-
pensed me according to my right-
eousness,

According to the cleanness of my
hands in his eyesight.

With the merciful thou wilt shew
thyself merciful;

With the perfect man thou wilt
shew thyself perfect;

With the pure thou wilt shew thy-
self pure;

And with the perverse thou wilt
shew thyself froward.

For thou wilt save the afflicted
people;

But the haughty eyes thou wilt
bring down.

For thou wilt light my lamp:

The Lord my God will lighten my
darkness.

For by thee I run upon a troop;
And by my God do I leap over a
wall.

As for God, his way is perfect:
the word of the LORD is tried;

He is a shield unto all them that
trust in him.

For who is God, save the LORD?

And who is a rock, beside our
God?

The God that girdeth me with
strength,

And maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds'
feet:

And setteth me upon my high
places.

Thou hast also given me the shield
of thy salvation:

And thy right hand hath holden
me up, and thy gentleness hath made
me great.

SELECTION 8

THE FOURTH DAY

PSALM 19

THE heavens declare the glory of
God;

And the firmament sheweth his
handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech,

And night unto night sheweth
knowledge.

There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard.

Their line is gone out through all
the earth,

And their words to the end of the
world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle
for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming
out of his chamber,

And rejoiceth as a strong man to
run his course.

His going forth is from the end of
the heaven,

And his circuit unto the ends of
it:

And there is nothing hid from the
heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is perfect,
restoring the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure,
making wise the simple.

The precepts of the LORD are right,
rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is
pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, en-
during for ever:

The judgments of the Lord are
true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than
gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the
honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant
warned:

In keeping of them there is great
reward.

Who can discern his errors?

Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from
presumptuous sins;

Let them not have dominion over
me:

Then shall I be perfect,

And I shall be clear from great
transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and
the meditation of my heart be ac-
ceptable in thy sight,

O Lord, my rock, and my re-
deemer.

SELECTION 9

THE FIFTH DAY

PSALM 20

THE LORD answer thee in the day
of trouble;

The name of the God of Jacob set
thee up on high;

Send thee help from the sanctu-
ary,

And strengthen thee out of Zion;

Remember all thy offerings,

And accept thy burnt sacrifice;

Grant thee thy heart's desire,

And fulfil all thy counsel.

We will triumph in thy victory,

And in the name of our God we
will set up our banners:

The LORD fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth
his anointed;

He will answer him from his holy
heaven

With the saving strength of his
right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some
in horses:

But we will make mention of the
name of the Lord our God.

They are bowed down and fallen:

But we are risen, and stand up-
right.

Save, LORD:

Let the King answer us when we
call.

PSALM 23

THE LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in
green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still
waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil;

For thou art with me: thy rod
and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou hast anointed my head with
oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of
the Lord for ever.

SELECTION 10

THE FIFTH DAY

PSALM 24

THE earth is the LORD's, and the
fulness thereof;

The world, and they that dwell
therein.

For he hath founded it upon the
seas,

And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of
the LORD?

And who shall stand in his holy
place?

He that hath clean hands, and a
pure heart;

Who hath not lifted up his soul
unto vanity, and hath not sworn
deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from
the LORD,

And righteousness from the God
of his salvation.

This is the generation of them
that seek after him,

That seek thy face, O God of Ja-
cob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting
doors:

And the King of glory shall come
in.

Who is the King of glory?

The LORD strong and mighty,

The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting
doors:

And the King of glory shall come
in.

Who is this King of glory?

The LORD of hosts,

He is the King of glory.

SELECTION 11

THE SIXTH DAY

PSALM 25

UNTO thee, O LORD, do I lift up
my soul.

O my God, in thee have I trusted,
Let me not be ashamed;

Let not mine enemies triumph
over me.

Yea, none that wait on thee shall
be ashamed:

They shall be ashamed that deal
treacherously without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths.

Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;

For thou art the God of my salvation;

On thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy loving kindnesses: for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:

According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me,

For thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the LORD:

Therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in justice;

And the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the LORD are lovingkindness and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the LORD?

Him shall he instruct in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease;

And his seed shall inherit the land.

The secret of the LORD is with them that fear him

And he will shew them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD;

For he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me;

For I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged:

O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Consider mine affliction and my travail;

And forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies, for they are many;

And they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me:

Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

SELECTION 12

THE SIXTH DAY

PSALM 27

THE LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh,

Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of the LORD,

That will I seek after;

That I may dwell in the house of
the LORD all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord,
and to inquire in his temple.

For in the day of trouble he shall
keep me secretly in his pavilion:

In the covert of his tabernacle
shall he hide me;

He shall lift me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted
up above mine enemies round about
me;

And I will offer in his tabernacle
sacrifices of joy;

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises
unto the Lord.

Hear, O LORD, when I cry with
my voice:

Have mercy also upon me, and
answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my
face;

My heart said unto thee, Thy
face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face from me;

Put not thy servant away in an-
ger:

Thou hast been my help;

Cast me not off, neither forsake
me, O God of my salvation.

For my father and my mother
have forsaken me,

But the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O LORD;

And lead me in a plain path, be-
cause of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will
of mine adversaries:

For false witnesses are risen up
against me, and such as breathe out
cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had be-
lieved to see the goodness of the
LORD in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord:

Be strong, and let thine heart take
courage;

Yea, wait thou on the Lord.

SELECTION 13

THE SEVENTH DAY

PSALM 31:1-8; 19-24

IN thee, O LORD, do I put my
trust; let me never be ashamed:

Deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear unto me; de-
liver me speedily:

Be thou to me a strong rock, an
house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my
fortress;

Therefore for thy name's sake lead
me and guide me.

Pluck me out of the net that they
have laid privily for me;

For thou art my strong hold.

Into thy hand I commend my
spirit:

Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord,
thou God of truth.

I hate them that regard lying van-
ities:

But I trust in the Lord.

I will be glad and rejoice in thy
mercy: for thou hast seen my afflic-
tion;

Thou hast known my soul in ad-
versities:

And thou hast not shut me up
into the hand of the enemy;

Thou hast set my feet in a large
place.

Oh how great is thy goodness,
which thou hast laid up for them
that fear thee,

Which thou hast wrought for
them that put their trust in thee,
before the sons of men!

In the covert of thy presence shalt
thou hide them from the plottings
of man:

Thou shalt keep them secretly in
a pavilion from the strife of
tongues.

Blessed be the LORD:

For he hath shewed me his mar-
vellous lovingkindness in a strong
city.

As for me, I said in my alarm, I
am cut off from before thine eyes:

Nevertheless thou heardest the
voice of my supplications when I
cried unto thee.

O love the LORD, all ye his saints:
The Lord preserveth the faithful,
And plentifully rewardeth the
proud doer.

Be strong, and let your heart take
courage, all ye that wait for the
Lord.

PSALM 29:1-4; 9c-11

GIVE unto the LORD, O ye sons of
the mighty,

Give unto the Lord glory and
strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due
unto his name;

Worship the Lord in the beauty
of holiness.

The voice of the LORD is upon the
waters:

The God of glory thundereth,
Even the LORD upon many waters.

The voice of the Lord is power-
ful;

The voice of the LORD is full of
majesty.

And in his temple everything
saith, Glory.

The LORD sat as king at the Flood;
Yea, the Lord sitteth as king for
ever.

The LORD will give strength unto
his people;

The Lord will bless his people
with peace.

SELECTION 14

THE SEVENTH DAY

PSALM 32

BLESSED is he whose transgression
is forgiven,

Whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the
LORD imputeth not iniquity,

And in whose spirit there is no
guile.

When I kept silence, my bones
waxed old

Through my roaring all the day
long.

For day and night thy hand was
heavy upon me:

My moisture was changed as with
the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee,
And mine iniquity have I not hid:
I said, I will confess my trans-
gressions unto the LORD;

And thou forgavest the iniquity
of my sin.

For this let every one that is godly
pray unto thee in a time when thou
mayest be found:

Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble;

Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:

Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked:

But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous:

And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

SELECTION 15

THE EIGHTH DAY

PSALM 33

REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous:

Praise is comely for the upright.

Give thanks unto the LORD with the harp:

Sing praises unto him with the psaltery of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song;

Play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the LORD is right;

And all his work is done in faithfulness.

He loveth righteousness and justice:

The earth is full of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

By the word of the LORD were the heavens made;

And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap:

He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the LORD:

Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done;

He commanded, and it stood fast.

The LORD bringeth the counsel of the nations to nought:

He maketh the thoughts of the people to be of none effect.

The counsel of the LORD standeth fast for ever,

The thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD;

The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The LORD looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men;

From the place of his habitation he looketh forth upon all the inhabitants of the earth;

He that fashioneth the hearts of them all,

That considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of an host:

A mighty man is not delivered by great strength.

A horse is a vain thing for safety:

Neither shall he deliver any by his great power.

Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him,

Upon them that hope in his mercy;
To deliver their soul from death,
And to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul hath waited for the LORD:

He is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him,
because we have trusted in his holy name,

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us,
according as we have hoped in thee.

SELECTION 16

THE EIGHTH DAY

PSALM 34

I WILL bless the LORD at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the LORD:

The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the LORD with me,

And let us exalt his name together.

I sought the LORD, and he answered me,

And delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened:

And their faces shall never be confounded.

This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the LORD is good:

Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the LORD, ye his saints:

For there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:

But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me:

I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil,

And thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good;

Seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the LORD are toward the righteous,

And his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the LORD is against them that do evil,

To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cried, and the LORD heard,

And delivered them out of all their troubles.

The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,

And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous:

But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones:
 Not one of them is broken.
 Evil shall slay the wicked:
 And they that hate the righteous
 shall be condemned.

The LORD redeemeth the soul of
 his servants:

And none of them that trust in
 him shall be condemned.

SELECTION 17

THE NINTH DAY

PSALM 36:5-12

THY lovingkindness, O LORD, is
 in the heavens;

Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the
 skies.

Thy righteousness is like the
 mountains of God;

Thy judgments are a great deep:
 O Lord, thou preservest man and
 beast.

How precious is thy lovingkind-
 ness, O God!

And the children of men take ref-
 uge under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied
 with the fatness of thy house;

And thou shalt make them drink
 of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of
 life:

In thy light shall we see light.

O continue thy lovingkindness
 unto them that know thee;

And thy righteousness to the up-
 right in heart.

Let not the foot of pride come
 against me,

And let not the hand of the wicked
 drive me away.

There are the workers of iniquity
 fallen:

They are thrust down, and shall
 not be able to rise.

PSALM 37:1-7

FRET not thyself because of evil-
 doers,

Neither be thou envious against
 them that work unrighteousness.

For they shall soon be cut down
 like the grass,

And wither as the green herb.

Trust in the LORD, and do good;
 Dwell in the land, and feed on his
 faithfulness.

Delight thyself also in the LORD;
 And he shall give thee the desires
 of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the LORD;
 Trust also in him, and he shall
 bring it to pass.

And he shall make thy righteous-
 ness to go forth as the light,

And thy justice as the noonday.

Rest in the LORD,

And wait patiently for him.

SELECTION 18

THE NINTH DAY

PSALM 37:8-11; 18, 19; 23-37

FRET not thyself because of him
 who prospereth in his way,

Because of the man who bringeth
 wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake
 wrath:

Fret not thyself, it tendeth only
 to evil-doing.

For evil-doers shall be cut off:

But those that wait upon the Lord,
they shall inherit the land.

For yet a little while, and the
wicked shall not be:

Yea, thou shalt diligently consider
his place, and he shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the
land;

And shall delight themselves in
the abundance of peace.

The LORD knoweth the days of the
perfect:

And their inheritance shall be for
ever.

They shall not be ashamed in the
time of evil:

And in the days of famine they
shall be satisfied.

A man's goings are established of
the LORD;

And he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be
utterly cast down:

For the Lord upholdeth him with
his hand.

I have been young, and now am
old;

Yet have I not seen the righteous
forsaken, nor his seed begging their
bread.

All the day long he dealeth gra-
ciously, and lendeth;

And his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good;

And dwell for evermore.

For the LORD loveth justice,

And forsaketh not his saints;

They are preserved for ever:

But the seed of the wicked shall
be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the
land,

And dwell therein for ever.

I have seen the wicked in great
power,

And spreading himself like a green
tree in its native soil.

But I passed by, and lo, he was
not:

Yea, I sought him, but he could
not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and be-
hold the upright:

For the latter end of that man is
peace.

SELECTION 19

THE TENTH DAY

PSALM 39

I SAID, I will take heed to my
ways, that I sin not with my tongue:

I will keep my mouth with a bri-
dle, while the wicked is before me.

I was dumb with silence,

I held my peace, even from good;

And my sorrow was stirred.

My heart was hot within me;

While I was musing the fire kin-
dled:

Then spake I with my tongue:

LORD, make me to know mine end,
and the measure of my days, what
it is;

Let me know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days
as handbreadths;

And mine age is as nothing be-
fore thee:

Surely every man at his best es-
tate is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a
vain shew:

Surely they are disquieted in vain:
He heapeth up riches, and knoweth
not who shall gather them.

And now, LORD, what wait I for?
My hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions:

Make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb,
I opened not my mouth; because
thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me:
I am consumed by the blow of thy hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct
man for iniquity,

Thou makest his beauty to consume
away like a moth: surely every
man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD,
And give ear unto my cry;
Hold not thy peace at my tears:
For I am a stranger with thee,
A sojourner, as all my fathers
were.

O spare me, that I may recover
strength, before I go hence, and be
no more.

SELECTION 20

THE TENTH DAY

PSALM 40:1-13, 16, 17

I WAITED patiently for the LORD;
And he inclined unto me, and
heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of an
horrible pit, out of the miry clay;

And he set my feet upon a rock,
and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in
my mouth, even praise unto our
God:

Many shall see it, and fear, and
shall trust in the Lord.

Blessed is the man that maketh
the LORD his trust,

And respecteth not the proud nor
such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O LORD my God, are the
wonderful works which thou hast
done.

And thy thoughts which are to
us-ward:

They cannot be set in order unto
thee;

If I would declare and speak of
them, they are more than can be
numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou hast no
delight in;

Mine ears hast thou opened: burnt
offering and sin offering hast thou
not required.

Then said I, Lo, I am come;

In the roll of the book it is pre-
scribed to me.

I delight to do thy will, O my
God;

Yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have published righteousness in
the great congregation;

Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O
Lord, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness
within my heart; I have declared thy
faithfulness and thy salvation:

I have not concealed thy loving-
kindness and thy truth from the
great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender
mercies from me, O LORD:

Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about,

Mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up;

They are more than the hairs of mine head,

And my heart hath failed me.

Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me:

Make haste to help me, O Lord.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:

Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

But I am poor and needy;

Yet the Lord thinketh upon me:

Thou art my help and my deliverer;

Make no tarrying, O my God.

SELECTION 21

THE ELEVENTH DAY

PSALMS 42 AND 43

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,

So panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:

When shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my food day and night,

While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,

How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,

With the voice of joy and praise,

A multitude keeping holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

My soul is cast down within me:

Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:

All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the day-time,

And in the night his song shall be with me, a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me;

While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:

O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength; why hast thou cast me off?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me:

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy:

And upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance,

Because thou hadst a favour unto them.

Thou art my King, O God:

Command deliverance for Jacob.

Through thee will we push down our adversaries:

Through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.

For I will not trust in my bow,

Neither shall my sword save me.

But thou hast saved us from our adversaries,

And hast put them to shame that hate us.

In God have we made our boast all the day long,

And we will give thanks unto thy name for ever.

SELECTION 22

THE ELEVENTH DAY

PSALM 44:1-8

WE have heard with our ears, O God,

Our fathers have told us,

What work thou didst in their days,

In the days of old.

Thou didst drive out the nations with thy hand,

But them didst thou plant;

Thou didst afflict the peoples,

But them didst thou spread abroad.

For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword,

Neither did their own arm save them:

PSALM 46

God is our refuge and strength,

A very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,

And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,

The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:

God shall help her, and that right early.

The nations raged, the kingdoms
were moved:

He uttered his voice, the earth
melted.

The LORD of hosts is with us;

The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the
LORD,

What desolations he hath made in
the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the
end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth
the spear in sunder; he burneth the
chariots in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God:

I will be exalted among the na-
tions, I will be exalted in the earth.

The LORD of hosts is with us;

The God of Jacob is our refuge.

SELECTION 23

THE TWELFTH DAY

PSALM 47

O CLAP your hands, all ye peoples;
Shout unto God with the voice of
triumph.

For the LORD Most High is ter-
rible;

He is a great King over all the
earth.

He shall subdue the peoples under
us,

And the nations under our feet.

He shall choose our inheritance
for us,

The excellency of Jacob whom he
loved.

God is gone up with a shout,

The Lord with the sound of a
trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises:
Sing praises unto our King, sing
praises.

For God is the King of all the
earth:

Sing ye praises with understand-
ing.

God reigneth over the nations:

God sitteth upon his holy throne.

The princes of the peoples are
gathered together unto the people of
the God of Abraham:

For the shields of the earth be-
long unto God; he is greatly exalted.

PSALM 48

GREAT is the LORD, and highly to
be praised, in the city of our God,
in his holy mountain.

Beautiful in elevation, the joy of
the whole earth,

Is mount Zion, on the sides of the
north, the city of the great King.

God hath made himself known in
her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo, the kings assembled them-
selves,

They passed by together.

They saw it, then were they
amazed;

They were dismayed, they hasted
away.

Trembling took hold of them
there;

Pain, as of a woman in travail.

With the east wind thou breakest
the ships of Tarshish.

As we have heard, so have we
seen in the city of the Lord of hosts,
in the city of our God:

God will establish it for ever.

We have thought on thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

As is thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth:

Thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let mount Zion be glad,

Let the daughters of Judah rejoice, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion,

And go round about her:

Number the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks,

Consider her palaces;

That ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever:

He will be our guide even unto death.

SELECTION 24

THE TWELFTH DAY

PSALM 49

HEAR this, all ye peoples;

Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world:

Both low and high,

Rich and poor together.

My mouth shall speak wisdom;

And the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a parable:

I will open my dark saying upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil,

When iniquity at my heels compasseth me about?

They that trust in their wealth,
And boast themselves in the multitude of their riches;

None of them can by any means redeem his brother,

Nor give to God a ransom for him:

(For the redemption of their soul is costly,

And must be let alone for ever:)

That he should still live alway,

That he should not see corruption.

For he seeth that wise men die,

The fool and the brutish together perish,

And leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever,

And their dwelling places to all generations;

They call their lands after their own names.

But man abideth not in honour:

He is like the beasts that perish.

This their way is their folly:

Yet after them men approve their sayings.

They are appointed as a flock for the grave;

Death shall be their shepherd;

And the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning;

And their beauty shall be for the grave to consume, that there be no habitation for it.

But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave:

For he shall receive me.

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich,

When the glory of his house is increased:

For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away;

His glory shall not descend after him.

Though while he lived he blessed his soul,

(And men praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself,)

He shall go to the generation of his fathers;

Which never more see the light.

Man that is in honour, and understandeth not,

Is like the beasts that perish.

SELECTION 25

THE THIRTEENTH DAY

PSALM 50:1-15; 23

GOD, even God the LORD, hath spoken,

And called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined forth.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence:

A fire shall devour before him,

And it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

He shall call to the heavens above,

And to the earth, that he may judge his people:

Gather my saints together unto me;

Those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his righteousness;

For God is judge himself.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak;

O Israel, and I will testify unto thee: I am God, even thy God

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices;

And thy burnt offerings are continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house,

Nor he-goats out of thy folds.

For every beast of the forest is mine,

And the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains:

And the wild beasts of the field are mine.

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee:

For the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

Will I eat the flesh of bulls,

Or drink the blood of goats?

Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving;

And pay thy vows unto the Most High:

And call upon me in the day of trouble;

I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me;

And to him that ordereth his way aright will I shew the salvation of God.

SELECTION 26

THE THIRTEENTH DAY

PSALM 51:1-17

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:

According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,

And cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions:

And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,

And done that which is evil in thy sight:

That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,

And be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;

And in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts:

And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness;

That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins,

And blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;

And renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence;

And take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation:

And uphold me with a free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;

And sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;

And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips;

And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:

Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 27

THE FOURTEENTH DAY

PSALM 55:1, 2, 4-8; 16-18, 22

GIVE ear to my prayer, O God;

And hide not thyself from my supplication.

Attend unto me, and answer me:

I am restless in my complaint, and moan;

My heart is sore pained within me:

And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,

And horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove!

Then would I fly away, and be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander far off, I would lodge in the wilderness.

I would haste me to a shelter from the stormy wind and tempest.

As for me, I will call upon God;

And the Lord shall save me.

Evening, and morning, and at noonday, will I complain, and moan:

And he shall hear my voice.

He hath redeemed my soul in peace from the battle that was against me:

For they were many that strove with me.

Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee:

He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

PSALM 56:3, 9, 11-13

WHAT time I am afraid,

I will put my trust in thee.

Then shall mine enemies turn back in the day that I call:

This I know, that God is for me.

In God have I put my trust, I will not be afraid;

What can man do unto me?

Thy vows are upon me, O God:

I will render thank offerings unto thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death:

That I may walk before God in the light of the living.

SELECTION 28

THE FOURTEENTH DAY

PSALM 57

BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me; for my soul taketh refuge in thee:

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I take refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

I will cry unto God Most High;

Unto God that performeth all things for me.

He shall send from heaven, and save me, when he that would swallow me up reproacheth;

God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

My soul is among lions;

I lie among them that are set on fire,

Even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows,

And their tongue a sharp sword.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens;

Let thy glory be above all the earth.

They have prepared a net for my steps;

My soul is bowed down:

They have digged a pit before me;

They are fallen into the midst thereof themselves.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed:

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises.

Awake up, my glory; awake,
psaltery and harp:

I myself will awake right early.

I will give thanks unto thee, O
LORD, among the peoples:

**I will sing praises unto thee
among the nations.**

For thy mercy is great unto the
heavens,

And thy truth unto the skies.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the
heavens;

**Let thy glory be above all the
earth.**

PSALM 61

HEAR my cry, O God;

Attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I
call unto thee, when my heart is
overwhelmed:

**Lead me to the rock that is higher
than I.**

For thou hast been a refuge for
me,

A strong tower from the enemy.

I will dwell in thy tabernacle for
ever:

**I will take refuge in the covert of
thy wings.**

For thou, O God, hast heard my
vows:

**Thou hast given me the heritage
of those that fear thy name.**

Thou wilt prolong the king's life:

**His years shall be as many gen-
erations.**

He shall abide before God for
ever:

**O prepare lovingkindness and
truth, that they may preserve him.**

So will I sing praise unto thy
name for ever,

That I may daily perform my
vow

SELECTION 29

THE FIFTEENTH DAY

PSALM 62:1, 2; 5-12

My soul waiteth only upon God:

From him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my sal-
vation:

**He is my high tower; I shall not
be greatly moved.**

My soul, wait thou only upon
God;

For my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my sal-
vation:

**He is my high tower; I shall not
be moved.**

With God is my salvation and my
glory:

**The rock of my strength, and my
refuge, is in God.**

Trust in him at all times, ye peo-
ple;

**Pour out your heart before him:
God is a refuge for us.**

Surely men of low degree are
vanity, and men of high degree are
a lie:

**In the balances they will go up;
they are together lighter than van-
ity.**

Trust not in oppression, and be-
come not vain in robbery:

**If riches increase, set not your
heart thereon.**

God hath spoken once,

**Twice have I heard this; that
power belongeth unto God:**

Also unto thee, O LORD, belongeth
mercy:

For thou renderest to every man
according to his work.

PSALM 63:1-8

O GOD, thou art my God; earnestly
will I seek thee:

My soul thirsteth for thee, my
flesh longeth for thee,

In a dry and weary land,

Where no water is.

So have I looked upon thee in the
sanctuary,

To see thy power and thy glory.

For thy lovingkindness is better
than life;

My lips shall praise thee.

So will I bless thee while I live:

I will lift up my hands in thy
name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with
marrow and fatness;

And my mouth shall praise thee
with joyful lips;

When I remember thee upon my
bed,

And meditate on thee in the night
watches.

For thou hast been my help,

And in the shadow of thy wings
will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee:

Thy right hand upholdeth me.

SELECTION 30

THE FIFTEENTH DAY

PSALM 65

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God,
in Zion:

And unto thee shall the vow be
performed.

O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me:

As for our transgressions, thou
shalt purge them away.

Blessed is the man whom thou
choosest, and causest to approach
unto thee,

That he may dwell in thy courts:

We shall be satisfied with the
goodness of thy house,

The holy place of thy temple.

By terrible things thou wilt an-
swer us in righteousness,

O God of our salvation;

Thou that art the confidence of
all the ends of the earth,

And of them that are afar off upon
the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast
the mountains;

Being girded about with might:

Which stilleth the roaring of the
seas,

The roaring of their waves, and
the tumult of the peoples.

They also that dwell in the utter-
most parts are afraid at thy tokens:

Thou makest the outgoings of the
morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and water-
est it,

Thou greatly enrichest it;

The river of God is full of water:

Thou providest them corn, when
thou hast so prepared the earth.

Thou waterest her furrows abun-
dantly;

Thou settlest the ridges thereof:

Thou makest it soft with show-
ers;

Thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;

And thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:

And the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;

The valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

SELECTION 31

THE SIXTEENTH DAY

PSALM 66

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all the earth:

Sing forth the glory of his name:
Make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible are thy works!

Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee,

And shall sing unto thee;

They shall sing to thy name.

Come, and see the works of God;

He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land:

They went through the river on foot.

There did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his might for ever;

His eyes observe the nations:

Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye peoples,
And make the voice of his praise to be heard:

Which holdeth our soul in life,

And suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us:

Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us into the net;

Thou layedst a sore burden upon our loins.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads;

We went through fire and through water; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will come into thy house with burnt offerings,

I will pay thee my vows,

Which my lips have uttered,

And my mouth hath spoken, when I was in distress.

I will offer unto thee burnt offerings of fatlings, with the incense of rams;

I will offer bullocks with goats.

Come, and hear, all ye that fear God,

And I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth,

And he was extolled with my tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear:

But verily God hath heard:

He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

PSALM 67

God be merciful unto us, and bless us,

And cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth,

Thy saving health among all nations.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God;

Let all the peoples praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:

For thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God;

Let all the peoples praise thee.

The earth hath yielded her increase:

God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us;

And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 32

THE SIXTEENTH DAY

PSALM 68:1-12, 16-20, 32-35

LET God arise, let his enemies be scattered;

Let them also that hate him flee before him.

As smoke is driven away, so drive them away:

As wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

But let the righteous be glad,

Let them exult before God:

Yea, let them rejoice with gladness.

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name:

Cast up a high way for him that rideth through the deserts;

His name is Jehovah; and exult ye before him.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.

God setteth the solitary in families:

He bringeth out the prisoners into prosperity:

But the rebellious dwell in a parched land.

O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people,

When thou didst march through the wilderness;

The earth trembled, the heavens also dropped rain at the presence of God:

Even yon Sinai trembled at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain,

Thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

Thy congregation dwelt therein:

Thou, O God, didst prepare of thy goodness for the poor.

The LORD giveth the word:

The women that publish the tidings are a great host.

Kings of armies flee, they flee:

And she that tarrieth at home divideth the spoil.

Why look ye askance, ye high mountains, at the mountain which God hath desired for his abode?

Yea, the Lord will dwell in it for ever.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands upon thousands:

The Lord is among them as in Sinai, in the sanctuary.

Thou hast ascended on high,

Thou hast led thy captivity captive;

Thou hast received gifts among men,

Yea, among the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell with them.

Blessed be the LORD, who daily beareth our burden,

Even the God who is our salvation.

God is unto us a God of deliverances;

And unto Jehovah the Lord belong the issues from death.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;

O sing praises unto the Lord;

To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens, which are of old;

Lo, he uttereth his voice, and that a mighty voice.

Ascribe ye strength unto God:

His excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the skies.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places:

The God of Israel, he giveth strength and power unto his people: blessed be God.

SELECTION 33

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY

PSALM 71:1-12, 17-24

IN thee, O LORD, do I put my trust:

Let me never be ashamed.

Deliver me in thy righteousness, and rescue me:

Bow down thine ear unto me, and save me.

Be thou to me a strong rock, whereunto I may continually resort:

Thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress.

Rescue me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked,

Out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

For thou art my hope, O LORD God.

Thou art my trust from my youth.

By thee have I been holden up from the womb:

My praise shall be continually of thee.

I am as a wonder unto many;

But thou art my strong refuge.

My mouth shall be filled with thy praise,

And with thy honour all the day.

Cast me not off in the time of old age;

Forsake me not when my strength faileth.

For mine enemies speak concerning me;

And they that watch for my soul take counsel together,

Saying, God hath forsaken him:

Pursue and take him; for there is none to deliver.

O God, be not far from me:

O my God, make haste to help me.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth;

And hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

Yea, even when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not;

Until I have declared thy strength unto the next generation, thy might to every one that is to come.

Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high;

Thou who hast done great things, O God, who is like unto thee?

Thou, which hast shewed us many and sore troubles, shalt quicken us again,

And shalt bring us up again from the depths of the earth.

Increase thou my greatness,

And turn again and comfort me.

I will also praise thee with the psalter, even thy truth, O my God:

Unto thee will I sing praises with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing praises unto thee;

And my soul, which thou hast redeemed.

My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long:

For they are ashamed, for they are confounded, that seek my hurt.

SELECTION 34

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY

PSALM 72

GIVE the king thy judgments, O God,

And thy righteousness unto the king's son.

He shall judge thy people with righteousness,

And thy poor with justice.

The mountains shall bring peace to the people,

And the hills, in righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people,

He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee while the sun endureth,

And so long as the moon, throughout all generations.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass:

As showers that water the earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish;

And abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea,

And from the River unto the ends of the earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him;

And his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:

The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

SELECTION 35

THE EIGHTEENTH DAY

PSALM 73:1-26

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him:

All nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth;

And the poor, that hath no helper.

He shall have pity on the poor and needy,

And the souls of the needy he shall save.

He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence;

And precious shall their blood be in his sight, and they shall live;

And to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:

And men shall pray for him continually;

They shall bless him all the day long.

There shall be abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;

The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:

And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever;

His name shall be continued as long as the sun:

And men shall be blessed in him;

All nations shall call him happy.

Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things:

And blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory.

SURELY God is good to Israel,
Even to such as are pure in heart.
But as for me, my feet were almost gone;

My steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the arrogant,

When I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

For there are no bands in their death:

But their strength is firm.

They are not in trouble as other men;

Neither are they plagued like other men;

Therefore pride is as a chain about their neck;

Violence covereth them as a garment.

Their eyes stand out with fatness:

They have more than heart could wish.

They scoff, and in wickedness utter oppression:

They speak loftily.

They have set their mouth in the heavens,

And their tongue walketh through the earth.

Therefore his people are turned after them:

And waters of a full cup are drained by them.

And they say, How doth God know?

And is there knowledge in the Most High?

Behold, these are the wicked;
And, being always at ease, they
increase in riches.

Surely in vain have I cleansed my
heart,

And washed my hands in inno-
cency;

For all the day long have I been
plagued,

And chastened every morning.

If I had said, I will speak thus;

Behold, I had dealt treacherously
with the generation of thy children.

When I thought how I might
know this, it was too painful for
me;

Until I went into the sanctuary
of God, and considered their latter
end.

Surely thou settest them in slip-
pery places:

Thou castest them down to de-
struction.

How are they become a desola-
tion in a moment!

They are utterly consumed with
terrors.

As a dream when one awaketh;

So, O Lord, when thou awakest,
thou shalt despise their image.

For my heart was grieved,

And I was pricked in my reins:

So brutish was I, and ignorant;
I was as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually
with thee:

Thou hast holden my right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy
counsel,

And afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee?

And there is none upon earth that
I desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth:

But God is the strength of my
heart and my portion for ever.

SELECTION 36

THE EIGHTEENTH DAY

PSALM 77

I WILL cry unto God with my
voice;

Even unto God with my voice,
and he will give ear unto me.

In the day of my trouble I sought
the LORD:

My hand was stretched out in the
night, and slacked not; my soul re-
fused to be comforted.

I remember God, and am dis-
quieted:

I complain, and my spirit is over-
whelmed.

Thou holdest mine eyes watch-
ing:

I am so troubled that I cannot
speak.

I have considered the days of old,
the years of ancient times.

I call to remembrance my song in
the night:

I commune with mine own heart;
And my spirit made diligent
search.

Will the Lord cast off for ever?

And will he be favourable no
more?

Is his mercy clean gone for ever?

Doth his promise fail for ever-
more?

Hath God forgotten to be gra-
cious?

Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

And I said, This is my infirmity;

But I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

I will make mention of the deeds of the LORD;

For I will remember thy wonders of old.

I will meditate also upon all thy work,

And muse on thy doings.

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary:

Who is a great god like unto God?

Thou art the God that doest wonders:

Thou hast made known thy strength among the peoples.

Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people,

The sons of Jacob and Joseph.

The waters saw thee, O God;

The waters saw thee, they were afraid:

The depths also trembled.

The clouds poured out water;

The skies sent out a sound:

Thine arrows also went abroad.

The voice of thy thunder was in the whirlwind;

The lightnings lightened the world:

The earth trembled and shook.

Thy way was in the sea,

And thy paths in the great waters,

And thy footsteps were not known.

Thou leddest thy people like a flock,

By the hand of Moses and Aaron.

SELECTION 37

THE NINETEENTH DAY

PSALM 80

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel,
Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock;

Thou that sittest upon the cherubim, shine forth.

Before Ephraim and Benjamin
and Manasseh, stir up thy might,
and come to save us.

Turn us again, O God;

And cause thy face to shine, and
we shall be saved.

O LORD God of hosts,

How long wilt thou be angry
against the prayer of thy people?

Thou hast fed them with the
bread of tears,

And given them tears to drink in
large measure.

Thou makest us a strife unto our
neighbours:

And our enemies laugh among
themselves.

Turn us again, O God of hosts;

And cause thy face to shine, and
we shall be saved.

Thou broughtest a vine out of
Egypt:

Thou didst drive out the nations,
and plantedst it.

Thou preparedst room before it,

And it took deep root, and filled
the land.

The mountains were covered with
the shadow of it,

And the boughs thereof were like
cedars of God.

She sent out her branches unto the
sea,

And her shoots unto the River.

Why hast thou broken down her fences,

So that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?

The boar out of the wood doth ravage it,

And the wild beasts of the field feed on it.

Turn again, we beseech thee, O God of hosts:

Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine,

And the stock which thy right hand hath planted,

And the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

It is burned with fire, it is cut down:

They perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand,

Upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

So shall we not go back from thee:

Quicken thou us, and we will call upon thy name.

Turn us again, O LORD God of hosts;

Cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

SELECTION 38

THE NINETEENTH DAY

PSALM 84

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;

My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house,

And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:

They will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;

In whose heart are the high ways to Zion.

Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;

Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.

They go from strength to strength,

Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.

O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer:

Give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield,

And look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the LORD God is a sun and a shield:

The Lord will give grace and glory:

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

SELECTION 39

THE TWENTIETH DAY

PSALM 85

LORD, thou hast been favourable
unto thy land:

Thou hast brought back the cap-
tivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of
thy people,

Thou hast covered all their sin.

Thou hast taken away all thy
wrath:

Thou hast turned thyself from the
fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation,

And cause thine indignation to-
ward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for
ever?

Wilt thou draw out thine anger
to all generations?

Wilt thou not quicken us again:

That thy people may rejoice in
thee?

Shew us thy mercy, O LORD,

And grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the LORD
will speak:

For he will speak peace unto his
people, and to his saints:

Surely his salvation is nigh them
that fear him;

That glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together;

Righteousness and peace have
kissed each other.

Truth springeth out of the earth;

And righteousness hath looked
down from heaven.

Yea, the LORD shall give that
which is good;

And our land shall yield her in-
crease.

Righteousness shall go before
him;

And shall make his footsteps a
way to walk in.

SELECTION 40

THE TWENTIETH DAY

PSALM 90:1-6; 8, 10-17

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling
place in all generations.

Before the mountains were
brought forth,

Or ever thou hadst formed the
earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlast-
ing thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return, ye children of
men.

For a thousand years in thy sight
are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with
a flood; they are as a sleep:

In the morning they are like grass
which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and
groweth up;

In the evening it is cut down, and
withereth.

Thou hast set our iniquities be-
fore thee,

Our secret sins in the light of thy
countenance.

The days of our years are three-
score years and ten,

Or even by reason of strength
fourscore years;

Yet is their pride but labour and sorrow;

For it is soon gone, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.

Return, O Lord; how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy;

That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,

And the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants,

And thy glory upon their children.

And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us;

Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION 41

THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY

PSALM 91

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High

Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress,

My God, in whom I trust.

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,

And from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his pinions,

And under his wings shalt thou take refuge: his truth is a shield and a buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,

Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,

Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, And ten thousand at thy right hand;

But it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.

For thou, O LORD, art my refuge!

Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee,

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:

The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;

I will be with him in trouble:

I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

SELECTION 42

THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY

PSALM 92:1-9, 12-15

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD,

And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning,

And thy faithfulness every night,
With an instrument of ten strings,
and with the psaltery;

With a solemn sound upon the harp.

For thou, LORD, hast made me glad through thy work:

I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

How great are thy works, O LORD!

Thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not;

Neither doth a fool understand this:

When the wicked spring as the grass,

And when all the workers of iniquity do flourish;

It is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

But thou, O Lord, art on high for evermore.

For, lo, thine enemies, O LORD,
for lo, thine enemies shall perish;

All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree:

He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

They that are planted in the house of the LORD

Shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;

They shall be full of sap and green:

To shew that the LORD is upright;

He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

PSALM 93

THE LORD reigneth;

He is apparelled with majesty;

The LORD is apparelled, he hath girded himself with strength:

The world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old:

Thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O LORD,
the floods have lifted up their voice;

The floods lift up their waves.

Above the voices of many waters,
the mighty breakers of the sea,

The Lord on high is mighty.

Thy testimonies are very sure:

Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, for evermore.

SELECTION 43

THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY

PSALM 95

O COME, let us sing unto the LORD:
Let us make a joyful noise to the
rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence
with thanksgiving,

Let us make a joyful noise unto
him with psalms.

For the LORD is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of
the earth;

The heights of the mountains are
his also.

The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry
land.

O come, let us worship and bow
down;

Let us kneel before the Lord our
Maker:

For he is our God,
And we are the people of his pas-
ture, and the sheep of his hand.

To-day, Oh that ye would hear
his voice! Harden not your heart,
as at Meribah,

As in the day of Massah in the
wilderness:

When your fathers tempted me,
Proved me, and saw my work.
Forty years long was I grieved
with that generation,

And said, It is a people that do
err in their heart.

And they have not known my
ways:

Wherefore I swear in my wrath,
that they should not enter into my
rest.

PSALM 96

O SING unto the LORD a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
Sing unto the LORD, bless his
name;

Shew forth his salvation from day
to day.

Declare his glory among the na-
tions,

His marvellous works among all
the peoples.

For great is the LORD, and highly
to be praised:

He is to be feared above all gods.
For all the gods of the peoples are
idols:

But the Lord made the heavens.
Honour and majesty are before
him:

Strength and beauty are in his
sanctuary.

Give unto the LORD, ye kindreds
of the peoples,

Give unto the Lord glory and
strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due
unto his name:

Bring an offering, and come into
his courts.

O worship the LORD in the beauty
of holiness:

Tremble before him, all the earth.
Say among the nations, The LORD
reigneth:

The world also is established that
it cannot be moved:

He shall judge the peoples with
equity.

Let the heavens be glad, and let
the earth rejoice;

Let the sea roar, and the fulness
thereof;

Let the field exult, and all that is
therein;

Then shall all the trees of the
wood sing for joy before the LORD,

For he cometh; for he cometh to
judge the earth:

He shall judge the world with
righteousness,

And the peoples with his truth.

SELECTION 44

THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY

PSALM 97

THE LORD reigneth; let the earth
rejoice;

Let the multitude of isles be glad.

Clouds and darkness are round
about him:

Righteousness and justice are the
foundation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him,

And burneth up his adversaries
round about.

His lightnings lightened the
world:

The earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the
presence of the LORD,

At the presence of the Lord of
the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteous-
ness,

And all the peoples have seen his
glory.

Ashamed be all they that serve
graven images, that boast them-
selves of idols:

Worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard and was glad,

And the daughters of Judah re-
joiced because of thy judgments, O
Lord.

For thou, LORD, art most high
above all the earth:

Thou art exalted far above all
gods.

O ye that love the LORD, hate evil:

He preserveth the souls of his
saints; he delivereth them out of the
hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous,

And gladness for the upright in
heart.

Be glad in the LORD, ye righteous;

And give thanks to his holy name.

PSALM 98

O SING unto the LORD a new song,
for he hath done marvellous things:

His right hand, and his holy arm,
hath wrought salvation for him.

The LORD hath made known his
salvation:

His righteousness hath he openly
shewed in the sight of the nations.

He hath remembered his mercy
and his faithfulness toward the
house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen
the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD,
all the earth:

Break forth and sing for joy, yea,
sing praises.

Sing praises unto the LORD with
the harp, with the harp and the voice
of melody.

With trumpets and sound of cor-
net make a joyful noise before the
King, the Lord.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness
thereof;

The world, and they that dwell
therein;

Let the floods clap their hands;

Let the hills sing for joy together
before the Lord;

For he cometh to judge the earth:

He shall judge the world with
righteousness,

And the peoples with equity.

SELECTION 45

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY

PSALM 99

THE LORD reigneth; let the peo-
ples tremble:

He sitteth upon the cherubim; let
the earth be moved.

The LORD is great in Zion;

And he is high above all the peo-
ples.

Let them praise thy great and ter-
rible name:

Holy is he.

The king's strength also loveth
justice:

Thou dost establish equity; thou
executest justice and righteousness
in Jacob.

Exalt ye the LORD our God, and
worship at his footstool:

Holy is he.

Moses and Aaron among his
priests, and Samuel among them that
call upon his name;

They called upon the Lord, and
he answered them.

He spake unto them in the pillar
of cloud:

They kept his testimonies, and the
statute that he gave them.

Thou answeredst them, O LORD
our God:

Thou wast a God that forgavest
them, though thou tookest ven-
geance of their doings.

Exalt ye the LORD our God, and
worship at his holy hill;

For the Lord our God is holy.

PSALM 100

MAKE a joyful noise unto the
LORD, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness:

Come before his presence with
singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God:

It is he that hath made us, and
we are his;

We are his people, and the sheep
of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanks-
giving, and into his courts with
praise:

Give thanks unto him, and bless
his name.

For the LORD is good; his mercy
endureth for ever;

And his faithfulness unto all gen-
erations.

SELECTION 46

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY

PSALM 103

BLESS the LORD, O my soul;

And all that is within me, bless

his holy name.

Bless the LORD, O my soul,

And forget not all his benefits:
 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
 Who healeth all thy diseases;
 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;

Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies:

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things;

So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

The LORD executeth righteous acts,

And judgments for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses,

His doings unto the children of Israel.

The LORD is full of compassion and gracious,

Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide;

Neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins,

Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children,

So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame;

He remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass;
 As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;

And the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,

And his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant,

And to those that remember his precepts to do them.

The LORD hath established his throne in the heavens;

And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the LORD, ye angels of his:

Ye mighty in strength, that fulfil his word, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless the LORD, all ye his hosts;

Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the LORD, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion:

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

SELECTION 47

THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

PSALM 104

BLESS the LORD, O my soul.

O Lord my God, thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;

Who stretchest out the heavens
like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his
chambers in the waters;

Who maketh the clouds his char-
iot;

Who walketh upon the wings of
the wind:

Who maketh winds his messen-
gers;

His ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the
earth,

That it should not be moved for
ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep
as with a vesture;

The waters stood above the
mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled;

At the voice of thy thunder they
hasted away;

They went up by the mountains,
they went down by the valleys,

Unto the place which thou hadst
founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they
may not pass over;

That they turn not again to cover
the earth.

He sendeth forth springs into the
valleys;

They run among the mountains:

They give drink to every beast of
the field;

The wild asses quench their thirst.

By them the birds of the heavens
have their habitation,

They sing among the branches.

He watereth the mountains from
his chambers:

The earth is satisfied with the fruit
of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for
the cattle,

And herb for the service of man;

That he may bring forth food out
of the earth:

And wine that maketh glad the
heart of man,

And oil to make his face to shine,

And bread that strengtheneth
man's heart.

The trees of the LORD are satis-
fied;

The cedars of Lebanon, which he
hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests:

As for the stork, the fir trees are
her house.

The high mountains are for the
wild goats;

The rocks are a refuge for the
conies.

He appointed the moon for sea-
sons:

The sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is
night;

Wherein all the beasts of the for-
est do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their
prey,

And seek their food from God.

The sun ariseth, they get them
away, and lay them down in their
dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work
and to his labour until the evening.

O LORD, how manifold are thy
works!

In wisdom hast thou made them
all:

The earth is full of thy riches.
 Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
 Wherein are things creeping innumerable,
 Both small and great beasts.
 There go the ships;
 There is leviathan, whom thou hast formed to take his pastime therein.
 These wait all upon thee,
 That thou mayest give them their food in due season.
 That thou givest unto them they gather;
 Thou openest thy hand, they are satisfied with good.
 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled;
 Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.
 Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created;
 And thou renewest the face of the ground.
 Let the glory of the LORD endure for ever;
 Let the Lord rejoice in his works:
 Who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth;
 He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.
 I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live:
 I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.
 Let my meditation be sweet unto him:
 I will rejoice in the Lord.
 Bless the LORD, O my soul.
 Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 48

THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

PSALM 107:1-31

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:
 For his mercy endureth for ever.
 Let the redeemed of the LORD say so,
 Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary;
 And gathered them out of the lands,
 From the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.
 They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way;
 They found no city of habitation.
 Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.
 Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.
 He led them also by a straight way, that they might go to a city of habitation.
 Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!
 For he satisfieth the longing soul,
 And the hungry soul he filleth with good.
 Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;
 Because they rebelled against the words of God,
 And contemned the counsel of the Most High:
 Therefore he brought down their heart with labour;

They fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass,

And cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of food;

And they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sendeth his word, and healeth them, and delivereth them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,

And declare his works with singing.

They that go down to the sea in ships,

That do business in great waters;

These see the works of the LORD,

And his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,

Which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths:

Their soul melteth away because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

And they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet;

So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

SELECTION 49

THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

PSALM 111

PRAISE ye the LORD. I will give thanks unto the LORD with my whole heart,

In the council of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the LORD are great, Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honour and majesty: And his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given food unto them that fear him:

He will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works,

In giving them the heritage of the nations.

The works of his hands are truth and justice;

All his precepts are sure.

They are established for ever and ever,

They are done in truth and uprightness.

He hath sent redemption unto his people;

He hath commanded his covenant for ever:

Holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;

A good understanding have all they that do thereafter:

His praise endureth for ever.

PSALM 112:1-9

PRAISE ye the LORD. Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD,

That delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth:

The generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches are in his house:

And his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness:

He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

Well is it with the man that deal-eth graciously and lendeth;

He shall maintain his cause in judgment.

For he shall never be moved;

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:

His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid,

Until he see his desire upon his adversaries.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the needy;

His righteousness endureth for ever:

His horn shall be exalted with honour.

SELECTION 50

THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

PSALM 113:1-8

PRAISE ye the LORD.

Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the LORD from this time forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

The LORD is high above all nations,

And his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the LORD our
God, that hath his seat on high,

That humbleth himself to behold
the things that are in heaven and in
the earth?

He raiseth up the poor out of the
dust,

And lifteth up the needy from the
dunghill;

That he may set him with princes,
Even with the princes of his peo-
ple.

PSALM 114

WHEN Israel went forth out of
Egypt,

The house of Jacob from a people
of strange language;

Judah became his sanctuary,
Israel his dominion.

The sea saw it, and fled;

Jordan was driven back.

The mountains skipped like rams,

The little hills like young sheep.

What aileth thee, O thou sea, that
thou fleest?

Thou Jordan, that thou turnest
back?

Ye mountains, that ye skip like
rams;

Ye little hills, like young sheep?

Tremble, thou earth, at the pres-
ence of the LORD.

At the presence of the God of
Jacob;

Which turned the rock into a pool
of water,

The flint into a fountain of waters.

PSALM 115:1-3; 9-15

NOT unto us, O LORD, not unto
us,

But unto thy name give glory,

For thy mercy, and for thy truth's
sake.

Wherefore should the nations
say, where is now their God?

But our God is in the heavens:

He hath done whatsoever he
pleased.

O Israel, trust thou in the LORD:

He is their help and their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust ye in the
LORD:

He is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the LORD, trust in
the LORD:

He is their help and their shield.

The LORD hath been mindful of
us; he will bless us:

He will bless the house of Israel;

He will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the
Lord, both small and great.

The LORD increase you more and
more, you and your children.

Blessed are ye of the Lord, which
made heaven and earth.

SELECTION 51

THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

PSALM 116:1-9, 12-19

I LOVE the LORD, because he hath
heard my voice and my supplica-
tions.

Because he hath inclined his ear
unto me,

Therefore will I call upon him as
long as I live.

The cords of death compassed me,
And the pains of Sheol gat hold
upon me:

I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of
the LORD;

O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the LORD, and righteous;

Yea, our God is merciful.

The LORD preserveth the simple:
I was brought low, and he saved me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death,

Mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation,

And call upon the name of the Lord,

I will pay my vows unto the LORD,

Yea, in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant:

I am thy servant, the son of thine handmaid;

Thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving,

And will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the LORD,

Yea, in the presence of all his people;

In the courts of the LORD's house,

In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.
Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 117

O PRAISE the LORD, all ye nations;
Laud him, all ye peoples.

For his mercy is great toward us;
And the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 52

THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

PSALM 118:1-9; 13-29

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the LORD say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Out of my distress I called upon the LORD:

The Lord answered me and set me in a large place.

The LORD is on my side; I will not fear:

What can man do unto me?

The LORD is on my side among them that help me:

Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

Thou didst thrust sore at me that I might fall:

But the Lord helped me.

The LORD is my strength and song;

And he is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous:

The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly,

The right hand of the LORD is exalted:

The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live,

And declare the works of the Lord.

The LORD hath chastened me sore:

But he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness:

I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

This is the gate of the LORD;

The righteous shall enter into it.

I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me,

And art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the LORD hath made;

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, we beseech thee, O LORD:

O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the LORD:

We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

The LORD is God, and he hath given us light:

Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee:

Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 53

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

PSALM 119, SELECTED VERSES

BLESSED are they that are perfect in the way,

Who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies,

That seek him with the whole heart.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Thy word have I laid up in my heart,

That I might not sin against thee.

Open thou mine eyes,

That I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

I am a sojourner in the earth,

Hide not thy commandments from me.

I will run the way of thy commandments

When thou shalt enlarge my heart.

I will walk at liberty,
 For I have sought thy precepts.
 Thy statutes have been my songs
 in the house of my pilgrimage:
 The earth, O Lord, is full of thy
 mercy.
 Before I was afflicted I went
 astray;
 But now I observe thy word.
 I know, O LORD, that thy judg-
 ments are righteous,
 And that in faithfulness thou hast
 afflicted me.
 Let, I pray thee, thy lovingkind-
 ness be for my comfort,
 According to thy word unto thy
 servant.
 O, how love I thy law!
 It is my meditation all the day.
 How sweet are thy words unto
 my taste;
 Yea, sweeter than honey to my
 mouth.
 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
 And a light unto my path.
 Thy testimonies have I taken as
 a heritage for ever;
 For they are the rejoicing of my
 heart.
 The opening of thy words giveth
 light:
 It giveth understanding unto the
 simple.
 Order my footsteps in thy word,
 And let not any iniquity have do-
 minion over me.
 The sum of thy word is truth:
 And every one of thy righteous
 judgments endureth for ever.
 I rejoice at thy word as one that
 findeth great spoil:

Great peace have they which love
thy law.

I have gone astray like a lost
sheep:

Seek thy servant, for I do not for-
get thy commandments.

SELECTION 54

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

PSALM 121

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the
mountains:

From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the LORD,
which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be
moved:

He that keepeth thee will not
slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel
shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper:

The Lord is thy shade upon thy
right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by
day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall keep thee from all
evil;

He shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall keep thy going out
and thy coming in, from this time
forth and for evermore.

PSALM 122

I WAS glad when they said unto
me, Let us go unto the house of the
LORD.

Our feet are standing within thy
gates, O Jerusalem;

Jerusalem, that art builded as a
city that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, even the
tribes of the Lord,

For a testimony unto Israel,
To give thanks unto the name of
the Lord.

For there are set thrones for
judgment.

The thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions'
sakes I will now say, Peace be within
thee.

For the sake of the house of the
Lord our God I will seek thy good.

SELECTION 55

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

PSALM 123

UNTO thee do I lift up mine eyes,
O thou that sittest in the heav-
ens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants
look unto the hand of their master,
As the eyes of a maiden unto the
hand of her mistress;

So our eyes look unto the LORD
our God,

Until he have mercy upon us.
Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have
mercy upon us:

For we are exceedingly filled with
contempt.

Our soul is exceedingly filled with
the scorning of those that are at
ease,

And with the contempt of the
proud.

PSALM 124

IF it had not been the LORD who
was on our side, let Israel now say;

If it had not been the Lord who
was on our side, when men rose up
against us:

Then they had swallowed us up
alive, when their wrath was kindled
against us:

Then the waters had over-
whelmed us,

The stream had gone over our
soul:

Then the proud waters had gone
over our soul.

Blessed be the LORD, who hath not
given us as a prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out
of the snare of the fowlers:

The snare is broken, and we are
escaped.

Our help is in the name of the
Lord who made heaven and earth.

PSALM 125

THEY that trust in the LORD are
as mount Zion,

Which cannot be moved, but
abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about
Jerusalem,

So the Lord is round about his
people, from this time forth and for
evermore.

For the sceptre of wickedness
shall not rest upon the lot of the
righteous;

That the righteous put not forth
their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O LORD, unto those that
be good,

And to them that are upright in their hearts.

But as for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,

The Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity.

Peace be upon Israel.

SELECTION 56

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

PSALM 126

WHEN the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion,

We were like unto them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter,

And our tongue with singing:

Then said they among the nations: the LORD hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O LORD, as the streams in the South.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed;

He shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

PSALM 127

EXCEPT the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it:

Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

It is vain for you that ye rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of toil:

For he giveth unto his beloved while they sleep.

Lo, children are an heritage of the LORD:

And the fruit of the womb is his reward.

As arrows in the hand of a mighty man,

So are the children of youth.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:

They shall not be ashamed, when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

PSALM 128

BLESSED is every one that feareth the LORD,

That walketh in his ways.

For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands:

Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine, in the innermost parts of thine house:

Thy children like olive plants, round about thy table.

Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the LORD.

The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion:

And thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life.

Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children.

Peace be upon Israel.

SELECTION 57

THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY

PSALM 130

Out of the depths have I cried
unto thee, O LORD: LORD, hear my
voice:

Let thine ears be attentive to the
voice of my supplications.

If thou, LORD, shouldest mark in-
iquities, O LORD, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee,
that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the LORD, my soul doth
wait,

And in his word do I hope.

My soul looketh for the LORD,
more than watchmen look for the
morning;

Yea, more than watchmen for the
morning.

O Israel, hope in the LORD;

For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with him is plenteous re-
demption.

And he shall redeem Israel from
all his iniquities.

PSALM 133:1, 3

BEHOLD, how good and how pleas-
ant it is for brethren to dwell to-
gether in unity!

It is like the dew of Hermon, that
cometh down upon the mountains
of Zion:

For there the LORD commanded
the blessing,

Even life for evermore.

PSALM 134

BEHOLD, bless ye the LORD, all ye
servants of the LORD,

Which by night stand in the house
of the Lord.

Lift up your hands to the sanc-
tuary,

And bless ye the Lord.

The LORD bless thee out of Zion;
Even he that made heaven and
earth.

PSALM 138:1-7a, 8

I WILL give thee thanks with my
whole heart:

Before the gods will I sing praises
unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy
temple,

And give thanks unto thy name
for thy lovingkindness and for thy
truth;

In the day that I called thou an-
sweredst me,

Thou didst encourage me with
strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall
give thee thanks, O LORD,

For they have heard the words of
thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing of the ways
of the LORD;

For great is the glory of the Lord;

For though the LORD be high, yet
hath he respect unto the lowly:

But the haughty he knoweth from
afar.

Though I walk in the midst of
trouble, thou wilt revive me;

The Lord will perfect that which
concerneth me:

Thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for
ever;

Forsake not the works of thine
own hands.

SELECTION 58

THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY

PSALM 139:1-18, 23, 24

O LORD, thou hast searched me,
and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting
and mine uprising,

Thou understandest my thought
afar off.

Thou searchest out my path and
my lying down,

And art acquainted with all my
ways.

For there is not a word in my
tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou know-
est it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and
before,

And laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful
for me;

It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy
spirit?

Or whither shall I flee from thy
presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou
art there:

If I make my bed in Sheol, be-
hold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morn-
ing,

And dwell in the uttermost parts
of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead
me,

And thy right hand shall hold
me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall
overwhelm me, and the light about
me shall be night;

Even the darkness hideth not from
thee,

But the night shineth as the day:

The darkness and the light are
both alike to thee.

For thou didst form my inward
parts.

Thou didst knit me together in
my mother's womb.

I will give thanks unto thee; for
I am fearfully and wonderfully
made:

Wonderful are thy works; and
that my soul knoweth right well.

My frame was not hidden from
thee, when I was made in secret,

And curiously wrought in the
lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see mine unformed
substance, and in thy book were all
my members written,

Which day by day were fash-
ioned, when as yet there was none
of them.

How precious also are thy
thoughts unto me, O God!

How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are
more in number than the sand:

When I awake, I am still with
thee.

Search me, O God, and know my
heart:

Try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any way of
wickedness in me,

And lead me in the way everlast-
ing.

SELECTION 59

THE THIRTIETH DAY

PSALM 145

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King;

And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee;

And I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the LORD, and highly to be praised;

And his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall laud thy works to another,

And shall declare thy mighty acts.

Of the glorious majesty of thine honour,

And of thy wondrous works, will I meditate.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts;

And I will declare thy greatness.

They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness,

And shall sing of thy righteousness.

The LORD is gracious, and full of compassion;

Slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The LORD is good to all;

And his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall give thanks unto thee, O LORD;

And thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,

And talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men thy mighty acts,

And the glory of the majesty of thy kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,

And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The LORD upholdeth all that fall,

And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their food in due season.

Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The LORD is righteous in all his ways,

And gracious in all his works.

The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him,

To all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him;

He also will hear their cry, and will save them.

The LORD preserveth all them that love him;

But all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD;

And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

SELECTION 60

THE THIRTIETH DAY

PSALM 146

PRAISE ye the LORD.

Praise the Lord, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the LORD:

I will sing praises unto my God
while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in the son of man, in whom
there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he return-
eth to his earth;

In that very day his thoughts
perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of
Jacob for his help,

Whose hope is in the Lord his
God:

Which made heaven and earth, the
sea, and all that in them is;

Which keepeth truth for ever:

Which executeth justice for the
oppressed;

Which giveth food to the hungry:

The LORD looseth the prisoners;

The Lord openeth the eyes of the
blind;

The LORD raiseth up them that are
bowed down;

The Lord loveth the righteous;

The LORD preserveth the stran-
gers;

He upholdeth the fatherless and
widow;

But the way of the wicked he
turneth upside down.

The Lord shall reign for ever,

Thy God, O Zion, unto all gen-
erations.

Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147

PRAISE ye the LORD; For it is good
to sing praises unto our God;

For it is pleasant, and praise is
comely.

The LORD doth build up Jeru-
salem;

He gathereth together the out-
casts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart,
And bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the
stars;

He giveth them all their names.

Great is our LORD, and mighty in
power;

His understanding is infinite.

The LORD upholdeth the meek:

He bringeth the wicked down to
the ground.

Sing unto the LORD with thanks-
giving;

Sing praises upon the harp unto
our God:

Who covereth the heaven with
clouds, and prepareth rain for the
earth,

Who maketh grass to grow upon
the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which
cry.

He delighteth not in the strength
of the horse:

He taketh no pleasure in the legs
of a man.

The LORD taketh pleasure in them
that fear him,

In those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem;

Praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars
of thy gates;

He hath blessed thy children
within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders;

He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth out his commandment upon earth;

His word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool;

He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels:

Who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:

He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob,

His statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation:

And as for his judgments, they have not known them.

Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 61

THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY

PSALM 148

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens:

Praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels:

Praise ye him, all his host.

Praise ye him, sun and moon:

Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,

And ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the LORD:

For he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also established them for ever and ever:

He hath made a decree which shall not pass away.

Praise the LORD from the earth,

Ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire and hail, snow and vapour;

Stormy wind, fulfilling his word:

Mountains and all hills;

Fruitful trees and all cedars:

Beasts and all cattle;

Creeping things and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth and all peoples;

Princes and all judges of the earth:

Both young men and maidens;

Old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the LORD;

For his name alone is exalted:

His glory is above the earth and heaven.

And he hath lifted up the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints;

Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.

Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 62

THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY

PSALM 149

PRAISE ye the LORD. Sing unto the LORD a new song,

And his praise in the assembly of the saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him:

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his name in the dance:

Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

For the LORD taketh pleasure in his people:

He will beautify the meek with salvation.

Let the saints exult in glory:

Let them sing for joy upon their beds.

Let the high praises of God be in their mouth,

And a two-edged sword in their hand;

To execute vengeance upon the nations,

And punishments upon the peoples;

To bind their kings with chains,

And their nobles with fetters of iron;

To execute upon them the judgment written:

This honor have all his saints.

Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 150

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise God in his sanctuary:

Praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts:

Praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:

Praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance:

Praise him with stringed instruments and the pipe.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals:

Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the LORD.

Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTIONS
SUITABLE FOR
SPECIAL SEASONS AND FESTIVALS

SELECTION 63

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

ISAIAH 40:1-11; 27-31

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,

And cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned;

That she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the LORD.

Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted,

And every mountain and hill shall be made low:

And the crooked shall be made straight,

And the rough places plain:

And the glory of the LORD shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together:

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice of one saying, Cry.

And one said, What shall I cry?

All flesh is grass,

And all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the breath of the LORD bloweth upon it:

Surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:

But the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain;

O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength;

Lift it up, be not afraid;

Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God!

Behold, the LORD God will come as a mighty one, and his arm shall rule for him:

Behold, his reward is with him, and his recompense before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd,

He shall gather the lambs in his arm,

And carry them in his bosom,
And shall gently lead those that have their young.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob,
And speakest, O Israel,
My way is hid from the LORD,
And the justice due to me is passed away from my God?

Hast thou not known?

Hast thou not heard?

The everlasting God, the LORD, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary;

There is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint;

And to him that hath no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary,

And the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength;

They shall mount up with wings as eagles;

They shall run and not be weary;

They shall walk and not faint.

SELECTION 64

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

JEREMIAH 31:31-35

BEHOLD the days come, saith the LORD, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah:

Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt;

Which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the LORD.

But this is the covenant which I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord:

I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it;

And I will be their God, and they shall be my people.

And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the LORD:

For they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord:

For I will forgive their iniquity,

And their sin I will remember no more.

Thus saith the LORD, which giveth the sun for a light by day,

And the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night,

Which stirreth up the sea, that the waves thereof roar;

The Lord of hosts, is his name.

JEREMIAH 33:14-18

BEHOLD, the days come, saith the LORD, that I will perform that good word which I have spoken concerning the house of Israel and concerning the house of Judah.

In those days, and at that time, will I cause a Branch of righteousness to grow up unto David; and he shall execute justice and righteousness in the land.

In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell safely:

And this is the name whereby she shall be called, The Lord is our righteousness.

For thus saith the LORD, David shall never want a man to sit upon the throne of the house of Israel;

Neither shall the priests the Levites want a man before me to offer burnt offerings, and to burn oblations, and to do sacrifice continually.

SELECTION 65

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN
ADVENT

ISAIAH 26:1-7

In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah:

We have a strong city; salvation will he appoint for walls and bulwarks.

Open ye the gates,

That the righteous nation which keepeth truth may enter in.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee:

Because he trusteth in thee.

Trust ye in the LORD forever:

For in the Lord Jehovah is an everlasting rock.

ISAIAH 32:1-4; 16-18

BEHOLD, a king shall reign in righteousness,

And princes shall rule in justice.

And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind,

And a covert from the tempest;

As rivers of water in a dry place,

As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim,

And the ears of them that hear shall hearken.

The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge,

And the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly.

Then justice shall dwell in the wilderness,

And righteousness shall abide in the fruitful field.

And the work of righteousness shall be peace;

And the effect of righteousness quietness and confidence for ever.

And my people shall abide in a peaceable habitation,

And in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places.

SELECTION 66

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN
ADVENT

ISAIAH 35:1-10

THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad;

And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing;

The glory of Lebanon shall be
given unto it,

The excellency of Carmel and
Sharon:

They shall see the glory of the
Lord, the excellency of our God

Strengthen ye the weak hands,

And confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful
heart, Be strong, fear not;

Behold your God will come with
vengeance, with the recompense of
God; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be
opened,

And the ears of the deaf shall be
unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as
a hart, and the tongue of the dumb
shall sing;

For in the wilderness shall waters
break out, and streams in the desert.

And the glowing sand shall be-
come a pool, and the thirsty ground
springs of water:

In the habitation of jackals,
where they lay, shall be grass with
reeds and rushes.

And an high way shall be there,
and a way,

And it shall be called The way of
holiness:

The unclean shall not pass over
it; but it shall be for the redeemed:

The wayfaring men, yea fools,
shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor shall
any ravenous beast go up thereon,

They shall not be found there;
but the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the LORD
shall return,

And come with singing unto Zion;
And everlasting joy shall be upon
their heads:

They shall obtain gladness and
joy, and sorrow and sighing shall
flee away.

SELECTION 67

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

ISAIAH 42:1-16

BEHOLD my Servant, whom I up-
hold;

My chosen, in whom my soul de-
lighteth:

I have put my spirit upon him;

He shall bring forth justice to the
Gentiles.

He shall not cry, nor lift up his
voice,

Nor cause it to be heard in the
street.

A bruised reed shall he not break,
And the smoking flax shall he not
quench:

He shall bring forth justice in
truth.

He shall not fail nor be discour-
aged till he have set justice in the
earth; and the isles shall wait for
his law.

Thus saith God the LORD, he that
created the heavens, and stretched
them forth;

He that spread abroad the earth
and that which cometh out of it;

He that giveth breath unto the
people upon it,

And spirit to them that walk
therein:

I the LORD have called thee in
righteousness,

And will hold thine hand, and will keep thee,

And give thee for a covenant of the people,

For a light of the Gentiles;

To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon,

And them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

I am the LORD; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another,

Neither my praise unto graven images.

Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare:

Before they spring forth I tell you of them.

Sing unto the LORD a new song, And his praise from the end of the earth;

Ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein,

The isles, and the inhabitants thereof.

Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice,

The villages that Kedar doth inhabit;

Let the inhabitants of Sela sing,

Let them shout from the top of the mountains.

Let them give glory unto the LORD,

And declare his praise in the islands.

The LORD shall go forth as a mighty man;

He shall stir up his zeal like a man of war:

He shall cry, yea, he shall shout aloud;

He shall do mightily against his enemies.

And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not;

In paths that they know not will I lead them:

I will make darkness light before them,

And crooked places straight.

SELECTION 68

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

ISAIAH 52:7-10

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,

That publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good,

That publisheth salvation;

That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

The voice of thy watchmen! they lift up the voice, together do they sing;

For they shall see, eye to eye, when the Lord returneth to Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem:

For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

The LORD hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;

And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

EZEKIEL 34:11-13, 15, 16; 23-25; 26, 31

For thus saith the LORD God; Behold, I myself, even I, will search for my sheep, and will seek them out.

As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered abroad, so will I seek out my sheep;

And I will deliver them out of all places whither they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.

And I will bring them out from the peoples, and gather them from the countries, and bring them into their own land;

And I will feed them upon the mountains of Israel, by the water-courses, and in all the inhabited places of the country.

I myself will feed my sheep, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God.

I will seek that which was lost,

And will bring again that which was driven away,

And will bind up that which was broken,

And will strengthen that which was sick.

And I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant David;

And he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd.

And I the LORD will be their God, and my servant David prince among them;

I the Lord have spoken it.

And I will make with them a covenant of peace.

And I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing.

And ye my sheep, the sheep of my pasture are men,

And I am your God, saith the Lord God.

SELECTION 69

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

ISAIAH 55

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money;

Come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?

And your labor for that which satisfieth not?

Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good,

And let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me;

Hear, and your soul shall live:

And I will make an everlasting covenant with you,

Even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples,

A leader and commander to the peoples.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,

And a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee,

Because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel;

For he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the LORD while he may be found,

Call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way,
And the unrighteous man his
thoughts:

And let him return unto the LORD,
and he will have mercy upon him;

And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts,

Neither are your ways my ways,
saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth,

So are my ways higher than your ways,
and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven,

And returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,

And maketh it bring forth and bud,

And giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater;

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth:

It shall not return unto me void,
But it shall accomplish that which I please,

And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace:

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,

And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,

And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree;

And it shall be to the LORD for a name,

For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

SELECTION 70

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

ISAIAH 60

ARISE, shine, for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth,

And gross darkness the peoples:
But the LORD shall arise upon thee,

And his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And nations shall come to thy light,

And kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see:

They all gather themselves together, they come to thee:

Thy sons shall come from far,
And thy daughters shall be carried in the arms.

Then thou shalt see and be lightened,

And thine heart shall tremble and be enlarged;

Because the abundance of the sea shall be turned unto thee,

The wealth of the nations shall come unto thee.

The multitude of camels shall cover thee,

The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;

They all shall come from Sheba: they shall bring gold and frankincense;

And shall proclaim the praises of the Lord.

All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee,

The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:

They shall come up with acceptance on mine altar,

And I will glorify the house of my glory.

Who are these that fly as a cloud,

And as the doves to their windows?

Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first,

To bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them,

For the name of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel,

Because he hath glorified thee.

And strangers shall build up thy walls,

And their kings shall minister unto thee:

For in my wrath I smote thee,

But in my favour have I had mercy on thee.

Thy gates also shall be open continually;

They shall not be shut day nor night;

That men may bring unto thee the wealth of the nations,

And their kings led with them.

For that nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish;

Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,

The fir tree, the pine, and the box tree together:

To beautify the place of my sanctuary,

And I will make the place of my feet glorious.

And the sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee;

And all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet;

And they shall call thee The city of the LORD.

The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man passed through thee,

I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.

For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver,

And for wood brass, and for stones iron:

I will also make thy officers peace, And thine exactors righteousness.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,

Desolation nor destruction within thy borders;

But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,

And thy gates Praise.

The sun shall be no more thy light by day;

Neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee:

But the LORD shall be unto thee
an everlasting light,

And thy God thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down,
Neither shall thy moon withdraw
itself:

For the LORD shall be thine ever-
lasting light,

And the days of thy mourning
shall be ended.

Thy people also shall be all right-
eous,

They shall inherit the land for
ever;

The branch of my planting, the
work of my hands,

That I may be glorified.

The little one shall become a thou-
sand, and the small one a strong
nation:

I the Lord will hasten it in its
time.

SELECTION 71

CHRISTMAS DAY

ISAIAH 9:1-7

IN the former time he brought
into contempt the land of Zebulun
and the land of Naphtali.

But in the latter time hath he
made it glorious by the way of the
sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the
nations.

The people that walked in dark-
ness have seen a great light:

They that dwelt in the land of the
shadow of death, upon them hath
the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation,
Thou hast increased their joy:

They joy before thee according to
the joy in harvest,

As men rejoice when they divide
the spoil.

For the yoke of his burden, and
the staff of his shoulder,

The rod of his oppressor, thou
hast broken as in the day of Midian.

For unto us a child is born,

Unto us a son is given;

And the government shall be upon
his shoulder:

And his name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God,
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government
and of peace there shall be no end.

Upon the throne of David, and
upon his kingdom,

To establish it, and to uphold it
with righteousness,

From henceforth even for ever.

ISAIAH 11:1-9

AND there shall come forth a
shoot out of the stock of Jesse,

And a branch out of his roots
shall bear fruit:

And the spirit of the LORD shall
rest upon him,

The spirit of wisdom and under-
standing,

The spirit of counsel and might,

The spirit of knowledge and of
the fear of the Lord;

And his delight shall be in the
fear of the LORD: and he shall not
judge after the sight of his eyes,

Neither reprove after the hearing
of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he
judge the poor,

And reprove with equity for the
meek of the earth:

And he shall smite the earth with
the rod of his mouth,

And with the breath of his lips
shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the
girdle of his loins,

And faithfulness the girdle of his
reins.

And the wolf shall dwell with the
lamb,

And the leopard shall lie down
with the kid;

And the calf and the young lion
and the fatling together;

And a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall
feed: their young ones shall lie
down together:

And the lion shall eat straw like
the ox.

And the sucking child shall play
on the hole of the asp,

And the weaned child shall put
his hand on the basilisk's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy
in all my holy mountain:

For the earth shall be full of the
knowledge of the Lord, as the waters
cover the sea.

SELECTION 72

LENT

ISAIAH 58:1-7

CRY aloud, spare not,
Lift up thy voice like a trumpet,
And declare unto my people their
transgression,

And to the house of Jacob their
sins.

Yet they seek me daily,

And delight to know my ways:

As a nation that did righteous-
ness,

And forsook not the ordinance of
their God,

They ask of me righteous ordi-
nances,

They delight to draw near unto
God.

Wherefore have we fasted, say
they, and thou seest not?

Wherefore have we afflicted our
soul, and thou takest no knowl-
edge?

Behold, in the day of your fast
ye find your own pleasure,

And oppress all your laborers.

Behold, ye fast for strife and con-
tention, and to smite with the fist
of wickedness:

Ye fast not this day so as to make
your voice to be heard on high.

Is such the fast that I have
chosen?

The day for a man to afflict his
soul?

Is it to bow down his head as a
rush, and to spread sackcloth and
ashes under him?

Wilt thou call this a fast, and an
acceptable day to the Lord?

Is not this the fast that I have
chosen? to loose the bonds of wick-
edness,

To undo the bands of the yoke,
and to let the oppressed go free.

MICAH 6:1-8

HEAR ye now what the LORD
saith:

Arise, contend thou before the
mountains, and let the hills hear thy
voice.

Hear, O ye mountains, the LORD's controversy, and ye enduring foundations of the earth:

For the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will contend with Israel.

O my people what have I done unto thee?

And wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me.

For I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt,

And redeemed thee out of the house of bondage;

And I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam.

O my people, remember now what Balak king of Moab consulted,

And what Balaam the son of Beor answered him;

Remember from Shittim unto Gilgal, that ye may know the righteous acts of the Lord.

Wherewith shall I come before the LORD, and bow myself before the high God?

Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old?

Will the LORD be pleased with thousands of rams,

Or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?

Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression,

The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good;

And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

SELECTION 73

LENT

ISAIAH 63:7-16

I WILL make mention of the lovingkindnesses of the LORD,

And the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us,

And the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them according to his mercies,

And according to the multitude of his lovingkindnesses.

For he said, Surely, they are my people, children that will not deal falsely:

So he was their Saviour.

In all their affliction he was afflicted,

And the angel of his presence saved them:

In his love and in his pity he redeemed them;

And he bare them, and carried them all the days of old.

But they rebelled, and grieved his holy Spirit:

Therefore he was turned to be their enemy, and fought against them.

Then he remembered the days of old, Moses, and his people, saying,

Where is he that brought them up out of the sea with the shepherds of his flock?

Where is he that put his holy Spirit in the midst of them?

That caused his glorious arm to go at the right hand of Moses?

That divided the water before them, to make himself an everlasting name?

That led them through the depths, as an horse in the wilderness, that they stumbled not?

As the cattle that go down into the valley, the Spirit of the LORD caused them to rest:

So didst thou lead thy people, to make thyself a glorious name.

Look down from heaven,

And behold from the habitation of thy holiness and of thy glory:

Where is thy zeal and thy mighty acts?

The yearning of thy heart and thy compassions are restrained toward us.

For THOU art our father, though Abraham knoweth us not,

And Israel doth not acknowledge us:

Thou, O LORD, art our father;

Our Redeemer from everlasting is thy name.

SELECTION 74

LENT

JOB 19

THEN Job answered and said,
How long will ye vex my soul,

And break me in pieces with words?

These ten times have ye reproached me:

Ye are not ashamed that ye deal hardly with me.

And be it indeed that I have erred,

Mine error remaineth with myself.

If indeed ye will magnify yourselves against me,

And plead against me my reproach.

Know now that God hath subverted me in my cause,

And hath compassed me with his net.

Behold, I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard.

I cry for help, but there is no justice.

He hath walled up my way that I cannot pass,

And hath set darkness in my paths.

He hath stripped me of my glory,
And taken the crown from my head.

He hath broken me down on every side, and I am gone:

And my hope hath he plucked up like a tree.

He hath also kindled his wrath against me,

And he counted me unto him as one of his adversaries.

His troops come on together, and cast up their way against me,

And encamp round about my tent.

He hath put my brethren far from me,

And mine acquaintance are wholly estranged from me.

My kinsfolk have failed,

And my familiar friends have forgotten me.

They that dwell in my house, and my maids, count me for a stranger:

I am an alien in their sight.

I call unto my servant, and he giveth me no answer,

Though I intreat him with my mouth.

My breath is strange to my wife,
And my supplication to the children of mine own mother.

Even young children despise me;
If I arise, they speak against me.
All my familiar friends abhor me:
And they whom I loved are turned against me.

My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh,

And I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.

Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends;

For the hand of God hath touched me.

Why do ye persecute me as God,
And are not satisfied with my flesh?

Oh that my words were now written!

Oh that they were inscribed in a book!

That with an iron pen and lead
They were graven in the rock for ever!

But I know that my redeemer liveth,

And that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth:

And after my skin hath been thus destroyed,

Yet from my flesh shall I see God.

Whom I, even I, shall see on my side,

And mine eyes shall behold and not as a stranger.

SELECTION 75

LENT

ISAIAH 43:1-13, 25

BUT now thus saith the LORD that created thee, O Jacob,

And he that formed thee, O Israel:

Fear not, for I have redeemed thee;

I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;

And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee:

When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned;

Neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

For I am the LORD thy God,
The Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour;

I have given Egypt as thy ransom,

Ethiopia and Seba for thee.

Since thou hast been precious in my sight, and honourable, and I have loved thee;

Therefore will I give men for thee and peoples for thy life.

Fear not; for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east

And gather thee from the west;

I will say to the north, Give up;

And to the south, Keep not back;

Bring my sons from far,

And my daughters from the end
of the earth;

Every one that is called by my
name, and whom I have created for
my glory;

I have formed him; yea, I have
made him.

Bring forth the blind people that
have eyes,

And the deaf that have ears.

Let all the nations be gathered
together, and let the peoples be as-
sembled:

Who among them can declare
this, and shew us former things?

Let them bring their witnesses,
that they may be justified:

Or let them hear, and say, It is
truth.

Ye are my witnesses, saith the
LORD, and my servant whom I have
chosen:

That ye may know and believe me,
and understand that I am he;

Before me there was no God
formed,

Neither shall there be after me.

I, even I, am the LORD;

And beside me there is no sav-
iour.

I have declared, and I have saved,
and I have shewed, and there was
no strange god among you:

Therefore ye are my witnesses,
saith the Lord, and I am God.

I, even I, am he that blotteth out
thy transgressions for mine own
sake,

And I will not remember thy
sins.

ISAIAH 1:16-18

WASH you, make you clean;

Put away the evil of your doings
from before mine eyes;

Cease to do evil:

Learn to do well;

Seek judgment, relieve the op-
pressed,

Judge the fatherless, plead for the
widow.

Come now, and let us reason to-
gether, saith the LORD:

Though your sins be as scarlet,
they shall be as white as snow.

SELECTION 76

LENT

LAM. 3:1-3, 13-15, 22-27, 31-36, 40-41

I AM the man that hath seen af-
fliction by the rod of his wrath.

He hath led me and caused me to
walk in darkness and not in light.

Surely against me he turneth his
hand again and again all the day.

He hath caused the shafts of his
quiver to enter into my reins.

I am become a derision to all my
people; and their song all the day.

He hath filled me with bitterness,
he hath sated me with wormwood.

It is of the LORD's mercies that
we are not consumed, because his
compassions fail not.

They are new every morning;
great is thy faithfulness.

The LORD is my portion, saith my
soul; therefore will I hope in him.

The Lord is good unto them that
wait for him, to the soul that seek-
eth after him.

It is good that a man should hope
and quietly wait for the salvation of
the LORD.

It is good for a man that he bear
the yoke in his youth.

For the LORD will not cast off for
ever.

For though he cause grief, yet
will he have compassion according
to the multitude of his mercies.

For he doth not afflict willingly,
nor grieve the children of men.

To crush under foot all the pris-
oners of the earth,

To turn aside the right of a man
before the face of the Most High,

To subvert a man in his cause,
the Lord approveth not.

Let us search and try our ways,
and turn again to the LORD.

Let us lift up our heart with our
hands unto God in the heavens.

SELECTION 77

LENT

PSALM 51:1-17

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, ac-
cording to thy lovingkindness:

According to the multitude of thy
tender mercies blot out my trans-
gressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine
iniquity,

And cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgres-
sions:

And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I
sinned,

And done that which is evil in thy
sight:

That thou mayest be justified
when thou speakest,

And be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;

And in sin did my mother con-
ceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the
inward parts:

And in the hidden part thou shalt
make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall
be clean:

Wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Make me to hear joy and glad-
ness;

That the bones which thou hast
broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins,

And blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;

And renew a right spirit within
me.

Cast me not away from thy pres-
ence;

And take not thy holy spirit from
me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy
salvation:

And uphold me with a free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors
thy ways;

And sinners shall be converted
unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness,
O God, thou God of my salvation;

And my tongue shall sing aloud
of thy righteousness.

O LORD, open thou my lips;

And my mouth shall shew forth
thy praise.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:

Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 78

PALM SUNDAY

PSALM 118:1-9, 13-29

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the LORD say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Out of my distress I called upon the LORD:

The Lord answered me and set me in a large place.

The LORD is on my side; I will not fear:

What can man do unto me?

The LORD is on my side among them that help me:

Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

Thou didst thrust sore at me that I might fall:

But the Lord helped me.

The LORD is my strength and song;

And he is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous.

The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the LORD is exalted:

The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live,

And declare the works of the Lord.

The LORD hath chastened me sore:

But he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness:

I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

This is the gate of the LORD;

The righteous shall enter into it.

I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me,

And art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.

This is the day which the LORD hath made;

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, we beseech thee, O LORD:

O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the LORD:

We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

The LORD is God, and he hath given us light:

Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God and I will give thanks unto thee:

Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 79

PALM SUNDAY

ISAIAH 61:1-6

THE spirit of the LORD is upon me;

Because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted,

To proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the LORD,

And the day of vengeance of our God:

To comfort all that mourn;

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them a garland for ashes,

The oil of joy for mourning,

The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;

That they may be called trees of righteousness,

The planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes,

They shall raise up the former desolations,

And they shall repair the waste cities,

The desolations of many generations.

And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks,

And aliens shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers.

But ye shall be named the priests of the LORD:

Men shall call you the ministers of our God:

Ye shall eat the wealth of the nations,

And in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

SELECTION 80

GOOD FRIDAY

ISAIAH 52:13-53:12

BEHOLD, my servant shall deal wisely, he shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be very high.

Like as many were astonished at thee,

(His visage was so marred more than any man,

And his form more than the sons of men,)

So shall he startle many nations; Kings shall shut their mouths at him:

For that which had not been told them shall they see;

And that which they had not heard shall they understand.

Who hath believed our report?

And to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a tender plant,

And as a root out of a dry ground:

He hath no form nor comeliness;

And when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised, and rejected of men;

A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

And as one from whom men hide their face he was despised,

And we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:

Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted

But he was wounded for our transgressions,

He was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him;

And with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way:

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, yet he humbled himself and opened not his mouth;

As a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth.

By oppression and judgment he was taken away;

And his life, who shall recount?

For he was cut off out of the land of the living?

For the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And they made his grave with the wicked,

And with the rich in his death;

Although he had done no violence,

Neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him;

He hath put him to grief:

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed,

He shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied:

By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: and he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great,

And he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors:

Yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 81

GOOD FRIDAY

PSALM 22; 1-28

MY God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou answerest not;

And in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy,

O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee:

They trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered:

They trusted in thee, and were not ashamed.

But I am a worm, and no man;

A reproach of men, and despised of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn:

They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying,

Commit thyself unto the LORD; let him deliver him:

Let him deliver him, seeing he delighteth in him.

But thou art he that took me out of the womb:

Thou didst make me trust when I was upon my mother's breasts.

I was cast upon thee from the womb:

Thou art my God since my mother bare me.

Be not far from me; for trouble is near;

For there is none to help.

Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

They gape upon me with their mouth, as a raving and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water,

And all my bones are out of joint:

My heart is like wax;

It is melted within me.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd;

And my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me:

The assembly of evil-doers have inclosed me;.

They pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me:

They part my garments among them,

And upon my vesture do they cast lots.

But be not thou far off, O LORD:

O thou my succour, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword;

My darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth;

Yea, from the horns of the wild-oxen thou hast answered me.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren:

In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Ye that fear the LORD, praise him;

All ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him;

And stand in awe of him, all ye
the seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor ab-
horred the affliction of the afflicted;

Neither hath he hid his face from
him;

But when he cried unto him, he
heard.

Of thee cometh my praise in the
great congregation:

I will pay my vows before them
that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be satis-
fied:

They shall praise the Lord that
seek after him: their heart shall live
for ever.

All the ends of the earth shall re-
member and turn unto the LORD:

And all the kindreds of the na-
tions shall worship before him.

For the kingdom is the LORD's:

And he is ruler over the nations.

SELECTION 82

EASTER DAY

PSALM 16

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee
do I put my trust.

I have said unto the Lord, Thou
art my Lord: I have no good be-
yond thee.

As for the saints that are in the
earth,

They are the excellent in whom is
all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied
that exchange the LORD for another
god:

Their drink offerings of blood will
I not offer, nor take their names
upon my lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine
inheritance and of my cup:

Thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in
pleasant places;

Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath
given me counsel:

Yea, my reins instruct me in the
night seasons.

I have set the LORD always before
me:

Because he is at my right hand,
I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and
my glory rejoiceth:

My flesh also shall dwell in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul
to the grave.

Neither wilt thou suffer thine
holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of
life:

In thy presence is fulness of joy;
in thy right hand there are pleas-
ures for evermore.

SELECTION 83

EASTER DAY

PSALM 73:1-3; 12-26

SURELY God is good to Israel,

Even to such as are pure in heart.

But as for me, my feet were al-
most gone;

My steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the arro-
gant,

When I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

For they say, How doth God know?

And is there knowledge in the Most High?

Behold, these are the wicked;

And, being always at ease, they increase in riches.

Surely in vain have I cleansed my heart,

And washed my hands in innocence;

For all the day long have I been plagued,

And chastened every morning.

If I had said, I will speak thus;

Behold, I had dealt treacherously with the generation of thy children.

When I thought how I might know this, it was too painful for me;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God, and considered their latter end.

Surely thou settest them in slippery places:

Thou castest them down to destruction.

How are they become a desolation in a moment!

They are utterly consumed with terrors.

As a dream when one awaketh;
So, O Lord, when thou awakest,
thou shalt despise their image.

For my heart was grieved,

And I was pricked in my reins:

So brutish was I, and ignorant;

I was as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee:

Thou hast holden my right hand.
Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel,

And afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee?
And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth:
But God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

SELECTION 84

PENTECOST

EZEKIEL, 36:24-36

FOR I will take you from among the nations, and gather you out of all the countries,

And will bring you into your own land.

And I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean:

From all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.

A new heart also will I give you,
And a new spirit will I put within you:

And I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh,

And I will give you an heart of flesh.

And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes,

And ye shall keep my judgments and do them.

And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers;

And ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.

And I will save you from all your uncleannesses:

And I will call for the corn, and will multiply it, and lay no famine upon you.

And I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field,

That ye shall receive no more the reproach of famine among the nations.

Then shall ye remember your evil ways, and your doings that were not good;

And ye shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations.

Not for your sake do I this, saith the LORD God, be it known unto you;

Be ashamed and confounded for your ways, O house of Israel.

Thus saith the LORD God; In the day that I cleanse you from all your iniquities, I will cause the cities to be inhabited, and the waste places shall be builded.

And the land that was desolate shall be tilled, whereas it was a desolation in the sight of all that passed by.

And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden;

And the waste and desolate and ruined cities are fenced and inhabited.

Then the nations that are left round about you shall know that I the LORD have builded the ruined places, and planted that which was desolate:

I the Lord have spoken it, and will do it.





